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SIR JOSHUA AND HIS CIRCLE

VOL. II

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Sir Joshua Reynolds

From a mezzotint after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

SIR JOSHUA AND HIS CIRCLE

BY

FITZGERALD MOLLOY

Author of "The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century,"
"The Romance of Royalty,"
"The Sailor King," &c.

WITH 2 PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECES AND
16 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS ON ART PAPER

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SIR JOSHUA AND HIS CIRCLE

CHAPTER I

Sir Joshua's wide circle—Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke—His love for Kitty Hunter—The "Disappearance of Two Considerable Persons"—Difficulties surround their elopement—Lord Pembroke's letter to his wife—Virtue rewarded—George, third Earl of March—His singular wager—His love of opera singers—The Rena and the Zamperini—The Marchesa Fagniani and her philosophic husband—George Selwyn's singular passion—Severity of the law—Public executions—The trial of Patrick and Michael Kennedy—Interest of eminent men and women employed to save them—Lord Fife's description of a convict ship—The comment of Junius on the case—Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle—His love of gambling and his losses—He deplores his madness—Falls into temptation—He becomes Viceroy of Ireland—George Selwyn's affection for Mie-Mie—The child is left in his charge—And is afterwards taken from him—His grief and fear on her account—Mie-Mie sets out for Italy—The sympathy of Selwyn's friends—Mie-Mie is restored to him—The Duke of Queensberry—The latter days of his life—Leaves a great fortune to Mie-Mie, who marries the Earl of Yarmouth, afterwards third Marquis of Hertford.

THE circle of friends and acquaintances formed by Sir Joshua Reynolds was not limited to literary men, members of his own profession, and actors, but included prominent statesmen, elegant

dilettanti, famous beauties, women of fashion, wits, and members of the old nobility; the story of whose loves and hates, eccentricities, sins, and extravagances not merely furnished their contemporaries with amusing gossip, but presents us with piquant chapters in the social history of England during the reign of George III.

Nor was it in his studio only—where they came to sit for their portraits, pass judgment on those of their relatives or friends, and talk to him and to each other—that he was brought into continual communication with them, but at their dinner and supper tables where he was a welcomed guest; at their evening assemblies whose multi-coloured crowds, sparkle, movement, and conversation delighted him; at the Dilettanti Club to which he was proposed by Lord Charlemont; at the Thursday Night Club whose quarters were at the "Star and Garter," in Pall Mall, and whose members included men of parts and young bloods who drank deep, played for high stakes, frequented racecourses and haunts of pleasure; and finally at the masque balls given at the Pantheon and the Opera House, where in strange confusion, virtue and vice rubbed their brocaded skirts, and rivalled each other in unabashed exhibition of their charms.

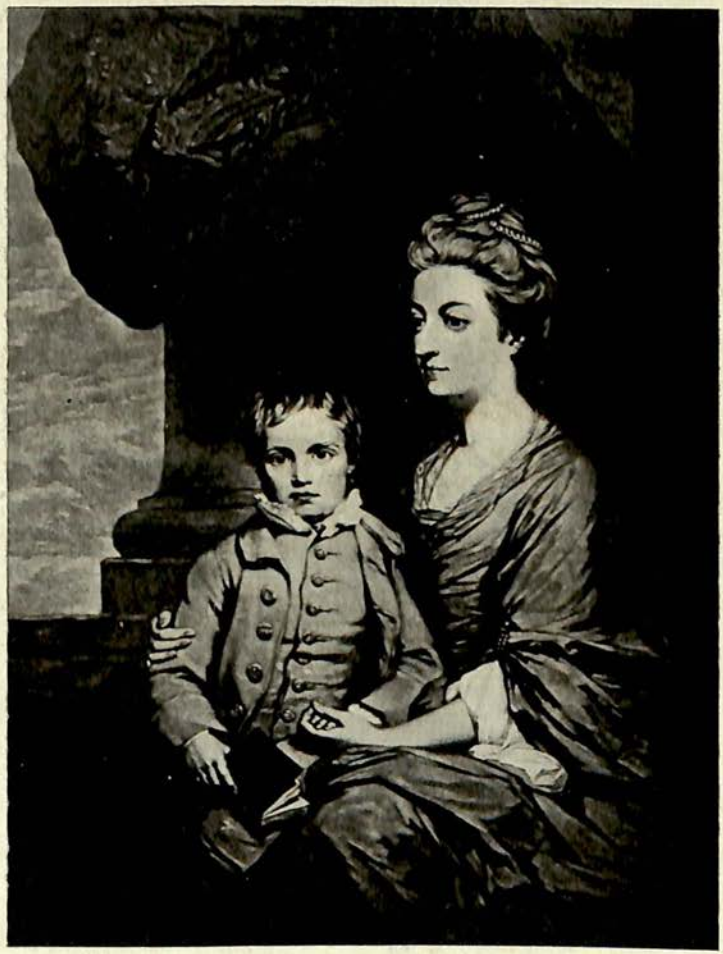
One of these friends—whose portrait Reynolds had painted, and whose guest he had been on one of his

visits to Devonshire and its district—Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke, created one of the greatest sensations of the day. Handsome and vivacious, the inheritor of an historic title, and the owner of vast properties, he had been made a Lord of the Bedchamber to his Sovereign, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 1st Foot Guards, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Wilts, and completed his good fortune in his twenty-second year by marrying on 23 March, 1756, a girl famous for her beauty and the sweetness of her manner, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, who presented her husband with an heir.

Her love being readily won soon bored him, and as it increased with his coldness had the usual effect of such conjugal and misplaced affection, of driving him to distractions, so that before six years of their married life had passed he ran away with Kitty Hunter, daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, a girl whose charms had induced him "to embark for life in a pacquet-boat," as Horace Walpole puts it. The elopement gained much of its notoriety from the circumstances attending it, an "authentic account" of which under the heading of "A Letter to a Friend occasioned by the Late Disappearance of Two Considerable Persons," is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1762. From this and other sources it may be gathered that having

determined to give up his appointments and his wife, who by the way was a sister of Lady Diana Beauclerk, he decided to carry out his intention on the night of 17 February, 1762, when all concerned in the affair were at a ball given by Lord Middleton. Having seen him flirt outrageously with Kitty Hunter, Lady Pembroke went home leaving him behind. At two o'clock in the morning Kitty came to her patient and watchful mother, and addressing her in a manner that the daughters of to-day will think ridiculously respectful said, "My dear madam, I am sorry to be the cause of keeping you here so long beyond your usual hour of repose, but really I am in such spirits and in such humour for dancing, that I fear it will be late before I can persuade myself to give over. Do, good madam, let me entreat you to retire without me."

The good madam, in language equally inflated, assured her considerate daughter she was not fatigued but would await her pleasure. Hiding her chagrin, Kitty curtsied and returned to the dance and to her lover, who having failed to get rid of this tiresomely obliging chaperon, hit upon another plan which he hoped would be more successful. Accordingly when at four in the morning the dance broke up and the exhausted dancers were ready to depart, Kitty's sedan-chair was not to be found. Having loudly and heartily cursed its supposedly drunken bearers, Lord Pembroke was gracious enough to place



From a mezzotint by J. Dixon, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, AND THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE, LORD HERBERT.

p. 332.

his own chair at the disposal of the young lady, whose attentive mother stepping forward, accepted his offer for herself, and gave her own chair to her daughter who was carried to her father's house in safety by his servants.

The lovers, however, were not to be outwitted. Secret communications passed between them, as a result of which, on the following afternoon, Kitty expressed a desire to visit her uncle, and calling for her chair was carried to his house. The bearers were told to return for her at a certain hour, which they did, to learn that the lady had left some time before. On his part Lord Pembroke had on the same day informally invited his wife's family to dine with her, saying that he must keep an engagement to dine at a tavern. But no sooner had they sat down to their three o'clock dinner, than he sat down to his in his dressing-room. Having dined, he attired himself in a sailor's suit and a black wig, which tied in a bundle he had brought into the house; and then leaving a letter for his wife, threatened his servants that he would murder them if they spoke of what they had seen. The letter was delivered to Lady Pembroke's brother George, who had succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Marlborough, and who fearing it held some unpleasant news opened it. The few lines it contained merely stated that the writer, having failed in his earnest endeavours to make his wife hate him, had as

a last resource eloped, a step he trusted would have the desired effect. As a favour he asked her not to write to him as that would make him completely mad. A letter was also left by him for Lord Bute, resigning his Court appointments, but hoping the King would keep his post in the army vacant, as some day he might come back and fight for him. Kitty Hunter was also obliging enough to write a letter to her father, timed so as to be placed in his hands on the morning after her departure, but this unsympathetic parent, recognizing the handwriting, returned it unopened to the bearer, bidding him give it back to the person from whom it came. The lovers embarked for Germany on their way to Italy where, says the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," "according to the fashion of that country they are determined to live together as long as they two shall like."

But this was not the end of the story, for as they sailed south they were pursued and captured by a privateer whose captain was under obligations to the lady's father, whom he strove to repay in this manner; as however the latter was by no means anxious to recover her, she and her lover were set free to seek further adventure. As no one seemed to need them, and as each began to tire of the other's company for which they had made such sacrifices to enjoy, Lord Pembroke wrote a pressing invitation to his wife to join them, when, says Horace

Walpole, "she who is all gentleness and tenderness was with difficulty withheld from acting as mad a part from goodness as he had done from guilt and folly." Within twelve months he was back with his forgiving wife, and without troubling to ask for it, was received into the royal favour and reinstated in his appointments by his virtuous Sovereign, His Majesty selecting for the exercise of his clemency the opportune date fixed on by his lordship for his successful elopement in a swift and silent-moving gondola, through canals shadowed by dark palaces, with a Venetian bride on the evening of her marriage. Nor was Kitty Hunter's gallantry unrewarded, for she gained an excellent and philosophic man willing to marry her and adopt Lord Pembroke's child, in Captain Alured Clarke, who in return for his bravery was made a Field-Marshal, given the Grand Cross of the Bath, and length of life that extended to eighty-seven years.

A friend of my Lord Pembroke, a fellow Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, was George, third Earl of March, who on the death of his cousin, Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, in 1778, succeeded to his title and estates. A man of rank and wealth, small in stature, but of handsome presence and high-bred manners, elegant in his dress, a lover of music, painting, and literature, something of a wit, and possessing sufficient knowledge of human nature

to make him despise it, he was one of the most popular, notorious, eccentric, and extravagant personages of his day. Early in life he had devoted himself to the turf, and ridden his own horses at a time when gentlemen jockeys were uncommon; while his love of betting seized upon every possible opportunity to gain excitement, and brought him into the Court of King's Bench, where Lord Mansfield was asked to decide on a singular wager, Lord March being the plaintiff and Mr. Pigott the defendant. The case was that the former had made a bet of five hundred guineas with the latter, that old Mr. Pigott would die before old Sir William Codrington, the bet being made at a moment when Mr. Pigott lay dead in his house, though his sudden demise could not have been known to those who had speculated on it. For the defence it was stated that as in the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was intended he should run, so this wager was invalid, as the subject of it was dead when it was made. In this opinion Lord Mansfield differed, and guided by his charge the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, when the defendant had not only to pay his bet, but also the costs.

A frequenter of the opera, a member of the Thursday Night Club where he frequently met his fellow member Joshua Reynolds, of White's Club where he gambled for high stakes, one of the brightest

figures at the Pantheon masquerades, Lord March was famous for the number and variety of his conquests, four of whom were Italians—La Rena, who though *passée* held him as her slave for some time till she was displaced by La Zamperini, a singer and dancer at the opera; La Todino, a lady also connected with the stage; and the Marchesa Fagniani, the wife of a philosophic and considerate noble who found London society a source of pleasure and profit. Peace was not to be expected by a man who made love at the same time to four daughters of the fiery south, but such tempers as they might feel inclined to indulge in were matched by the calm cynicism of Lord March, as may be gathered from his references to these ladies in his letters to his friend George Selwyn. In one of these dated 9 December, 1766, he writes to Selwyn, then in Paris where the Rena also was, to express a hope that she would have more sense than to affect any ill humour about the Zamperini, who by the way was barely in her sixteenth year and one of a "rascally garlic tribe," adding: "There is no harm in your saying that you hear I am very fond of her, and that they have been down with me at Newmarket, which will prepare her for a hundred stories, etc., etc."

What answer Selwyn made can only be imagined from the reply sent to him by Lord March who said, "The Rena must be mad if she takes anything of this

sort in a serious way. If she does there is an end of our society; if she does not we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and as happy as I can. I like this little girl, but how long this liking will last I cannot tell; it may increase or it may be quite at an end before you arrive. She has a father, mother, and sister, but they all like their own dirt better than anything else, so that we dine very little together. They sometimes dine here, but not often, and we shall therefore have our dinners as usual, though perhaps not quite so frequently. I have had a letter from Teresina Todino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so well in Paris as she does now. 'Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmant, et nous donne des bals avec des princesses.' Pray my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. Consult the Rena about it; *une jolie robe*, or anything else she likes, and let her have it from me *pour nouvelle année*. I would send her something from here, but you will be able to get her something that will please her better where you are."

The letter ends with a reference to the Rena which is characteristic of the writer. "I told her in my last letter," he says, "that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamperini, which would not prevent

me from being very happy to see her. Our attachment as lovers has long been at an end, and when people live at as great a distance as we have done for some time past, it is ridiculous to think of it; but I have really the greatest friendship and regard for her, more than I have for anybody in the world except yourself, and there is nothing I would not do for her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her or to be able to forget her—there is nothing in the world that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship—but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned, they are all so exceedingly wrong headed." In other letters he refers to his liaison with the Zamperini as an unlucky passion and wishes he had never seen her. "I like her vastly and she likes me because I give her money. . . . She is the prettiest creature in the world, but the most complete coquette that ever existed. It is her trade and she knows it very well."

His friendship with the fourth of the ladies mentioned led him to believe he was the father of her daughter Marie, generally known as Mie-Mie, a pretension which was disputed by George Selwyn, who considered he alone was entitled to the honour claimed by his friend; while their alleged title to such relationship was refuted by the husband of the Marchesa, who was charitable enough to declare

himself the father of her child; though as a generous man he did not allow any selfish feeling to stand between Mie-Mie and the gifts these young men thought fit to make her.

Lord March's dearest friend and constant correspondent just mentioned, George Selwyn, son of Colonel Selwyn of Matson in Gloucestershire, found notoriety at an early age and when yet an undergraduate at Hertford College, Oxford; for while at a club he sent to a silversmith for a chalice he had been given to repair, and filling it with wine passed it to a boon companion bidding him to drink it in remembrance of him. Those present to whom some sense of decency was left immediately rose and quitted the room, when noise of his blasphemy spread abroad and the authorities met to consider the offence. Although Selwyn in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor declared that "his conscience did not accuse him," and although several of the dignitaries of the University, as we learn from John Jesse, the editor of "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," were inclined to regard his outrage with leniency as rather "intended to ridicule the errors and mysteries of the religion of the Church of Rome, than as a deliberate insult to Christianity," yet he was expelled from the University and forbidden to come within five miles of Oxford.

His blasphemous action by no means prevented

him from being selected to represent the cathedral city of Gloucester in Parliament, or from holding the appointment of Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint, to which a handsome salary was attached for performing duties that as far as he was concerned, solely consisted in attending the weekly dinners of the officers of that department, the cost of which was defrayed by the public funds. To this sinecure office others were subsequently added, such as Paymaster of the Works, Registrar to the Court of Chancery in the Island of Barbados, and Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands; to which a wit added an appointment less remunerative but more congenial of Receiver General of Waif and Stray Jokes. A frequenter of the clubs, a courtier, and a man of pleasure, he gained a reputation for wit to which the specimens in his correspondence, and those quoted as his in the letters of his friends, give little support; the best saying of his, which has the appearance of being manufactured, being that when Horace Walpole remarked that politics remained much the same under George III as they had under George II, and in fact that there was nothing new under the sun, Selwyn replied, "No, nor under the grandson either."

The two strongest passions of his life seemed to be his morbid desire to witness suffering and death, and his tender love for little children. The former became

the constant theme of his friends who told many strange stories of his mania, such as how, on being reproached for want of feeling by a Jacobite for going to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he said, "Why I made amends by going to see it sewn on again"; and how the dying Lord Holland hearing that his old friend had called to inquire for him, said, "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls show him up. If I am alive I shall be glad to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." His love of seeing his unfortunate fellow creatures sent out of life, was constantly gratified at a time when the law of a country that considered itself civilized, condemned women coiners to be burned alive, and sentenced all sheriffs who refused to see it enforced, to severe penalties, a law which was not repealed until 1790; when a wife of nineteen—very tenderly reared, whose husband had been snatched from her by the pressgang, and whose two infant children were starving, having in a dazed state taken up a parcel of linen lying on the counter of a draper's shop in Ludgate Hill, which she instantly put down again on seeing she was being watched—was sent to Tyburn, her baby pressed to her breast until it was wrenched from her that she might be strangled publicly in the name of law and justice; when regularly on Mondays the town was afforded the exciting spectacle of batches, sometimes numbering

as many as seventeen, of poor wretches who had picked a pocket or stolen a watch, driving through the streets to execution, the rabble accompanying them with ribald jests, applause, cheers, or horrible jeers; men and women of quality interestedly watching them from hired windows; so that, as even the cynical Horace Walpole states, "It is shocking to think what a shambles this country has grown. . . . One is forced to travel even at noon as if one was going to battle."

Selwyn's heartlessness which was probably typical of the fine gentleman of the time, is shown by a joke he made when attending the trial of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino for having fought for James Stuart in 1745. Seeing Mrs. Bethel, remarkable for her hatchet face, staring at the unhappy men, he said, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned." Many references occur in the correspondence of his friends to his desire to witness executions, a taste then common to all classes. In writing to him in December, 1764, his friend Gilly Williams tells him that Lord Harrington's porter, who had robbed his master of money, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of three thousand pounds, had been discovered and condemned, adding, "Cadogan and I have already bespoken places at the Brazier's, and I hope Parson Digby will come time enough to be of the party.

I presume we shall have your honour's company, if your stomach is not too squeamish for a single swing." In the same letter a hint is given at the excitement in store for them at another execution, for Lady Townshend, wife of George, fourth Viscount and afterwards first Marquis Townshend, having been defrauded of several hundred pounds by her butler who had fled, set the magistrate and his myrmidons on him, "and her ladyship not being very compassionate he must go to the gallows."

As George Selwyn was in Paris at the time John Wisket, Lord Harrington's porter, was hanged, particulars of the scene were forwarded to him by the Hon. Henry St. John, a man of wit and pleasure, brother of the second Viscount Bolingbroke, and known to his friends as the Baptist. "I should not have intruded on the gay moments you now pass your time in," writes he, "had not my brother intimated to me your obliging request of hearing from me, and what served to encourage my writing was the curiosity you expressed to hear of Wisket's execution, which my brother and I went to see at the risk of breaking our necks by climbing up an old rotten scaffolding which I feared would tumble before the cart drove off with the six malefactors. However we escaped and had a full view of Mr. Wisket, who went to the gallows with a white cockade in his hat, as an emblem of his innocence, and died with the same

hardness as appeared through his whole trial. I hope you had good sport at the Place de Grève to make up for losing the sight of the execution of so notorious a villain as Lady Harrington's porter." The attraction referred to, which had taken Selwyn to Paris, was to see Damien broken on the wheel for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV. During this ghastly scene a French nobleman who noticed the intense interest Selwyn took in it, and who therefore concluded the Englishman must be an executioner, said to him, "Eh bien monsieur, êtes vous arrivé pour voir ce spectacle?" and was answered, "Oui, monsieur." "Vous êtes bourreau?" came the next interrogation, to which Selwyn replied, "Non, non, monsieur, je n'ai pas cet honneur; je ne suis qu'un amateur."

In the same way Lord Carlisle attended the execution of Hackman, the parson who from jealousy shot my Lord Sandwich's mistress, Miss Ray; though Lord Carlisle was present, as he says, "in order to give you an account of his behaviour, and from no curiosity of my own." Anthony Morris Storer, also in obedience to Selwyn's commands, wrote him a detailed description of the execution of the foolish and Reverend Doctor Dodd, one of the Royal Chaplains, who mistaking the character of Lord Chancellor Apsley's wife for that of an ordinary lady of quality of her time, strove to bribe her by an offer of three thousand pounds to procure him the spiritual director-

ship of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square; and who later while enjoying the rich living of Wing in Buckinghamshire, presented to him by Lord Chesterfield, was "led astray from religious strictness by the delusions of show and the delights of voluptuousness," as he says, and signed his patron's name to a bond for four thousand two hundred pounds; for which he was tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to death; a verdict that notwithstanding petitions in his favour by the clergy, by influential friends, and by the City of London, was carried into effect on 25 May, 1777, and to see which dense crowds assembled as if for a holiday.

Most of Selwyn's friends were apparently laid under command to write him descriptions of horrors he was unable to see; which was obeyed by many of them whose letters are too brutal and ghastly to be quoted; so that his morbid craving became the jest of his friends and was made the subject of a joke by the King, who having been speaking to him just before he drew his sword to make a knight, and then turned to find that he had gone, expressed his surprise that Mr. Selwyn had not stayed to witness a ceremony that was so like an execution.

There was, however, one threatened execution the sight of which Selwyn unselfishly strove to deprive himself of. This concerned a man named Michael Kennedy, the story of whose danger, the description

of his treatment, and the means by which he was reprieved, illustrate the moral bearings of society and the horrors of English prisons at this time. Two brothers named Michael and Patrick Kennedy, having with others been concerned in a drunken riot on Westminster Bridge, in which a watchman named John Bigby was killed, were arrested and charged with that crime. These men who formerly had been potmen in an ale-house, had risen to gentility by the earnings of their sister Polly Kennedy, a woman of the town popular with men of fashion. After a trial that lasted eight hours, presided over by Lord Mansfield, whom the Earl of Carlisle described as "a dirty dog," they were found guilty of murder on Friday, 23 February, 1770, and sentenced to be executed on the following Monday.

Their appearance on the gallows at Tyburn would then have furnished an exciting holiday to the public, if they had not been related to a woman friendly with men in high positions, whom she immediately and strenuously implored to use their influence in saving her brothers. Her wishes were promptly obeyed; a number of her friends waited on Lord Rochford, Secretary of State, the ladies of the Court appealed to the virtuous Queen, and the King was petitioned with a view to saving the condemned men from being hanged. On the morning fixed for their execution they were told a respite had been granted them until

further investigations were made. Meantime Polly Kennedy's friends worked with such effect, that when her brothers again came before the court (22 March), the elder, Patrick, was given a free pardon, and the younger who was supposed to have struck the fatal blow to the watchman, was sentenced to transportation for life in Maryland.

That his voyage to the penal colonies might be spared the brutalities to which prisoners were then subjected, but with which beasts would not be treated in these more humane days, one of his sister's friends, James, second Earl of Fife, desired to buy him a free passage costing fifteen guineas, to give him a letter of credit for ten guineas, "that the poor fellow might have something in his pocket," and "a letter of recommendation to a person in Maryland who will be vastly good to him." On seeking him in his prison for this purpose, Lord Fife found that Michael Kennedy had already been transferred to the convict ship, which had sailed. "However," he writes to George Selwyn, who was deeply interested in the fate of the Kennedys, "I resolved to spare no pains to relieve the poor man, and therefore directly set out for Blackwall, and very luckily found the ship not gone. I went on board, and to be sure, all the states of horror I ever had an idea of are much short of what I saw this poor man in; chained to a board in a hole not above sixteen feet long; more than fifty with him; a collar and pad-

lock about his neck ; and chained to five of the most dreadful creatures I ever looked on. What pleasure I had to see all the irons taken off, and to put him under the care of a very humane captain, one Macdougal, who luckily is my countryman, and connected with people I have done some little service to. He will be of great service to Kennedy ; in short I left this poor creature who had suffered so much, in a perfect state of happiness."

The case did not end here ; for the widow of the murdered man lodged an appeal for a new trial, on the plea that she could produce fresh evidence proving that her husband had been killed by the Kennedys. Therefore when the convict ship in which Michael sailed, reached the Downs, she was boarded by the King's officers carrying a warrant from the Secretary of State, that demanded he should be given up to them. Once more Polly Kennedy, distracted by the threatened fate of her brothers, besought her friends to use their influence in protecting them. One of the methods they adopted was to draw up a memorial to the King, that began by craftily touching on His Majesty's weak point—the royal prerogative—begged that "for the sake of all your subjects, never to separate from your royal person that blessed branch of your prerogative, which the Constitution has planted in Your Majesty alone, to extend your mercy to every person who shall seem to your own royal apprehension a fit object of your clemency."

The memorialists therefore recommended to His Majesty the consideration of the case of Michael Kennedy, "for were every fact alleged against him incontrovertibly established, yet as his character is fair, and the fatal event happened not from any corruption of mind, but a most unfortunate, not habitual deprivation of sense and reason, we conceive that the tenderness of his years, added to the innocence of his heart, might render him in your gracious thoughts no unworthy object of compassion. . . . The fact against Kennedy, as stated to the jury, was founded on evidence doubtful in the nature of things, and very suspicious from circumstances of corrupt behaviour in the single witness who fixed it on him. But with great certainty it may be made clear to Your Majesty, that Michael Kennedy did not give the blow, by evidence which could not possibly be produced at the trial. But we pray God to forbid that any person however wretched his condition may be, shall ever be precluded from alleging any plea that can dispose Your Majesty, consistently with public justice, to save the life of one of your subjects; especially a youth of unblemished reputation, who in the very act of which he is attainted, is free from every possible imputation of premeditated guilt."

While waiting to learn the effect of this on the King, Horace Walpole hastened to tell George Selwyn, "After you was gone last night, I heard it

whispered about the room that a bad representation had been made at the Queen's House against the unhappy young man. Do not mention this, as it might do hurt; but try privately without talking of it, if you cannot get some of the ladies to mention the cruelty of the case; or what do you think of a hint by the German women, if you can get at them?"

On 29 May, 1770, both the Kennedys were brought once more before the Court of King's Bench, Michael appearing in "double chains, in a blue coat, with a handkerchief about his neck, and looking greatly dejected." He may possibly have taken courage in seeing on the bench Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Palmerston, Lord Spencer, George Selwyn, "and several persons of distinction, friends of the unhappy prisoners," as is stated in one of the reports. The witness brought by the widow to prove the murder was "a waterman's boy," who swore that he had been offered a hundred pounds to keep out of the way. A lawyer, whose fee no doubt exceeded this sum, discovered that an omission of form in the pleadings necessitated an adjournment of the case; and when next the prisoners took their places in the dock the accusing widow failed to appear, when the case was nonsuited. What had happened in the meantime was made known to the public by the newspapers, that stated she had been offered three hundred and fifty pounds not to press the prosecu-

tion, adding that "when she went to receive the money she wept bitterly, and at first refused to touch the coin that was to be the price of her husband's blood; but being told that nobody else could receive it for her, she held up her apron and bid the attorney who was to pay it sweep it into her lap." The Kennedys were kept in irons in the King's Bench prison until 11 April, 1771, when once again being placed in the dock, they were told that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to extend to them his royal clemency, and that their punishment had been commuted; that of Michael to transportation for life, and that of Patrick to fourteen years' imprisonment. This latter sentence was nominal, for shortly afterwards Patrick was liberated. The comment of Junius on this ending was: "The mercy of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer is the brother of a common prostitute, would I think at any other time have excited universal indignation."

It may be added that while her brothers were yet in prison, but were free from the terror of a threatened execution, Polly Kennedy, now more popular than ever, at the desire of Sir Charles Bunbury, sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua, who stated in September, 1770, that "it has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done, and it is the best-coloured."

Next to Selwyn's passion for morbid sights and subjects, came his sharply contrasted love for little children, among them being those of the vain, foolish, and beautiful Countess of Coventry, who after eight years of married life died of consumption accelerated by her use of white lead and rouge, and as the irony of Fate would have it, at a time when, had she lived but a few weeks longer, she could have seen the sight which as she had confided to George II, she desired above all others to witness—a coronation. Selwyn's correspondence also shows a warm affection for the children of his close friend Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, one of the foremost figures in the society of his day, who was painted not less than four times by Reynolds.

At the age of ten Lord Carlisle had inherited an ancient title, an historic residence Castle Howard, and a large fortune. Handsome, clever, and with highly polished manners, he had on leaving Cambridge in his nineteenth year been welcomed to town by the world of fashion, and fallen desperately in love with the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury, then a young married woman. To cure this passion and to cultivate his taste for the fine arts, he made the grand tour of Europe, having as his companion for part of the time Charles Fox, son of Lord Holland, who was soon to become famous as a politician and a roué. It was while Lord Carlisle was on his travels that he

was elected a Knight Companion of the Order of the Thistle, the insignia of which were forwarded to the King of Sardinia—March, 1765—that he might invest Lord Carlisle with them.

On his return to England on 22 March, 1770, he married Lady Margaret Caroline Leveson Gower, daughter of Granville, second Earl Gower, and subsequently first Marquis of Stafford, who in the course of years bore him four sons and three daughters. In all his letters we find a constant and affectionate reference to his wife and children, with whom and in whose society he was perfectly happy, his one vice, common to the times and to those of his rank, being gambling; a vice whose unhappy results to himself and those dearest to him he honestly and constantly deplored, but which he was unable to overcome for years.

As early as August, 1775, by his losses at the card table and his acceptance of bonds in payment of Fox's gambling debts, he found that to live at Castle Howard was "not only impossible, but that my existence anywhere else is nearly equally so," as he tells Selwyn, adding, "I am sure you will see how convinced I am of the necessity of a reformation, and how prepared I am for one"; and while endeavouring to pay his creditors and economize, was made uneasy by hearing that Sir Joshua had forwarded portraits he had just finished to Castle Howard, for says its owner, "as

well as I remember he was one of those who were to wait; and I was in hopes that the pictures might have remained till it was more convenient to take them out of his hands. What is to be done I know not, but I am sure you will agree with me that it is an awkward circumstance." Yet when in town the following summer he was unable to resist the temptation of visiting White's, where play ran so high that on one occasion a gambler lost fifty thousand pounds, and where on another Lord Stavordale, eldest son of the Earl of Ilchester, at this time in his minority, lost eleven thousand pounds, which on the same night and by one great hand at hazard, he won back again.

Lord Carlisle's ill-luck and infatuation was such that one evening in July, 1776, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, he lost ten thousand pounds, writing of which the same night to Selwyn he says: "I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me; it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me."

This expression of remorse was not the mere out-

burst of a moment. Later he tells Selwyn that though he does not pretend to much philosophy, it requires more resolution than he is master of to bear up against his self-reproach, and that there were moments when his spirits sank and his courage failed. All his endeavour was to prevent ruin setting like a bulldog on his wife, "the best woman in the world," who "is very nearly made familiar with it, and if it is made to fly at her, she will approach it with as little fear as any one I know." Leaving town the following month for Castle Howard, he wrote thence to Selwyn, saying that to pour out one's thoughts to those who have tenderness and patience to listen to one's misfortunes, was an alleviation of suffering; but that it was but a temporary relief, for "the sponge fills again in a moment, and sometimes with augmented bitterness, when we think we are disturbing the tranquillity of those whom we most love and esteem, and adding nothing to our own happiness." He bitterly regrets that he had not been brought up to a profession by which he might earn an income, and adds, "I do protest to you that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment, let it tear me as it will from everything dear to me in this

country. My friends and my family have a right to call upon me for the sacrifice, and I will submit to it with the resolution of a man."

Notwithstanding what he says of the manner in which he spent his time, he had less to reproach himself with on that score than many others of his rank; for scarce a day passed that he did not read the classics, alone or in company with his former tutor, while he also spent hours in writing poems and a five-act tragedy, "The Father's Revenge," which when published for private circulation, won him the praise not merely of his friends, but of so candid a critic as Dr. Johnson, who among other things said that when a man of rank appeared in the character of a poet, "he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed."

In the autumn of the year he left the cold north and travelled by coach to London, staying at the houses of various friends by the way, and among others at Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Essex, of which Lord Carlisle wrote to Selwyn, "What a house, what people, what manners. I lost my money and my temper; lay in damp and dirty sheets; and what with the moisture, the gnats, and the dirt, we might as well have slept in a fen." On arriving in London in the hope of settling his affairs, he was one day so overcome with vexation and depression, that when evening came he dreaded to

return to his bed and his reflections, and in the hope of relieving his mind by excitement and of retrieving his losses, he went to Brooks, played, and lost four hundred pounds. "I am as miserable as any one can be who has reason to despise himself, and who is oppressed with a million other disagreeable circumstances," he writes to Selwyn, then at Bath. "Brooks was in the list of debts I made out, a creditor for one hundred pounds. He is now by my cursed folly, five hundred. I know how dangerous it is to break a resolution, and I know also that it justifies any fears you may have about my future conduct. But if you were to know what I have suffered from shame, vexation, and contrition, for this first deviation from my system, you would I am sure think me more secure from what has happened. I have no reason to think I am again to be blown about in such a whirlwind of passions as I was yesterday."

Judging from his correspondence, this appears to be his final fall into temptation at the card table. Before a year had passed from this time, he had obtained the first of those appointments that enabled him to pay his debts and retrieve his fortunes; for on 13 June, 1777, he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Treasurer of the Household; on 13 April, 1778, he was nominated principal commissioner for "treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in His Majesty's

From a mezzotint by William Ward, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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colonies, plantations, and provinces in North America," his commission being followed by the Declaration of Independence by America,—while on 13 October (a date that seemed lucky to him), 1780, he was at the age of thirty-two, appointed Viceroy of Ireland, when under his reign a national bank was first established in that country.

Besides being chief of the commission appointed to treat with America, Lord Carlisle was also notable for being selected by the Court of Chancery as guardian of the poet Byron, his first cousin once removed. This office he undertook with reluctance; interfered but little with his kinsman during his minority; and refused to introduce him to the House of Lords for which he fell under the displeasure of the poet, who having lauded his poems in the first edition of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, spoke of them in the second edition as the paralytic pulings of Carlisle, an offence for which, though Byron afterwards amply apologized, he was never forgiven by the Earl.

Constant references are made in his letters by Lord Carlisle to his children,—especially to his eldest son George who succeeded him and married Lady Betty Hamilton, daughter of one of the beautiful Gunnings; and to his eldest daughter Caroline who became Lady Cawdor,—in reply to the inquiries of Selwyn, who to the end of his days showed them the warmest affection.

But Mie-Mie, the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, was the child he loved above all others. Of the three claimants for the paternity of this little Italian girl, George Selwyn seems to have been the most favourably regarded by her mother; who though making no admission of his relationship to the child in such letters of hers as have been preserved, yet seems to have conceded it by allowing Mie-Mie to pass into his charge before she was many months old, and while she and her husband returned to Italy. From there the Marchesa Fagniani wrote to Selwyn whom she addressed as her "Very Dear and Respectable Friend," expressing her gratitude for all his kindness to her daughter; assuring him that the more she knew of the world the more she saw the difficulty of finding a person who resembled him; and declaring that she considered herself the happiest of mortals in having obtained his friendship. She hoped he would continue to send her news of Mie-Mie, as Lord March was neglectful of doing so. Judging from the Selwyn correspondence, we find that the child was occasionally allowed to stay with Lord March, who secretly smiled at his friend's claims regarding her; but when in her fifth year Selwyn desired to place her in a school, he was allowed to select it. As the result of many inquiries from friends, Mie-Mie was eventually placed under the care of Mrs. Terry at Campden House School; a lady who suffered much worry by Selwyn's

constant visits and his frequent letters about Mie-Mie.

In answer to one of these she briefly tells him that "Mademoiselle Fagniani is as well as her good friend could possibly wish her to be. She is this minute engaged in a party at high romps"; and in another she is sorry he is so uneasy. "The dear child's spirits are not depressed. She is very lively, ate a good dinner, and behaves just like other children. She hopes Mr. Selwyn will make no scruple of coming to-morrow morning, or staying his hour or more if he likes it; she will then talk to him about the head; but in the meantime begs he will not suppose that the dear child suffers by his absence, or that anything is neglected; for if Mrs. Terry thought Mr. Selwyn could suppose such a thing, she would wish to resign the charge."

That the girl should be taken from him, now became the haunting dread of Selwyn's life, especially when in the summer of 1776, the Marchesa came to England avowedly for that purpose; not that she desired to take her daughter back to Italy so much as that she wished to obey the commands of her parents to let them see their grandchild. Moved by his grief at the prospect of losing Mie-Mie, and unwilling to refuse his propitiatory presents, the Marchesa allowed the child to remain with him some months longer on the understanding that he must

part from her in the following year. To this he agreed, but before the dreaded time came made fresh endeavours to keep her, which included applications through the Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. James to the Governor of Milan, begging he would use his influence with the family on Selwyn's behalf. His importunities were so great that when the Marchesa and her husband came to London once more in the spring of 1777, with the intention of taking Mie-Mie away, they again left without effecting this purpose, but on the condition that she should be sent to them in the summer.

From Brussels in May, 1777, the Marchesa then wrote to him to prepare himself for the worst. "You know my dear friend, that it does not depend upon us, and that if it were in our power your wishes should be gratified. . . . I am only in despair at being more than ever unable to give you the least hope of being able to retain her. The letters which we have received are written with the most perfect ease of mind, under the idea that she had left London with us ; and they added, that if we had not brought her into Italy with us, a separation in our family would have been the consequences of our disobedience. I like to flatter myself that the confidence we have reposed in you, in leaving you the child so long as it was possible, will not be productive of the annoyance of a third journey to London, which would

certainly be the case within two days after our arrival at Paris unless we found the child there."

When the time came for his parting with Mie-Mie, Selwyn could not endure it; and he made fresh appeals and remonstrances to the Marchesa, together with the offer of a handsome settlement on the girl if she were left with him. His pleadings were seconded, at his request, by Lord March, who writing to him from Newmarket, 9 July, 1777, says: "I had your melancholy letter yesterday. It is the greatest concern to me in the world to find you so very unhappy, and not to have the least hopes of doing you any service. To be sure I will write to Madame Fagniani, or do anything else that you desire. After all that has been said, what to say I don't know, or what hopes to hold out to you, when all that can be done has already been tried. I am sure, say or do what I will, she will be persuaded it can only be to please you that I write or mention the subject, after so much conversation as I have had with her upon it when she was here; and her having so often repeated to me the impossibility, whatever their own dispositions were, on account of their family."

For some weeks following a further correspondence was carried on between Selwyn and the Marchesa, who at last losing patience, wrote on the 15th of August, charging him with attempting to ruin her by embroiling her in family disputes, in order to gain his own

ends, and with destroying the reputation of the child he pretended to love. His offer to provide for her, was spoken of as an insult, threats were made that she should be immediately sent for, and he was asked what devilish idea had seized him in striving to keep her in a strange country, separated like a foundling from her family, and "maintained by a person who does not belong to her, and in regard to whom the world would always question by what title he adopted the child." To this unkindest cut was added a reference to the answer made by the Governor of Milan to the Austrian Ambassador in England, which Selwyn had seen; and who in regretting that his application could not possibly be complied with, added that if the parents of Mie-Mie were to return without her, "I am sure the whole country would speak of it in terms of indignation, and that domestic peace would for ever be at an end in her illustrious family."

Nothing remained for Selwyn but to part from his idol, and to take every care to make her journey to Milan via Paris where her mother awaited her, as easy as possible. For this purpose a carriage was bought by him large enough to contain a travelling bed on which she might rest at pleasure; and she was entrusted to the care of his own man, Mitchel, who was given a list of the four hotels in each of which she was to spend a night before sailing for Calais, and of eighteen others between that town and Milan, in

which she was to break her journey. Mitchel was also charged to write every day an account of her health, her spirits, and of all details concerning her.

As he felt that the pain of saying farewell to her would be too severe for endurance, he left town early on the morning appointed for her journey—22 September, 1777—his absence being accounted for to the child, then in her seventh year, by his housekeeper stating that Mr. Selwyn had gone into the country to visit his mother who was ill; with which Mie-Mie seemed so satisfied that it did not damp the high spirits in which she set out, as he learned from one correspondent who was requested to send him news of her departure; while from another at Dover he heard she had sailed with very fine weather and a favourable opportunity, having been provided with a good vessel and "an exceedingly careful captain who will have taken particular care of the young lady, and have very well answered the intention of a woman attendant, who in all probability would have been the first to require assistance."

Evidence of the bitter sorrow Selwyn felt at his loss is given in the letters of his friends. "March speaks with great tenderness and real compassion for your sufferings," writes Lord Carlisle, who grieved to find Selwyn in such low spirits, advises him to distract his mind by change of scene, and by writing to him constantly, for "you cannot unload

your heart to any one who will receive its weight more cheerfully than I shall do," says he. Lady Holland is also vastly concerned to find him in such low spirits, wishes she could lessen his distress, and invites him to visit her at Old Windsor; while Miss Mary Townshend wishes she could administer relief to his dejected mind. The letters that cheered him most at this time were those he received from the Marchesa and from Mitchel telling him of Mie-Mie, and the little notes she scrawled to him saying "God bless you and preserve you with all my heart, and let me see you as soon as you can," and "I am, dear Mr. Selwyn, your dearest Mie-Mie. I hope you are very well," which he kept as treasures throughout his life.

Man of the world as he was, the centre of a devoted circle of friends, existence became unendurable to him without the companionship of this child, and within twelve months of her departure he travelled to Milan that he might if possible regain her. His generous offers of great settlements on her providing he was allowed to adopt her, were smiled and frowned at alternately; and only after he had suffered much vexation and suspense, and probably at the expense of a bribe, it was agreed that Mie-Mie should be sent to Paris in the spring of 1779, and after receiving her education in a convent, be allowed to return to him in London. Satisfied with that arrangement he quitted

Milan in October, 1778, but in the following April was in Paris, where he expected to find the child, but was disappointed; for her departure from Milan was postponed, and it was not until May that she was placed in the convent. To be near her, Selwyn remained in Paris, but the satisfaction of continually seeing her was clouded by threats that the promise given might be withdrawn and the child taken back to Milan, at the prospect of which he lost health and spirits. "You are always thinking about the same thing," writes Lord March, who on the death of his cousin Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, 22 August, 1778, had succeeded him as fourth Duke of Queensberry, "but it is to no purpose to think, because you can do yourself no good, and if you let the Fagnianis alone, the child will certainly remain for the present where she is. This is as much as you can expect, and perhaps more than you would have been able to have brought about with most other people. I desired Warner to write to you, and to try and persuade you how very impossible it is for me to be of any use to you. If you thought one moment, and had any knowledge of Madame Fagniani, you must think that at this time if she knew anything that I wished, she would do directly the contrary. I am sure in the present circumstances of things, you had better come here and be quiet for some time, for I think the mother perfectly capable to send for the

child to Milan merely to plague you, if you continue your correspondence.

"I have always understood that when the child was to be educated in a convent at Paris, you were to be satisfied; now you seem more distressed than ever. I am sure that if you continue where you are, no constitution can resist the agitation you must go through, and you will certainly bring yourself to a situation of health not to be retrieved. Everybody inquires when you are to return; I wish I knew when that was to be. It is necessary in all situations to determine something, and I am sure the worst thing you can do is to remain where you are. Farewell, my dear friend."

Notwithstanding this advice, Selwyn remained where he was until Mie-Mie having stayed a month in the convent, he was allowed to take her to England, on the condition that her education should be continued there some day; a day that never arrived. On his return with her to London, they were received with great rejoicings and welcomes by his friends; and though when depressed he dreaded—not only on his own account but on hers—lest she should be snatched from him and brought under the example and influence of her mother, yet that grief was spared him, and she became the constant companion and the delight of his remaining days.

During the last years of his life he suffered from

pleurisy and gout, and died on 25 January, 1791, in his seventy-first year, at his house in Cleveland Row, St. James's, leaving Mie-Mie a dowry of thirty-three thousand pounds; to his two nephews he left one hundred guineas each; the residue of his real and personal estates he bequeathed to the Duke of Queensberry. The family estate of Matson in Gloucestershire in which George Selwyn had merely a life interest, had already been entailed by their father on his daughter Albinia, who had married Thomas Townshend, second son of Charles Viscount Townshend. Seven years after Selwyn's death, on 18 May, 1798, Mie-Mie, then in her twenty-seventh year, married the eldest son of the second Marquis of Hertford, Francis Charles Seymour Conway, Earl of Yarmouth, generally known as Red Herrings because of the colour of his hair and the town from which he took his title. The money Selwyn left her was but part of her fortune; for the Duke of Queensberry—who like Selwyn never married, and who like him also believed himself her father—cut down the glorious woods surrounding his residence at Drumlanrig, and his castle at Neidpath near Peebles, that he might settle fifteen thousand pounds on her.

He survived his friend George Selwyn by about nineteen years, and to the end of his days remained a notable figure in London life, the cause of sensational scandals, the generous donor of large charities,

a passionate worshipper of beauty, a free and bountiful giver to the poor, a sybarite by temperament, and a man made cynical by the sycophancy, the greed, and the frailty of humanity. Though physically a wreck, seeing but with one eye and hearing imperfectly but through one ear, yet he was so satisfied with his position in this world, and so unwilling to exchange it for another where less consideration might be accorded to him, that he did all in his power to prolong his days. For this purpose he retired to rest at an early hour, with raw veal cutlets applied to his face in the hope of keeping it unwithered; and by his own orders was roused from sleep at eleven at night, at two in the morning, and again at five, that strong soups, tonics, and wines might be given to him; while on rising he bathed in a tub of fresh milk. As it was noised abroad that his servants afterwards sold this, a panic spread through the town lest honest and virtuous folk should drink unknowingly the liquid in which he had washed. And that he might better preserve the health he had so recklessly wasted in his earlier years, he retained as a member of his household, a famous French medical man, formerly physician to Louis XV, to whom he gave a large fee every day, with the understanding that he would not benefit a penny by his death.

Never caring to reside in his Scottish castles which indeed he had rarely visited, he also absented himself

in his later years from his place at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, and from his villa at Richmond where the Thames with its "flow, flow, flow, always the same," had become tiresomely monotonous; so that the closing days of his existence were spent in his house at Piccadilly, close to the corner of Park Lane, which had long been regarded by all respectable citizens with horror, curiosity, and interest, as the scene of indescribable orgies. The house was easily recognizable, as for the convenience of its owner a flight of steps ascended from the street to the first floor which he occupied. On its balcony he would sit for hours in fine weather, dressed in a green coat and white silk stockings, a scarlet umbrella screening him from the sun as he watched the tide of life flow by; the tide on which he could no longer float. Below him was a groom named Jack Radford, mounted on horseback and ever ready to carry courteous and pressing invitations to the women whom in passing His Grace had ogled through his gold spying-glass, and whose beauty of form had appealed to a heart still juvenile and bitterly rebellious to his decaying body.

Known to be immensely rich, to have no family to provide for, and to be generous, Old Q, as he was called, according to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall who knew him personally, became "a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. It is a fact that

when he lay dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly indeed addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable from his attenuated state to open or peruse them, he ordered them as they arrived to be laid upon his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken till he expired."

He died as he had lived in the odour of wickedness, leaving behind him, irrespective of his great estates, over a million of money, of which one hundred and fifty thousand, together with his two houses in Piccadilly and his villa at Richmond, went to the Countess of Yarmouth, while as residuary legatee her husband was supposed to have obtained two hundred thousand pounds. To her younger son and to her daughter he left fifty thousand pounds each. By his will which had thirty-five codicils, the Duke also bequeathed ten thousand pounds to the Lock, and to St. George's hospitals, and many thousands to women of rank such as the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Anne Hamilton, the Countess of Dunmore, Lady William Gordon, and three French ladies of a certain celebrity; while he left five hundred pounds to Nelson's enchantress, Lady Hamilton, who previously had received large sums from him as a reward for diverting his idle hours. And though his house

steward, his head groom, his Italian valet, and his footmen were all left handsome annuities, yet not one of his female servants was mentioned in his will, nor would he permit any woman servant into his presence during the latter years of his life. Acting on the principle that much is forgiven him who hath great wealth, the charitable rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, not only allowed him to be buried in his church, but considered a vault under the Communion table to be the most fitting place to inter a body devoured by all the diseases that vice could breed.

Mie-Mie, otherwise the Countess of Yarmouth, gave birth to three children, two sons and a daughter, the latter of whom was married to the Marquess de Chevigné in February, 1822, and died nine months later. It was not until June, 1822, on the death of his father, that the Earl of Yarmouth succeeded as third Marquis of Hertford; but before that time his wife had lived apart from him whose character is best indicated by stating that he was the original of the Marquis of Steyne in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." His wife found more congenial companions, with one of whom Marshal Androche, she travelled on the Continent. She is generally believed to have been the mother of a child whose education she personally superintended, and to whom she always showed the tenderest affection; the child who in later years was known as Sir Richard Wallace.

Her eldest son who on the death of his father in March, 1842, succeeded to his title as fourth Marquis of Hertford, and who was barely eighteen at the birth of the future Sir Richard Wallace, was throughout her life devoted to his erring mother; and throughout his own to his supposed step-brother, to whom when dying in August, 1870, he left his Irish estates then valued at fifty thousand a year, together with Hertford House, London, and one of the most valuable private collections in the world of pictures, statuary, and furniture, which he had spent his life in collecting, and that the widow of Sir Richard gave to the nation.

The Marchioness of Hertford, whose later years were spent in Paris, died there in her house in the Rue Taitbout on the 2nd March, 1856, in her eighty-fourth year.

CHAPTER II

Goldsmith on his appointment as Professor of Ancient History—He meets the Horneck family—His visit to France in their company—Letters to Sir Joshua—His visit to Bath and his ridiculous mistake—He writes his second comedy—Which is offered to the manager of Covent Garden—His hard usage—The play is offered to David Garrick—Johnson's advice is followed—The comedy is put in rehearsal—Mrs. Abington and Sir Joshua—The players fling up their parts—Attending rehearsals of "She Stoops to Conquer"—Disputes and disappointments—The first night of the play—A crowded house—Goldsmith's fears—Wanders in St. James's Park—Returns to the theatre—The manager's brutality—Success of the play—The author's gratitude to the players who helped him—The Press attacks the manager—The "London Packet" attacks Goldsmith—He seeks the editor—Fracas in the office—Sent home in a coach—Goldsmith defends himself in the "Daily Advertiser"—The last triumph of his life—Fresh projects never carried out—Weariness and depression—His lines on David Garrick—Goldsmith is taken ill and sends for Dr. Fordyce—His vexation of mind—The darkness of long nights—Peace is at hand—His death—Sir Joshua is saddened—His last services to his friend.

ALTHOUGH at the suggestion of Sir Joshua, Goldsmith had been appointed Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy, that honour brought him no remuneration and little satisfaction, as may be gathered by a letter addressed by him to his younger brother Maurice in which he says, "The King has lately been pleased to make me

Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established; but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the Institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt."

While industriously writing his Roman History, and as Johnson afterwards said, "compiling and saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner," he had the good fortune to meet at Sir Joshua's a charming family whose sympathy and friendship he gained from the first, and whose love he held to the last. This family, natives of Devonshire, consisted of the widow of Captain Kane Horneck, her two daughters aged nineteen and seventeen, the elder of whom was playfully called Little Comedy, and the younger, the Jessamy Bride; and a son Charles who had just entered the Guards, and was spoken of by his relatives and friends as the Captain in Lace. The elder of these girls was subsequently married to Henry Bunbury, brother of Sir Charles, to whose title their son succeeded. Both the Miss Hornecks were extremely beautiful, their movements marked by grace, their manners frank and winning, sunny and sincere. That they possessed a fascination for Goldsmith is not to be wondered at, nor is it surprising that admiring his poems and gauging under his plain and clumsy exterior the gentle kindly heart

from which they sprang, these young girls had quickly given him their friendship.

His intercourse with the family became so intimate that when in the summer of 1770, Mrs. Horneck and her daughters left England for a trip to France, he who had travelled through and could speak the language of that country accompanied them. The incidents of the first part of this journey which gave him boundless delight, are described in a letter written to Sir Joshua whom he addressed as his dear friend, and that may be found in the Percy Memoirs. Beginning by stating that they had had a quick passage from Dover to Calais that occupied only three hours and twenty minutes, during which they were all extremely sea-sick, and that they were glad to leave Dover because they hated to be imposed upon, and so were in high spirits on reaching Calais where they were told a little money would go a great way, he continues, "Upon landing two little trunks which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps, and in this manner our little baggage was conducted with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom house.

"We were all well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid; when every creature

that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger, expected sixpence; and had so pretty, civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters we had next to speak with the custom house officers, who had their pretty civil way too. We were directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre where a *valet de place* came to offer his service; and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his service, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance. I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one."

As they were all determined to enjoy themselves, occurrences that at other times would have been vexatious, now only served as subjects for merriment. Goldsmith especially felt like a schoolboy freed from his tasks, and when during their stay at Lisle on their way to Paris, the fresh healthy beauty of the English girls attracted a crowd to gaze at them as they stood on the balcony of their hotel, he with solemn drollery declared, that elsewhere he too could have his admirers; a remark distorted as usual by Boswell into the statement, "When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a

tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him."

It was from Paris that he wrote his second letter to Sir Joshua, which is so characteristic and delightful that it is given in full. "My Dear Friend," he says, "I began a long letter to you from Lisle, giving a description of all that we have done and seen, but finding it very dull, and knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside and it was lost. You see by the top of this letter that we are at Paris, and as I have often heard you say, we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

"With regard to myself I find that travelling at twenty and at forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home. You may judge therefore whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth I never thought I could regret your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half poisoned with a dish of green peas, of our quarrelling with postillions

and being cheated by our landladies, but I reserve all this for a happy hour, which I expect to share with you upon my return.

"I have little to tell you more but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I should not care if it were over this very day. I long to hear from you all; how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupefied by the air of this country (for I am sure it can never be natural) that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy which shall be entitled 'A Journey to Paris,' in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country I can scarce eat it, and though we pay two good shillings a head for our dinner, I find it all so tough that I have spent less time with my knife than with my pick-tooth. I said this as a good thing at table, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

"As for our intended journey to Devonshire, I find it out of my power to perform it, for as soon as I arrive at Dover I intend to let the ladies go on, and I will take a country cottage somewhere near that place in order to do some business. I have so outrun the

constable that I must mortify a little to bring it up again. For God's sake the night you receive this, take your pen in your hand and tell me something about yourself, and myself if you know of anything that has happened; about Miss Reynolds, about Mr. Bickerstaff, my nephew, or anybody that you regard. I beg you will send to Griffin the bookseller, to know if there be any letters left for me, and be so good as to send them to me at Paris. They may perhaps be left for me at the porter's lodge opposite the pump in Temple Lane. The same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord Clare from Ireland. As for others I am not much uneasy about.

"Is there anything I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my purchases here is one silk coat, which I have put on, and which makes me look like a fool. But no more of that. I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say that if anything could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away. What signifies teazing you longer with moral observations when the business of my writing is over. I have one thing only more to say, and of that I think every hour of the day, namely that I am your most sincere and most affectionate friend,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

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He did not fulfil the intention expressed in this letter of taking a country cottage near Dover, but travelled to town with his friends, and then having met with a warm welcome from his old associates, began his round of work once more for the booksellers. His labours were in March, 1771, set aside for a while when he visited Lord Clare at Bath. It was here that in an absent-minded mood, and when returning one morning from a stroll, he entered the Duke of Northumberland's house, and pushing open the door of the room where he and the Duchess were about to breakfast, flung himself on a sofa in the most easy and unconcerned manner. As he was known by sight to the Duke and Duchess, they quickly came to the conclusion that he had made some mistake. With the courtesy of good breeding, they strove in conversing with him to prevent the embarrassment which they knew he must feel when he discovered his blunder; and on breakfast being served, invited him to the table. At that he was recalled to himself, and rising, declared with profuse apologies that he thought he was in Lord Clare's house which was next door; but was not allowed to depart until he had promised to dine with the acquaintances he had so awkwardly made.

His visit to some quiet spot in the country was however merely postponed, for in the summer after his return from Bath, he hired a single room in a

farmhouse on the Edgware Road about six miles from London and overlooking Hendon; for notwithstanding his promise to the contrary, he was now desirous to try the dramatic taste of the town once more by writing a comedy which "would still hunt after nature and humour in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous." For hours at a time he wrote in his little chamber overlooking green and spreading fields, or walked solitary between hedgerows while thinking out the details of his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer"; occasionally coming into the farm kitchen—an old dressing-gown loosely wrapped about him, his shirt open at the neck, slippers on his feet—to talk to the farmer's wife, who thought him an odd character, or to play with her children in whose society he delighted, and whom he once took in a coach to Hendon—a rosy, noisy, excited group—that he and they might enjoy the performance of some strolling players. Here, too, he occasionally received the friends who missing his society, came to talk and laugh with him—Reynolds, Beauclerk, Johnson, Burke, and Sir William Chambers, who drank tea in the parlour lent him for the afternoon.

His comedy being finished by September, 1771, he returned to town, whence he wrote to Bennet Langton, who had twelve months before married one of the three Countess Dowagers of Rothes, and had settled at the family seat at Langton, near Spilsby in

Lincolnshire, where Goldsmith and Reynolds had promised to visit him, but had been unable to do so. To him Goldsmith says: "Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerk very often both in town and country. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson Doctor Taylor and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrales. Burke is a farmer *en attendant* a better place, but visiting about too. Every soul is visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges studying jests with a most tragical countenance. . . . God bless you, and with my most

respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain my dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant, Oliver Goldsmith."

Though it might be thought certain that Goldsmith as the author of a play which had not been unsuccessful, of a novel that had won him wide appreciation, of poems that had been read with delight by all classes and praised by the severest critics, would have no difficulty in getting his new comedy produced, yet such was not the case. Accustomed to rebuffs, with that distrust of his own abilities characteristic of finer temperaments, and fearful of some fresh blow from fate, he had little confidence in his new comedy; and therefore in relating its plot to an acquaintance he accidentally met in a chop-house, and hearing from him that its central idea of one gentleman mistaking the house of another for an inn, was one which an "audience under their then sentimental impressions, would think too broad and farcical for comedy," Goldsmith piteously exclaimed, "I am much obliged to you my dear friend for the candour of your opinion; but it is all I can do; for alas I find that my genius, if ever I had any, has of late totally deserted me."

The depression expressed in these words was not lightened by the action of George Colman, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who had produced his first play, and who now allowed weeks and months

of the theatrical season to pass without a decisive answer regarding the comedy submitted to him. Goldsmith's suspense—made less bearable because he was deeply in debt and hard pressed for payment, and because at this time he suffered from an illness that while increasing his expenses, prevented him from working for the booksellers—became wholly unendurable in January, 1773, and wrung from him the following appeal to Colman :—

"Dear Sir,—I entreat you'll relieve me from the state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play, I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges, either of its merits or faults, I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion when my other play was before Mr. Garrick he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation; I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my creditor that way, at any rate I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least, which you have given as bad plays as mine."

In answer to this letter the manuscript of his

comedy was returned to Goldsmith, with criticisms and remarks scribbled over its pages. With it was a note from Colman, saying that notwithstanding his fears for its success he would produce it. No date was given as to when this promise should be kept; no apology was made for the scribbled suggestions and alterations which it was probably intended should be adopted. Feeling bitterly the hardship and humiliation of such treatment, Goldsmith sent the manuscript as it stood to David Garrick. Constant intercourse between the author and actor at Joshua Reynolds's house had helped to bring about kindly feelings between them, when past differences were forgotten and friendship cemented. From the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, the playwright believed he would meet with consideration and courtesy; but before the former had time to read the comedy, and indeed on the day following that on which he had received it, Goldsmith, acting on the advice of Johnson, who thought it unwise to withdraw the play from a manager who was pledged to produce it, wrote to Garrick asking pardon for the trouble he had given him, and saying, "Upon more mature deliberation and the advice of a sensible friend, I begin to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request you will send my play by my servant back; for having been assured of having it acted at the other

house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it would be folly in me to forgo an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town. I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time."

Always interested in his friend, Johnson waited on Colman, who as the sage afterwards wrote, "was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay a kind of force, to bring the comedy on." Johnson states in his correspondence that he thought it deserved a very kind reception, and that he considered "the dialogue quick and gay, and the incidents so prepared as not to seem improbable," adding that Colman predicted ill success for it. In the early days of March, 1773, it was put in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre; but this step instead of ending the author's mortifications, only increased them. In writing the comedy he had intended that the part of his heroine should be played by the charming and popular Mrs. Abington. This actress, the daughter of a poor cobbler who kept a stall in Vinegar Yard, had sold flowers in the streets as a child, and was known as "Nosegay Nan." To eke out her scanty earnings as a flower girl she sang at tavern doors or recited in coffee-houses. Later she became a servant to a French milliner, whose language she picked up and whose style of dress she imitated. Her tastes leading her

to the stage; she managed to get an engagement in her eighteenth year at the Haymarket Theatre, when her intelligence and sprightliness surprised the public, and gained her an engagement for the Bath Theatre, where she was seen by one of the managers of the Drury Lane house and secured for the following season there at thirty shillings a week, which she considered a handsome salary.

Part of this she set aside in order that she might educate herself, and among other branches of art took lessons in music. Her teacher, a man named Abington, persuaded her to marry him, but she was unable to overcome the repugnance she felt towards him after a short time, when she agreed to allow him a small annuity on the condition that he lived apart from and in no way interfered with her. Her exquisite figure, winning face, her natural vivacity and saucy airs, as well as her rivalry of Kitty Clive and her squabbles with Garrick, soon brought her to the notice of the town and made her a favourite with the gallants of her time. Probably as commissions from them, Reynolds repeatedly painted her, representing her among other characters as the Comic Muse, as Miss Prue, and as Roxalana; the latter of which he gave her, though in doing so he broke his usual rule of not making presents of his works; a picture presented by the painter being, as he said, seldom valued, "while on the contrary those

paid for are esteemed as their value is thereby ascertained."

As she was at this time a member of the Covent Garden company, it was a natural conclusion that she should play the heroine in the new comedy; and Goldsmith had boasted to his friends that that character had been purposely written for her. His vexation can therefore be imagined when she refused to appear as Miss Hardcastle, which she considered unworthy of her powers. It was infinitely increased when the two leading actors Woodward and Gentleman Smith, refused their parts as Young Marlow and Tony Lumpkin, they being influenced by the manager's opinion that the play would never reach a second performance.

The parts of Miss Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin were given to Mrs. Bulkley, an experienced if commonplace actress, and to a useful second-rate actor named Quick. It became a more difficult task to find a suitable representative for Young Marlow. A suggestion offered by Shuter, who had helped to make "The Good Natured Man" a success, that the part should be entrusted to Lewes, was impatiently listened to by the distracted author, as up to this time Lewes was known merely as a harlequin; but when Shuter continued to urge that "the boy could patter and use the gob-box as quick and smart as any of them," Goldsmith consented to give him a trial, and after one

or two rehearsals gladly declared his opinion that Lewes's performance was the second best in the cast.

For weeks previous to the production of the play all the author's friends were in a state of anxiety regarding its fate. It was probably to cheer him in his sore vexations that Sir Joshua said he thought any man of tolerable capacity might write a tragedy such as an audience would receive from the stage without objection; but that it required a real genius for humour together with considerable taste to write a comedy. And that he might give the prestige of his presence and his personal support to his friend in this critical hour, Sir Joshua for several mornings laid aside his brush that he might attend the rehearsals of the comedy that were being conducted in a slovenly half-hearted manner, as if the time given to them was wasted in striving to make this poor play presentable to the public. A foreboding of failure—which he did all in his power to have realized—filled the manager with gloom, and also with resentment at having been forced to accept such a play, for which he refused to have new scenes painted, or new dresses made, the worn-out costumes of his wardrobe being considered good enough for a representation that might not be tolerated a second time.

Other friends of the author also attended the rehearsals: Johnson, who sat in the wings leaning heavily on his stick and now and then passing

ponderous comments; Cradock, a young gentleman owning a great property in Leicestershire, who delighted in the society of literary men; Arthur Murphy, Goldsmith's countryman; Fanny Reynolds, with Mrs. Horneck and her daughters, all of whom though lending their support to the author, embarrassed the players by their close proximity, their suggestions and comments. Up to the last moment no title had been given to the comedy, though all the author's friends were in labour, as Johnson puts it, to find one suitable. Sir Joshua suggested that it should be called "The Belle's Stratagem," and playfully added that if it was not adopted he would damn the play; but this, which was afterwards given by Mrs. Cowley to one of her comedies, did not appear so suitable to Goldsmith as "She Stoops to Conquer; or the Mistakes of a Night," which he finally decided on.

Even with the selection of a title the difficulty attending the production of the play was not ended; for when Arthur Murphy wrote an epilogue which Miss Catley agreed to sing, Mrs. Bulkley threatened to throw up her part of Miss Hardcastle unless she were permitted to speak the epilogue according to the custom of the theatre. To pacify both, Goldsmith proposed to write a quarrelling epilogue, in which they should argue as to who should speak the lines, but to this Miss Catley would not listen. Worried

to death by the rivalry of the women, yet anxious for the success of his play on which the payment of his debts depended, he next wrote an epilogue for Mrs. Bulkley, but this the manager "thought too bad to be spoken." He was "obliged therefore to try a fourth time," as he wrote to Cradock, "and I made a very mawkish thing. Such is the history of my stage adventures, which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation."

The evening of Monday 15 March, 1773, on which "She Stoops to Conquer" was to be produced for the first time, arrived at last. Before attending the performance the author's more intimate friends arranged to dine together at the Shakespeare Tavern, whence they would adjourn in a body to the playhouse. One of these, George Steevens the critic, called on his way to the Shakespeare for Johnson who was to preside, and found him dressed in coloured clothes. As the Court was in mourning at the time for the death of the King of Sardinia, it was the custom for all loyal subjects to appear in public places in suits of black; on being reminded of which Johnson hastened to change his dress, saying he "would not for ten pounds have seemed so retrograde to any general observance,"

and thanking Steevens for "information that had saved him from an appearance so improper in the front row of a front box."

Around the dinner-table at the head of which he sat, were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke and his brother Richard, George Steevens, Caleb Whiteford, a writer for the "St. James's Chronicle," and Goldsmith, who notwithstanding the hopes and sallies with which they strove to cheer him, and the toasts they drank to his success, was in such a state of agitation that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. At the end of the dinner his nervousness had reached such a stage that he found himself wholly unable to face the verdict of his audience, and absolutely refused to accompany his friends whom he begged would allow him to have his own way; when breaking from them he hurried away having no notion of where he was going. In the meantime they took their places in the boxes of the theatre, and prepared to applaud the comedy in whose success not one of them had much belief. Since five o'clock when the doors of the theatre were opened, James Northcote with Sir Joshua's man had been in the gallery ready to lend a hand, while the pit was packed by an eager, noisy throng; for some account of the slights suffered by the unfortunate author from manager and players, having been detailed in the coffee-houses and taverns, had roused a strong sympathy with him in the public

who had learned not only to delight in his writings, but to have a personal affection for a man of his kindly, charitable, generous, and simple nature. A crowded house was therefore ready to give the comedy a hearty support.

All were in a state of excitement when at six o'clock the green baize curtain went up, and Woodward came forward dressed in mourning, a white handkerchief applied to his eyes, weeping, as he explained in the words of Garrick's prologue, for the fate of Miss Comedy, who was just expiring. However, though she was in a languishing condition, he now had hopes of her recovery, as a certain well-known doctor had come to her relief; and it rested with the audience to say whether he was a quack or a regular practitioner. After this prologue, which was thought highly diverting, the play began, the actors going through their parts in a mechanical half-hearted manner until roused to their work by the attention of the audience and the merriment which greeted their words and actions. All eyes that could be spared from the stage were fixed on the famous Dr. Johnson sitting in his box, "and when he laughed everybody thought himself warranted to roar." At the end of the first act applause was general, but at the end of the second when the players found themselves further stimulated by the laughter they provoked, and the audience caught the humour of its situations,

the enjoyment of the house was so genuine that there was no longer any doubt of the success of the play

While its fate was being decided, its author, tortured by fears of its failure, and foreseeing as a consequence his miserable condition, unrelieved of his debts, badgered by creditors, a supplicant and slave to booksellers, an object of commiseration to friends and of laughter to enemies, wandered aimlessly about St. James's Park in the chill depressing greyness of this March evening, his caped great-coat drawn around him, his three-cornered hat pulled over his eyes, until he was met by a friend, who surprised at finding him in this dreary spot, pointed out how necessary his presence at Covent Garden might be in making such sudden alterations as might be required in the scenes, and urged him to go there, when Goldsmith thanked him for his suggestion which he hurried to obey. Timidly, fearing the worst, scarce daring to look those he met in the face, he passed through the stage door and made his way to the wings when as fate would have it, the solitary hiss heard through the evening fell on his ears. "What's that?" he whispered to Colman, who disappointed that his predictions had not been fulfilled, and feeling bitter towards the man he had slighted and wronged but who was now to triumph, turned on him saying, "Psha, don't be afraid of a squib when we have been

sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." The solitary hiss came from one who thought the incident ridiculous, of Mrs. Hardcastle imagining she was taking a journey while actually being driven at night round and round her own garden; a trick subsequently played on Madame de Genlis by Sheridan. Though a moment later Goldsmith heard the house ring with laughter, yet the cruel sting of the manager's remark made him wince, and he never forgot it.

At the end of the comedy the house rang with applause which was increased when it was given out for the next evening's performance. Goldsmith's first care was to thank Lewes and Shuter for the service they had done him. With tears in his eyes he pressed their hands and stammered out words of gratitude; then his plain, honest face beaming with delight, he joined his friends to receive their hearty congratulations, and to return with them to the Shakespeare Tavern for supper, where he listened with unconcealed gratification to the praise they gave his comedy and to the laughter with which they quoted passages and referred to scenes. No longer fearful of failure, the actors subsequently did justice to their parts and were repaid by the merriment that followed. "The applause given to a new piece on the first evening of its representation," said the Public Advertiser, "is sometimes supposed to be the tribute of partial friendship; but the approbation shown on the second

exhibition of Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy, exceeded that with which its first appearance was attended. Uninterrupted laughter and clamorous plaudits accompanied his muse to the last line of the play; and when it was given out for the author's benefit, the theatre was filled with the loudest acclamations that ever rung within its walls."

Although Johnson gave it as his opinion that he "knew of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry," there was another critic eminent in his own circle who considered it low and vulgar. This was the peevish, pale-faced, superfine Horace Walpole, who mindful of hostile references made to his late father, Sir Robert Walpole, by Goldsmith, never forgave the latter. Writing to the Rev. William Mason, he tells him "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy, no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, to no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticism, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is that, though the characters are very low and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set

up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them."

As the theatrical season was drawing to a close, and as during its last weeks the actors were allowed to take their benefits, for which they chose their own plays, there remained but twelve nights during which "She Stoops to Conquer" could be played. On one of these, the tenth, it was performed by royal command and witnessed by the King; an honour its author had greatly desired, though according to Boswell he had "with affected indifference" declared it would do him no good, until Johnson had laughingly said, "Well then sir, let us say it would do him good. No sir, this affectation will not pass, it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?" Though the performance of the comedy was limited to twelve nights during its first season, it ran merrily through a second season, and from that time to the present day it has frequently been seen on the stage, and has never failed to win the laughter and lighten the hearts of millions.

The three nights during the first season on which it was played for Goldsmith's benefit, brought him between three and four hundred pounds. Its copyright was then given to Francis Newbery of St. Paul's Churchyard, in payment for sums amounting to about three hundred pounds advanced by him to Goldsmith.

In dedicating it to his trusty friend Johnson, he said, "In inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety." The sale of the comedy exceeded all expectations, six thousand copies of it being disposed of in a few months, by which its publisher gained over three hundred pounds.

As the town had heard something of Colman's harsh treatment of Goldsmith, it now singled out the manager for punishment. Letters to the papers, pamphlets, lampoons, all ridiculing his judgment, laughing at his predictions, and accusing him of envy and duplicity, teemed daily from the press, and were so eagerly read by the people that the editor of the "Morning Chronicle" inserted in its issue of 24 March, a notice saying that "The multitude of epigrams, verses, paragraphs, letters, etc., which we have received on the subject of Dr. Goldsmith's new play, the manager's behaviour, etc., shall be inserted in their turn as fast as possible." These attacks had such an effect on Colman that he quitted London for Bath, where they were repeated, until at last, as Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale, the manager was "so distressed

with abuse that he has solicited Goldsmith to take him off the rack of the newspapers." It is characteristic of Goldsmith's kindly heart, that far from feeling revengeful, he strove to shield the man who had caused him humiliation, depression, and pain, by saying to all who touched upon the subject, that "the undertaking of a comedy not merely sentimental, was very dangerous, and Mr. Colman who saw the piece in various stages, always thought it so. However I ventured to trust to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed until late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful."

As throughout his life every joy had been mixed with pain, so his triumph as a successful playwright was darkened with vexation. This was produced by a gross personal attack on him contained in an evening paper called the "London Packet," and was in the form of a letter which said: "Sir,—The happy knack which you have learned of puffing your own compositions provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines, not to discover the trick of literary humbug. But the gauze is so thin that the very foolish part of the world see through it and discover the doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardonable as your personal. Would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told that for hours the great Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque ourang-

outang's figure in a pier-glass? Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain.

"But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy? But what has he to be either proud or vain of? 'The Traveller' is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles; principles diametrically opposite to liberty. What is 'The Good Natured Man' but a poor water-gruel dramatic dose? What is 'The Deserted Village' but a pretty poem of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the last speaking pantomime, so praised by the doctor himself, but an incoherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit and grimace for humour, wherein every scene is unnatural and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature, and the drama. . . . That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece I honestly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned I positively aver; and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice, and it is now the ton to go and see it, though I never saw a person that either liked it or approved of it. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavour to believe as a man you are of

the plainest sort, and as an author but a mortal piece of mediocrity."

It was not until this offensive attack was shown him by Captain Higgins, a friend and countryman, that Goldsmith saw it, when his anger was roused, not so much by references to his own person as by the introduction of Miss Horneck's name. In the height of his indignation it was not difficult to persuade him that personal chastisement was the sole means by which such an outrage should be met; when he and his adviser set out for Paternoster Row, where the "London Packet" had its office. Entering this they found a youth named Harris, an apprentice or assistant who afterwards gave an account of what followed. From him they inquired if Mr. Evans, whom Goldsmith believed to be the editor but who was the proprietor, could be seen, when the lad summoning his master from an adjoining office, heard one of his visitors say to him: "I have called in consequence of a scurrilous attack in your paper upon me (my name is Goldsmith) and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As for myself I care but little, but her name must not be sported with." Evans answered that he knew nothing of the matter but would speak to the editor, and then stooping to search for a copy of the paper containing the libel, was struck across the back by Goldsmith with his cane. Springing to his feet he returned the

blow and a scuffle followed, during which a lamp suspended overhead was smashed and its oil spilled upon the combatants.

At that the writer of the article, an unsuccessful playwright named Kenrick, who is described in the "Morning Chronicle" as being "as arrant a snarler as e'er a German pug in the kingdom," rushed from his office, and separating them sent Goldsmith home in a coach, while Captain Higgins stood by "transfixed with amazement." Evans promptly summoned Goldsmith for assault and battery, as evidence for which he could show a black eye; but friends intervening the matter was compromised by Goldsmith paying fifty pounds to a Welsh charity which Evans named. As virulent attacks in the press, not only political but personal were then common, it was feared that the example shown by Goldsmith might be followed; for which reason the papers, including those that formerly had been friendly and favourable towards him, joining in a common cause fell upon him with one accord and overwhelmed him with blame and abuse. Disappointed and depressed that his effort to punish a scoundrel had been rewarded only with vituperation, he wrote a defence of himself in the "Daily Advertiser" of 31 March, 1773, admirable alike for its temperate tone, its vigour and choice of language.

Lest it should be supposed that he was willing to

correct in others an abuse of which he had been guilty himself, he declared he had never written or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper except a few essays under the character of a Chinese printed in "The Ledger," and a letter to which he had signed his name in the "St. James's Chronicle"; and therefore if the liberty of the press had been abused, he had no hand in it. As for himself, he had always considered the press as the protector of freedom, and as a watchful guardian capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. But of late it had turned from defending public interest to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition was too obscure for its abuse, and the protector had become the tyrant of the people.

Then continuing, he said, "How to put a stop to this licentiousness by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which

only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short every man should singly consider himself as the guardian of the liberty of the press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom."

"She Stoops to Conquer" was the greatest and the last triumph in Goldsmith's chequered life, only a few months of which were now left to him. Like all of them since his early manhood, these were spent in struggle and shadowed by care. The profits of his published comedy had gone to repay and to enrich Francis Newbery; the receipts from the theatre had satisfied other creditors, had gratified extravagant tastes in dress, and in entertaining friends; for which latter outlay he was reproved by Johnson, who on one occasion while he and Reynolds were his guests, sent away a whole course untouched, by way of teaching him a lesson; while a large share of them had helped to relieve the unfortunate and miserable, a number of whom had come to regard Goldsmith as their refuge against want. Resignedly, nay cheerfully accepting his fate as a literary drudge, he no sooner had finished the first volume of his "Grecian History" than he projected a "Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," for which he not only prepared a prospectus but wrote an introduction, before he learned that the booksellers—who were often joint publishers in a

scheme of this kind—decided that the expenses of such an undertaking would be too great, and that his habit of procrastination would make its regular issue uncertain. He also began a novel which unfortunately was never completed, and spoke of writing a comedy for Garrick in his desire to serve one to whom he was now under monetary obligations, and for whom he prayed, "may God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart."

To relieve his necessities he had made efforts to obtain a pension, but as his was not the good fortune to have been born in Scotland or to have written in favour of the Government, this was refused him at a time when two hundred a year was granted to Dr. Beattie, a Scotch professor who had written a drivelling "Essay on Truth," greatly admired by the King, which helped to make it popular for a few weeks. Though occasionally Goldsmith made desperate efforts to rouse himself, and when dining with appreciative friends such as General Oglethorp and his family, would sing them Tony Lumpkin's song, The Three Jolly Pigeons, and The Humours of Ballamagairy; or would accompany Sir Joshua to Vauxhall, where men of rank and fashionable dandies, the fair and the frail, vastly diverted themselves listening to the bands, watching the dancers on elevated platforms, or flirting in the long avenues whose trees were lighted by thousands of coloured lanterns;

yet in the last months of 1773, and the early months of the succeeding year, it was noticed by the more observant that he was unusually absent-minded, worn-looking, and uncommonly depressed.

Had the real condition of his failing health, his indebtedness, his hopelessness of retrieving himself, and his consequent mental suffering been made known to his friends, they would undoubtedly have relieved him; had the members of the club he had helped to found, and that since that time at his suggestion had admitted new members, including Garrick, Caleb Whitefoord, and Boswell, known that in a little while he would no longer be among them, they would not one evening, by way of amusing themselves, have suggested the writing of epitaphs upon him. Neither Reynolds, Burke, nor Johnson indulged in this diversion, but Garrick always eager to show his cleverness, immediately taking a pen wrote the following couplet which he then read aloud :—

> Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel but talk'd like poor Poll.

As this was supposed to contain "a great deal of humour," it was laughed at heartily by a number of the company, while Goldsmith grew very thoughtful, and though asked to pen a reply, would not do so at the time. Later he complied with the request, and from week to week brought to the club epitaphs—described as grave epigrams by Edmund Burke—on

those who had written similar lines on himself; all of which were collected after his death and published under the title of "Retaliation."

Though he must have been saddened that the man who "had his heart" had hastened to ridicule him, yet he showed neither anger nor desire for revenge in the reply whose truth and moderation tinged with satire, made the subject of his first epitaphs writhe. As evidence of its restraint and merit, part of it is given :—

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded he paid them in kind.

One can imagine how Johnson laughed over these lines chastising his little Davy more effectively than any ponderous sentences of his own could have done; how Edmund Burke must have delighted in reciting them, and how Reynolds must have applauded. In the preface written by Garrick to the collection of verses called Retaliation, he says, "The public in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was quite the contrary; the whole on all sides was done with the greatest good humour"; which did not the less prevent him from feeling the whip he had provoked, and that he deserved. But one more epitaph can be given here, that written by Goldsmith on his sympathetic friend Sir Joshua, which must have given pleasure to him, and to the writer who left it unfinished at his death.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing,
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled. . . .

It was while the club was assembled on the evening of the 25th of March, 1774, and were expecting Goldsmith to join them, that a note was received by

one of its new members, Doctor George Fordyce, from a surgeon-apothecary named Hawes, asking him to come and see Goldsmith whom he thought was seriously ill. Some days previously he had suffered from a complaint to which he had long been subjected, a strangury, the result of sedentary habits necessary to his occupation; but that had now as formerly been relieved by the use of the then fashionable medicine known as James's powders. On going to Brick Court in the Temple, and entering the closet which served the poet and playwright as his sleeping-room, and that was without light or ventilation save that which came from the adjoining apartment, Dr. Fordyce, whom Goldsmith had with great reluctance permitted to be summoned, found him with flushed face and bright wide-open eyes tossing restlessly in his four-post bedstead, whose crimson and white curtains were drawn back to admit as much air as possible. A slight examination showed that he was suffering from a nervous fever that produced a violent headache, a high pulse, and great weakness; the worst remedy for which was that he had persisted in taking against the advice of Hawes, James's powders. Nor would he now be persuaded but that these which had been beneficial to him in the past, would again restore him to health; and on the departure of Fordyce he sent for and took them.

Next day when Fordyce and Hawes saw him he

was weak and low; seemed unwilling to enter into conversation; and by his profound sighs showed his depression; for as Tom Davies the bookseller states, he "suffered from a continual vexation of mind arising from his involved circumstances." Fearing the worst, Dr. Fordyce now called in another physician named Taunton. Bending over his patient who—with inflamed cheeks, perspiration damping his high bald forehead, a haunted look in his eyes—turned restlessly from side to side, Dr. Taunton said to him, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?"; to which came the brief reply spoken almost in a whisper, "No, it is not." The sweet sleep of oblivion for which he so ardently longed was denied him. Day by day he grew weaker, and in the darkness of long nights more weary, until at last he who had known many bitter disappointments and been heavily burdened by care, looked longingly forward to the rest and peace now within reach. Just before the end, sleep came to him, the sleep of exhaustion, but from this he was suddenly roused by a convulsive seizure; the struggle of his spirit to escape from its prison. Peace came to him about five o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 4 April, 1774.

The loss of one so gentle and kindly, so playful and forgiving, so sensitive and thoughtful of the

feelings of others, so desirous of affection and yet so little understood by the more robust, less receptive natures of those he associated with, deeply touched his intimate friends. On hearing of his death Edmund Burke burst into tears; Johnson never ceased to lament him during the remainder of his years; while when the news reached Sir Joshua, he was so much affected by it, as Northcote tells us, that "he did not touch his pencil for that day, a circumstance most extraordinary for him who passed no day without a line." There were others too who mourned him; for at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister, his coffin was reopened that they might obtain a lock of his hair, and during the days between his death and burial, the stairway leading to his chambers was thronged by weeping women, many of them outcasts from whom he had not turned, all of them sufferers in the struggle for life, whom he had relieved with a generosity that outran his means, and that had helped to leave him two thousand pounds in debt, on hearing of which Johnson exclaimed, "Was ever poet so trusted?"

Anxious to do his friend the last service in his power, Sir Joshua undertook the arrangements of Goldsmith's funeral, which at first he intended should be public and befitting his fame, and that his last resting-place should be Westminster Abbey. Plans for this had been carried so far as to appoint as pall-

bearers, among others, Lord Shelburne and Lord Louth, Sir Joshua himself, David Garrick, Topham Beauclerk, and Edmund Burke. On considering the expense this would entail, it was thought wiser to lay him to rest in the burial ground of the Temple Church in the close neighbourhood of which he had spent so many years of his life; and to devote the money subscribed by friends for his funeral, to the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Five days after his death, on the 9th April, 1774, he was quietly buried in the grounds of the Temple Church. The exact spot is now unknown as no tombstone was placed above it; it being thought at the time more proper to have his memory commemorated by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. The spot it occupies over the south door in the Poets' Corner, and near the monument of John Gray, poet and playwright, was selected by Reynolds, who considered himself lucky in finding so conspicuous a place for it. Its carving was entrusted to Nollekens, and its inscription was written by Johnson.

CHAPTER III

The women members of the Royal Academy—Mary Moser the flower painter—Henry Fuseli's early days—Leaves Switzerland for England—His personal appearance—He is attracted by Angelica Kauffmann—An infant prodigy—In Milan, Florence and Rome—Paints the portrait of Johann Joachim Winckelmann—Angelica arrives in England and is introduced to Sir Joshua—Her flirtations—She rents a house in Golden Square—Her success as an artist—Paints their Majesties—Followed by people of fashion—Meets Count Frederick de Horn—Impressed by his gracious and appreciative manner—His proposal accepted by her—Their secret marriage—The news is broken to her father—Suspicions regarding the Count—He commands his wife to leave England—Inquiries are made of his antecedents—He is discovered to be an impostor—She buys her freedom—The early history of the so-called Count—She decorates the houses built by the brothers Adam—Hone's picture—Angelica's letter to him—She marries Antonio Zucchi—The unromantic union of a sentimental artist—They leave England and settle in Rome—Antonio makes an excellent husband—Angelica's flirtations with two distinguished Germans—Spiritual friendships—Antonio dies and Angelica wails—Commissions pour in upon her—Is there no other artist?—Her death—Honours paid to her memory.

IT will have been seen that two women were among the founders and first members of the Royal Academy. One of these, Mary, daughter of George Michael Moser, was a bright vivacious girl who though she occasionally attempted classical and historical subjects was better employed in painting flowers.

In this branch of her art she pleased the simple taste of Queen Charlotte, who employed her to decorate a room at Frogmore that for many years was known as Miss Moser's room, and for which she received nine hundred pounds. The single interesting though unhappy chapter in her life related to her unreturned love for the eccentric artist Henry Fuseli, whose affection was centred on Angelica Kauffmann, Mary's rival in more ways than one.

Henry Fuseli, one of the eighteen children of an extravagantly prolific artist of some merit, was born at Zurich 7th February, 1741, and showed early and singular ability in sketching; but as the elder Fuseli had little faith in a profession in which he had failed to make a fortune, he sent his son to the Collegium Carolinum and made him a parson. The means employed by fate to undo the father's work, and to accomplish its own, brought trouble on both; for the young parson being inexperienced in the world's affairs, undertook to expose the dishonest practices of a wealthy and highly respected rogue, a magistrate, and son-in-law of the Burgomaster of Zurich. Though this action led to the detection and flight of the great man, it brought the enmity of his powerful and disgraced connexions on Fuseli, who in consequence was obliged to leave Zurich.

Accompanied by his college friend and abettor in the exposure of thievery, Lavater, who afterwards

became famous as a writer on physiognomy, both travelled through Germany. Here Fuseli abandoned the profession into which he had been forced, and reverted to his old habit of sketching, now revived in him by a desire to preserve some reminiscences of the ancient and beautiful castles, churches, and town gates, such as he had not seen before. While at Berlin he had the good fortune to be introduced to the British Ambassador at the Court of Prussia, Sir Andrew Mitchell who, as he was then about to return to London, invited Fuseli to travel with him. On their arrival in London the Minister introduced Fuseli to Mr. Coutts the banker, to Lord Scarsdale, and to two booksellers, Andrew Millar and Joseph Jackson by whom he was employed to translate works from the German, French, and Italian, with all of which languages as well as with Greek and Latin he was familiar. He also found him lodgings in Cranbourn Alley, where he had Mr. Coutts for his neighbour in St. Martin's Lane. From a quaint letter in the Mitchell manuscripts in the British Museum, we learn that Fuseli at this time (June 1764) "is himself disposed to all possible economy; but to be decently lodged and fed in a decent family, cannot be for less than three shillings a day, which he pays. He might," continues this correspondent, "live a little cheaper, but then he must have lodged in some garret where nobody could have

found their way, and must have been thrown into ale-houses and eating-houses with company every way unsuitable or indeed insupportable to a stranger of any taste, especially as the common people are of late brutalized." He had not been long in London before he made the acquaintance of two of his countrymen, George Moser and John Joseph Kauffmann, who welcomed him to their homes. Henry Fuseli, who was to become an interesting and singular figure in the history of English art, was at this time in his twenty-fourth year. Low in stature and with broad shoulders his figure was strong and compact. His face was striking, not merely because of its wide forehead, large aquiline nose, and piercing blue eyes, but for its general expression of mental power, and its wonderful capacity of expressing every mood that impressed him, every thought that stirred him. And though he dressed with care, was particular regarding his personal appearance, and especially in having his fair hair well powdered daily, yet there was not merely an entire absence of conventionality about him, but an indescribable air that impressed his distinct and forcible individuality upon all with whom he associated. It was no wonder that Mary Moser was willing to share the future of one who it was thought must climb to great heights on his way through the world; and it was sad for her that she was not fated to gain his affection or even his admiration for her work; for

it was scarcely out of regard for her flower painting, or from any sentiment connected with her golden youth, that on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fuseli voted that she should become President of the Royal Academy in opposition to Benjamin West; as on being asked why he did so his reply was "that one old woman was as good as another."

On the other hand, as already stated, Fuseli was attracted by Angelica Kauffmann. Like himself she was the child of a Swiss artist, her father being a native of Schwartenberg in the Bregenzer Valley, while she was also born in the same year as, though some eight months later than Fuseli, the exact date of her birth being October 30th, 1741. When given pieces of chalk to play with in her infancy, she made ornamental hieroglyphics on the studio floor; and later at a time when she had not learned to write, she drew heads and figures, from which her worshipping parents regarded her as a prodigy. Believing she was destined to become a great artist, her father gave her lessons in drawing and painting, so that at the age of eight she began to take the portraits of children, and at the age of eleven had for a sitter no less a personage than Nevroni Cappucino, the venerable Bishop of Como, who probably desired to mortify his vanity. From this capital Kauffmann—who wandered at large, settling only where his attempts at art were employed to make church interiors hideous—went to Milan, chiefly that

Angelica might for the first time see the works of the great masters, and study in the art schools. That she might do so without attracting attention at a time when girl students were rare, she dressed as a boy, but the secret of her sex becoming known to the Duke of Modena, then Governor of Milan, and his Duchess, Angelica was summoned to their court, admired, lauded, and given commissions to paint them. At the same time she was given an exaggerated opinion of her own importance, which became the fixed idea of her life.

While at Milan her mother died, when her grieving husband and daughter quitted the city and retired for some time to his native village. Their stay there was brief, and once more they set out to wander through Switzerland and the north of Italy, Angelica painting the portraits of dukes and bishops and grandees on the way, until they eventually arrived at Florence in the summer of 1762. Both here and at Rome which they subsequently visited, they met with many English travellers who were afterwards to become useful to them. It was here also that Angelica became acquainted with the German professor Johann Joachim Winckelmann, at this time librarian to Cardinal Archinio. A learned critic, and a profound scholar, Winckelmann was the first to write a history and an exposition of Greek art, whose beauty was then beginning to dawn upon the

modern world, together with an account of the intellectual and political movements that led to the creation in Greece, of the greatest achievements in architecture and sculpture mankind has produced. It was not alone on his countrymen Goethe and Lessing, but on the ablest minds in Europe that his works made a profound impression; so that to be admitted to his friendship was a signal honour to Angelica Kauffmann. In return she painted his portrait. Coming into constant association with him she gathered from his lips that smattering of information which resulted in the pseudo-classic style of her future work; in which want of knowledge supplied by sentimentality, was considered elegant by her English patrons.

Though she attracted much attention in Rome, yet the Italians with their inherent love for and perception of art "gave her but trifling orders and paid her badly, while on the contrary the English showed much admiration for her work," as her biographer Rossi states. This possibly accounts for her leaving Rome, and for her acceptance of an invitation to visit London, given by Lady Wentworth, a daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, and ancestress of Miss Milbanke whose large fortune induced the poet Byron to make her his wife.

On coming to England in June 1766, Angelica Kauffmann was close upon her twenty-fifth birthday. Ac-

customed from childhood to the company of royal and distinguished personages, her manner was self-possessed and gracious; while her well-shaped figure, and her face with its regular features, fresh complexion, dimpled cheeks, softly rounded chin, large blue eyes, and masses of fair hair, led her to be considered exceptionally handsome. Besides these advantages Angelica possessed the magnetic gift of fascination which it had been from girlhood her delight to exercise over men. Staying at Charles Street, Berkeley Square, with Lady Wentworth, who sought notoriety as the patroness of a genius, Angelica was introduced to the most famous men and women of the day, among them Sir Joshua Reynolds whom she met at the dinner table of Lord Spencer.

Always courteous, Reynolds welcomed her to England, offered to paint her portrait, and even submitted to be painted by her in return. The statement that he became enamoured with her rests entirely on the imagination of her German biographers, who in that way sought to add to her victories; but that many other artists fell in love with her was common knowledge of the day, and a fact she did not seek to hide. According to J. T. Smith she "was ridiculously fond of displaying her person and of being admired" and appeared one evening while in Rome in one of the most conspicuous boxes of the theatre sitting between two young men who were desperately

enamoured of her, when "finding an arm of each most lovingly embracing her waist, she contrived to squeeze the hands of both, so that each lover concluded himself beyond all doubt the man of her choice." On her settling in London she received proposals from Fuseli and Dance both of whom were rejected. To show that his heart was not quite broken, Dance married a widow with a fortune of eighteen thousand a year, when he not only removed his name from the list of Academicians and added that of Holland to his own, but entered Parliament, was made a baronet, and burned all his pictures he could lay hold of, that no trace might remain of the time when he had belonged to that low profession of an artist.

That she might be able to execute the commissions that were freely given her, Angelica took four rooms in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, for which she paid two guineas a week, and on being joined by her father in the spring of the following year 1767, rented a house on the south side of Golden Square then a fashionable locality. Here men of taste and women of high rank came to see the portraits she had painted, or to admire her sentimental classic pictures, such as Penelope Weeping over the Bow of Ulysses, or Andromache Weeping over the Ashes of Hector, for which she became famous. But it was not until she had been presented at Court and received commissions to paint the

portraits of their Majesties, that her celebrity as an artist was widely established; and from that time sitters flocked to her in such numbers as enabled her not merely to support herself and her father now almost wholly depending on her, but to save money and grow rich.

Patronized by the Court, followed by people of the first fashion, admired for her personal graces, and lauded as a great artist, Angelica was in the full enjoyment of life when on dining one day at his house in St. Martin's Lane with Dr. Burney—an old friend of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Garrick—she saw at his table a tall handsome man, youthful and of foreign appearance, dressed with superlative care, his ruffles of the richest lace, his jewels magnificent, his snuff-box engraved with his arms and set with diamonds, worthy of being owned by a king. Presently on his being presented to her she learned that his name was Count Frederick de Horn, a Swedish noble, who though a man of fashion, was also a patron of art and literature, and a lover of the society of their votaries. Speaking English fluently but with a foreign accent, his voice indicated his natural refinement, his bow had the grace of high breeding, while his conversation had all the information and variety of one accustomed to Courts and familiar with the world.

His warm praise of her genius, his deferential air, his scarce-concealed admiration, impressed Angelica;

so that when he asked if he might have the honour of calling on her, that permission was readily granted him. On the following noon his coach, driven by a burly bewigged coachman and attended by two lackeys in apple-green and gold-lace liveries, came rumbling to her house in Golden Square, stepping from which the Count entered and was received by Angelica and her father with the courtesy due to his high rank, and thanked for the honour he conferred on them. His impatient desire to see her pictures gratified her, the more so when she found that though they had been praised by connoisseurs and critics, yet none had shown such discerning appreciation, such penetrating insight as he, whose sympathetic manner led her to regard him as an old friend rather than an acquaintance.

The pleasure his first visit gave to both was repeated, when little by little they made the marvellous and delightful discovery that they had much in common, for like Angelica the Count declared himself a Catholic; like her he worshipped art, for evidence of which he referred to the works of the great masters in the galleries of his ancestral castles; and like her he delighted in change and travelling over every country in Europe. The day came when he confided to her his great secret, that until he had met her he had never known the joy and pain of perfect love, never experienced the insatiable cravings of

a heart that had discovered its affinity. He added that his sole desire was to make her his wife, to share with her the riches that without her were as dross, and to give to her father not merely a home, but the affection of a son which he had felt for him from the first.

Though it is extremely doubtful if Angelica ever loved him, yet she consented to become his wife; his title, his boasted wealth, and his ardour making him in her eyes an ideal husband. By his request their engagement was kept secret for the present, but only till such time as the papers he had sent for to Sweden reached him, and he was enabled to lay them before her father in proof of his rank and estates, when he would ask her hand with the ceremony and form due to her. To this Angelica agreed. Days passed but the papers so impatiently awaited never arrived. Signor Giovanni Rossi, from whose florid and verbose Vita de Angelica Kauffmann, this chapter in her career is condensed, says that while she still expected the papers, the Count appeared before her one morning in a distracted state, to tell her that not only his liberty but his life was in danger; for seizing advantage of his absence from Sweden, the hereditary enemies of his house had persuaded the King of that country that he was actively engaged in a conspiracy for dethroning His Majesty, and already orders from him were on their way to the Swedish Minister in

From an engraving by F. Bartolozzi, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

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England, to have him arrested and sent back to Sweden. Life in a prison cell or death on the scaffold faced him.

Amazed and horrified at this news Angelica bade him quit London and conceal himself abroad, but in melancholy tones he assured her it was too late; and then in a sudden outburst he told her there remained but one hope for his salvation, her immediate marriage to him; for once he was her husband, the favour she enjoyed with the Royal Family of England, would be sufficient to protect and to prevent him from being sent back to his own country. As a political prisoner he had no hope that justice would be granted to him; but as a free man he would in a little while not only be able to acquit himself of the base charges brought against him, but be able to overwhelm and disgrace his enemies. In her desire to rescue and in her fear of losing him, she consented not only to marry the Count, but to keep all knowledge of her marriage from her father or her friends lest they might hinder the ceremony and bring about her wooer's ruin. The marriage took place on the 22nd of November, 1767, in St. James's Church Piccadilly, where its entry in the registry books has been seen by Angelica's English biographer, Miss Frances A. Gerrard; the fact of its celebration in a Protestant church being due to the Penal Laws then existing in this country, that at this time made the celebration of a marriage

by a priest punishable with death to him, and with imprisonment to the contracting parties.

Gratified at having brought relief to the man who so passionately loved her, and at having secured a title and prospective wealth, Angelica parted from him at the church door in high spirits and returned to her studio in Golden Square. Nor was her happiness clouded by fears, for so great was her husband's confidence in the friendship of the English Sovereign for Angelica, that the Count de Horn showed no further terror at the machinations of his hereditary enemies; and was now merely disturbed at the delay of his expected papers and of certain moneys that had also been forwarded to him. Under these circumstances he considered it the privilege of a husband to accept from his wife a sum sufficient to pay his overdue account to Claridge's Hotel, and to some pressing and vulgar creditors. His next step was to charge a priest known to the Kauffmann family, with the painful duty of breaking the news to her father of Angelica's marriage. This fell as a blow on the old man who on hearing it was at first stupefied and speechless; for not only was he sorely wounded by the thought that the daughter to whom he had devoted his life, of whose confidence and affection he had felt certain, and whom he dearly loved, had deceived him in hiding the most important event in her life; but he was filled with terror by suspicions

for some time secretly entertained, that the man calling himself Count Frederick de Horn was an impostor.

On being summoned from her studio Angelica, seeing her father's dejected state, quickly surmised that he had learned her secret, and hurrying forward flung herself in a graceful attitude at his feet and asked his pardon. Loving her as he did he had no anger for her in his heart, but only a great fear that her want of trust in himself had made her the dupe of a scoundrel. Hearing suggestions of this Angelica rose, and in words that better than all others could, showed it was the man of title rather than the lover she had married, said that if he were an impostor her marriage with him would be null and void, for it was the Count de Horn she had married. She was however unwilling to think she had been deceived, and she at once asked her father to send for and make personal inquiries of the Count. The latter came readily enough in obedience to the summons of John Joseph Kauffmann, but he evaded answering any questions regarding his pretensions, and declared himself too happy as the husband of Angelica to be troubled by mercenary matters. From this time he no longer incurred the expense of staying at Claridge's Hotel.

The town now rang with the news which could no longer be kept secret, and while some congratulated, others feared for the artist. And now that public

attention became centred on the Count, a hundred doubts were whispered of his pretensions, and stories were told that seemed to fix his identity with that of an adventurer known in the capitals of Austria, France, and Germany; but before any definite charge was brought against him he one day rushed into his wife's studio, telling her he had determined to leave London and ordering her to prepare to accompany him. With her fears of his imposture undispelled and her suspicion of his poverty proven, the gentle Angelica quietly refused to obey him, at which he blustered, stormed, and quitted the house swearing she would soon regret her disobedience to him.

Three days later she was waited on by a lawyer who acting on behalf of Count Frederick de Horn, stated that her husband could legally claim all she possessed, but as he was unexacting and generous he would for the trifling sum of five hundred pounds, agree to a deed of separation. Though desiring her release yet she was unwilling to pay the sum stipulated for it; and fully equal to the occasion, she set her own solicitors to make inquiries as to the antecedents of the Count. As a result it was found he had adopted various titles whose delicious sounds had charmed unwary snobbery into admitting him to their highly respectable homes; had used all the gracious arts of an adventurer to borrow money from those who felt honoured by his friendship; and had but two years

before, married in Germany, a buxom widow with a susceptible heart and a considerable fortune. Angelica was strongly advised to bring this lady to London but hesitated to take that step, knowing that although if the first marriage were proved it would invalidate her own, yet it would place the offender at the mercy of the law which then punished bigamy with hanging.

While search for reliable evidence against him was being made, but before any decisive step had been taken, the Count again sent his lawyer to Angelica to say he would sign a deed of separation and agree to abandon all claim on her person or her property then or at any future time in consideration of the sum of three hundred pounds. Shrinking from a public exposure of the circumstances of her foolish marriage, or from having his death upon the gallows laid to her charge, she agreed to pay this sum and stop all further proceedings against him. The deed of separation was signed on the 10th February, 1768; after which he quitted London and never again troubled Angelica. Eventually it was proved that he was the natural son of Count Frederick de Horn, by Christina Brandt a kitchen wench, and that he had been brought up in his father's home as a servant. His revolt against a menial position had incited him to act a part which his likeness to his father and the manners he had inherited from him or acquired in his service, had enabled him to sustain with success. It was not until

twelve years later in 1780, that news was brought to Angelica that the curtain had fallen forever on his performances.

Through all the trouble Angelica had brought upon herself by her vanity and ambition, Reynolds showed unfailing sympathy and kindness to her and to her father; and on the establishment of the Royal Academy, he included her name among its founders and first members, against the wishes of many of his colleagues. A constant contributor to its exhibitions, she sent in all eighty-two pictures to the Academy between the years 1769 and 1797. These chiefly represented classic subjects, the design and anatomy of which showed many faults; their construction wanting in originality, force, and harmony; their colouring often crude, their figures feeble to insipidity, but having a certain grace, sentimentality, and above all propriety of costume and conduct foreign to the ways of gods and goddesses which caused her work to be vastly admired.

As her florid colouring and sprawling figures were seen to greatest advantage on ceilings and frescoes, the brothers Adam quickly recognizing her ability as a house decorator, employed her to paint the interiors of the mansions they were then building for many of the nobility. The Scottish nationality of the brothers Robert, John, James, and William Adam, had in the beginning of their career secured them the favour of

Lord Bute, and as a consequence the unpopularity of the public. As however their natural ability as architects, trained in the case of one of them by extensive and careful study abroad, soon began to show itself in the erection of such buildings as Caenwood House, Lord Mansfield's mansion near Hampstead; Osterly House, Lord Jersey's residence near Brentford; Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square; and Sion House the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, the prejudice felt against them gradually disappeared. Owing to their taste for stately classic architecture, the streets of London began to wear a dignified and handsome appearance; for not only did they build the houses in Portland, Stratford, and Hamilton Places, but having received a grant of the estate known as Durham Yard, lying between the Strand and the muddy bank of the Thames, they began in 1769 to erect the streets and terraces now known as the Adelphi. For many of the houses they built, Angelica painted the ceilings of the principal rooms, the staircases, and the walls; with such scenes as Juno introducing Venus to Mars; Achilles discovered by Ulysses; Penelope invoking the aid of Minerva; Calypso mourning the departure of Ulysses; Venus with Cupids; the Graces; Spring; Flora, etc., her custom being to paint them on canvases which were transferred to the places for which they were designed.

Besides working as a house decorator, she painted

the portraits of many distinguished persons chiefly women, who were represented walking in an elegant and lackadaisical manner in moon-lit woods, or posing against a background of sylvan landscapes. The placid and prosperous career which Angelica now enjoyed, was slightly ruffled by an incident which happened in 1775. In that year Nathaniel Hone a tall upright large man, with a broad-brimmed hat and a lapelled coat buttoned up to his satin stock, a native of Dublin who had been a fellow student with Reynolds at Rome, and an imitator of his work who had ever been jealous of his success, painted a canvas called "The Pictorial Conjurer Displaying the Whole Art of Optical Deception" which—in reference to Sir Joshua's well-known and permissible habit of borrowing suggestions of attitude and composition from the great masters for his own sitters—represented a wizard, wand in hand performing incantations above a cauldron, from which numbers of engravings containing the hints he had taken, rose into the air. One of these, a nude woman, bore the face of Angelica Kauffmann.

On this being sent for exhibition to the Academy it was indignantly rejected, not so much for its malicious satire on the President, as for its outrageous insult to a woman of blameless life. Accordingly some members of the Council including Sir William Chambers called on Hone who was one of its first members, to say

they could not permit this picture to be exhibited, adding that if he sent for the other pictures he had contributed they would be returned to him. Though neither Sir Joshua nor Angelica took any notice of Hone's insolence, he was unwilling that such an opportunity for advertising himself should be allowed to pass; and he therefore addressed a letter to her stating his surprise at hearing that she was prodigiously displeased by his picture, and assuring her he had never intended to represent her in the figure complained of. "I now declare," says he, "I never at any time saw your works but with the greatest pleasure, and that respect due to a lady whom I esteem as the first of her sex in painting, and amongst the loveliest of women in person. Envy and detraction must have worked strangely, for yesterday morning some more gentlemen from the Academy assured me that your uneasiness was very great. I assured them I would so far alter the figure that it would be impossible to suppose it to be a woman, though they cleared me of such a supposition themselves, as they understood it to be a male figure, and that I could put a beard to it, or even dress it to satisfy you and them. I did myself the honour of calling at your house twice yesterday (when I had the misfortune not to meet you at home), purposely to convince you how much you have been imposed upon, as you will perceive when you see the picture yourself, and likewise to

convince you with how much respect I am Madam your most obedient and most humble servant."

Angelica was not deceived by this disclaimer, and briefly and coldly wrote in reply that she could not conceive "why several gentlemen who never before deceived me should conspire to do so at this time; and if they themselves were deceived, you cannot wonder that others should be deceived also, and take for satire that which you say was not intended. I was actuated not only by my particular feelings, but a respect for the art and artists, and persuade myself you cannot think it a great sacrifice to remove a picture that had even raised suspicion of disrespect to any person who never wished to offend you." Hone's next step was to exhibit this picture with some sixty others of his own, in a workshop behind a house in St. Martin's Lane, to which he charged one shilling for admission, "catalogues with Mr. Hone's apology to the public, gratis." Before opening the exhibition he clothed the nude figures in the Conjurer, and in doing so gave them a semblance to Sir Joshua's famous portraits; while the Conjurer himself was given the head of Reynolds's favourite model.

The doors of this workshop were opened on the 9th May, 1775, but before that date and that he might call attention to the Conjurer, Hone appeared before the magistrate for Middlesex to take an affidavit that "the figure said to have been intended for Mrs. Angelica

Kauffmann, is not only taken out, but all the other naked figures, lest they should be said to be likenesses of any particular gentleman or lady which Mr. Hone never meant; as the merit of the picture does not depend upon a few smoked Academy figures, or even those well-dressed gentlemen who supply the place of those figures, which were said to be so indecent; though Mr. Hone had shown the picture to ladies of the most refined taste and sentiment at his own house." From that time forward Hone was regarded with disfavour by his colleagues though perhaps none of them showed the candour of Joseph Nollekens the Belgian sculptor, who said to him, "You're always running your rigs against Sir Joshua; and you may say what you please, but I have never had any opinion of you ever since you painted that picture of the Conjurer as you called it. I don't wonder they turned it out of the Academy. And pray what business had you to bring Angelica into it? You know it was your intention to ridicule her, whatever you or your printed papers, or your affidavits may say; however you may depend upon it she won't forget it, if Sir Joshua does."

Within a year of the death of her husband, and some fourteen years later than her marriage with him, Angelica married on September 8th, 1781, Antonio Zucchi, a member of an ancient Venetian family who had been brought to England by the Adam brothers to

decorate the interior of the mansions they had built. Antonio who had been made an associate of the Academy in 1770, and who from his first arrival in London was known to Angelica and her father, was a man of grave and dignified bearing, and of excellent character. Born in 1726, he was at this time in his fifty-sixth year, but retained traces of that handsome appearance which in earlier life had won him the affection of many women whose offers of marriage he is said to have declined. Though continually working with Angelica and enjoying her society, he had not fallen in love with her, their marriage, according to Rossi, being arranged by her father who growing old and fearing to leave her unprotected, brought about a union in which mutual esteem supplied the place of warmer feelings.

That romance had but a slight share in the union of this most sentimental of painters, may be gathered from the care she took to secure to herself by legal settlements, the annuities and interests arising from the sum of five thousand pounds she had saved; with which, it was clearly stated, Antonio Zucchi was not to intermeddle, to apply to the payment of his debts, or to divert at her death from those to whom she might desire to leave them. Quitting England in company with her father, they at first visited Switzerland and then settled for a time at Venice, where Angelica was presented to the Grand Duke Paul (son

of Catherine II of Russia) and his wife, then paying visits to several of the courts of Europe. The Grand Duchess visited her studio and seeing there a picture representing Leonardo da Vinci dying in the arms of Francis I, immediately bought it. As a result of this patronage commissions poured in on Angelica who was as busily and as profitably employed as she had been in England. She had not been many months at Venice when her father died there (January 1782) after which Angelica and her husband went to Rome where she lived for the remainder of her life. To her studio in the Sopra la Trinita del Monte, or to her house in the Arco de Regina, came many of her English friends and patrons, together with painters, sculptors, poets, and distinguished foreigners, among them Goethe who read his poems to her, and whose portrait she painted, not however to his satisfaction as he spoke of it in his correspondence as being "a pretty fellow but with no trace of me."

Antonio Zucchi proved a devoted husband, an admirer of his wife's talent, a reliable adviser in her affairs, a patient nurse in her illnesses, and an excellent housekeeper who looked after their domestic affairs that she might devote her time uninterruptedly to painting. His own countryman and her biographer, Signor Rossi, who became her friend at this period, suggested that in protecting her from the minor worries of life, and in carefully guarding her health, Zucchi

showed care and consideration for the bread-winner rather than for the wife, which was one of the injustices from which the husband of this fascinating woman had to suffer; for in the hope of inducing Angelica to rest, Zucchi had purchased and presented her with a secluded villa outside Rome, of which she made such little use that it was afterwards sold; while in his latter days when through illness and age he found himself no longer able to come between her and the worries of domestic and business affairs, he sent for her cousin Anton Joseph Kauffmann to take his place, and in the event of his death to act as a companion to and guardian of Angelica.

Notwithstanding his care of her and his kindness, Angelica in her letters speaks of her sad life, of living only in the hopes of a brighter existence in some vague elsewhere, and of her endeavour to reconcile herself to her fate; expressions that may be considered as part of a pose commonly assumed by sentimentalists, and regarded by them as necessary to the fuller enjoyment of their egotism. That she was not the forlorn being she represented herself, may be judged not only from her flirtation with the susceptible Goethe to whom she intimated that they had met too late for her happiness; but from her friendship with Herder the German philosopher, an obese-bodied limp-souled person who considered the superfluous "poor old Zucchi, a good sort of man in his

way"; and who writing to his absent wife, tells her that Angelica was like a Madonna or a little dove; a noble creature who lived shy and retired as a heavenly being; an angel of a woman; a strangely tender delicate loving soul who purified and brightened his life by her friendship; who showed her fine appreciation of himself by considering his wife the happiest of women, as well as by pressing and kissing his hand, and by receiving in return chaste salutes on the brow.

It was in keeping with such sweet spiritual friendships that no sooner had death removed and released her husband in January 1795, than Angelica assuming a fresh pose, exhibited signs of grief and wailed over the loneliness of her life. Though Antonio Zucchi left all his property to his own family with the exception of an annuity of fifteen pounds to his wife, yet this cannot have been done in a spirit of unkindness to her, as he knew at that time her personal property amounted to about ten thousand pounds, irrespective of her jewels, pictures, and furniture.

Up to the last she continued to receive commissions from the English and German visitors to Rome, the Italians still remaining perversely blind to her claims as a great artist. In complaining to the admirers who surrounded and flattered her, of the amount of work she voluntarily undertook she would ask "Is there no other painter?"; when the answer

was returned: "None like you. At your death art will indeed be orphaned"; at which with the sweet resignation of a martyr she took up her brush to paint languishing, discreetly attired, and most respectable goddesses, and the best-behaved, most emasculated of gods, who had not even sufficient humour to smile at the strangely proportioned, corpulent cupids by whom they were surrounded.

For twenty days she was confined to her bed where she continued to be visited by her friends. Though she received the last sacraments and made all preparations for her death, it came to her unexpectedly and while her cousin Anton was reading to her some hymns for the sick, on the afternoon of the 5th of November 1807. Two days later her remains were carried in great state to the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Canova walking with bent head behind them, fifty cowled Cappuccini and fifty of the regular clergy, the Academicians of St. Luke, all the artists and sculptors then in Rome, and a vast concourse of nobles and citizens following; each bearing a lighted taper, so that as her nephew wrote "since the death of Raphael Urbino till now a similar funeral has not been made at Rome." On arriving at the church which "was decorated as is customary for nobles," and at either side of whose high altar one of her pictures was placed, a solemn requiem Mass was sung for the repose of her soul; after which her body, at

her own request, was laid beside that of her faithful but unappreciated husband.

To commemorate her memory, a bust of her was placed in the Pantheon some twelve months later, and unveiled in the presence of the Academicians of St. Luke and many distinguished personages.

CHAPTER IV

Henry Fuseli becomes a bear-leader—He is introduced to Reynolds—The Master's advice—Fuseli starts for Italy—A letter from one who loved him—Gainsborough leaves Bath and settles in London—Different temperaments of Reynolds and Gainsborough—The latter rents a house in Pall Mall—Receives a royal commission—Gainsborough's independent spirit—He lives on a full thousand a year—Relations between himself and his wife—His passionate love for music—Procures various musical instruments—The marriage of his daughter Mary—Why the Blue Boy was painted—Dissatisfied with the hanging of his pictures at the Academy Exhibitions—Demands a picture to be returned—Refuses to exhibit—A more formidable rival of Sir Joshua—The early days of George Romney—Cabinet-making and sketching—He is apprenticed to Christopher Steele—Lessons in love-making—An elopement to Gretna Green—Romney marries—Romney ends his brief apprenticeship—Seeks his fortune in London—Gains a prize from the Society of Arts—His gradual success—Takes rooms in Great Newport Street—He visits Italy—His impressions of Rome—In Florence and Venice—Meets Edward Wortley Montagu.

MEANTIME Henry Fuseli who had not yet decided on becoming an artist, continued to earn a living in working for the publishers, translating among other books the Abbé Winckelmann's Reflections on the Paintings and Sculpture of the Greeks, which was brought out in April 1765. While engaged in this way, the influence of friends gained him the post of travelling tutor to Viscount

Chewton eldest son of Earl Waldegrave; Fuseli's knowledge of various foreign countries and of their languages, qualifying him for the position. But notwithstanding its financial advantages and the prospects it might lead to, it was not a congenial occupation to one of his temperament who hated the restraint and the suppression of self it entailed on him. Nor did he hold it long; for his pupil being unwilling to submit to control that was probably exercised in an aggressive manner, they soon disagreed; and when Fuseli by way of ending a quarrel struck Lord Chewton, both came to the conclusion that their association had better end. All Fuseli's friends blamed him for an impetuosity which they considered had ruined his prospects, but Lord Waldegrave told him he had acted with spirit, and Fuseli forgetting the vexation which the occurrence had caused him, used to say with a smile that the Waldegrave family took him for a bear-leader, but had found him a bear.

Now more than ever desirous of becoming an artist, though he had never received a lesson in drawing, Fuseli obtained an introduction to Reynolds and showed him his sketches. On examining them the famous painter inquired how long he had spent in Italy, and on hearing from Fuseli that he had never seen that country, was greatly astonished; and on handing back the drawings said "If I were your age, and had the ability to produce such

sketches, I would—if I were offered an estate worth a thousand a year on condition of being anything but a painter—reject it without the least hesitation." These words determined Fuseli's career, for from that time he devoted such time as he could spare from translating books to sketching and painting, with the determination of becoming an artist. As his friends considered it desirable he should study in Italy they subscribed a sum sufficient to pay his travelling expenses and to enable him to live there for a few years; when he set out from London in November, 1769 with the intention of landing at Leghorn; but meeting with frightful storms his ship was driven into Genoa where he was glad to land; and thence gradually made his way through Pisa and Florence to Rome, where he arrived on the 9th February 1770.

Fuseli soon became fascinated by Rome, at the sound of whose name, as he afterwards wrote, "my heart swells, my eye kindles, and frenzy seizes me." Here the works that above all others appealed to him, were those of Michael Angelo, and in his eagerness to gain a knowledge of anatomy he imitated the great master, not only in attending medical schools, but in using the dissecting knife. He had been but a few months in the capital of Italy when he received a letter from Mary Moser who was unwilling that he should cease to remember those he

had left in London. In this, written from Craven Buildings Drury Lane, in June 1770, she says "If you have not forgotten at Rome those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world, which flourishes in ruins. Tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers; say if old Tiber droops with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, his swans look as white as those of Father Thames; or write me your own thoughts and reflections which will be more acceptable than any description of any thing Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years.

"I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyck habit; and Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give an hundred guineas for the picture. Lord Carlisle half an hour after offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, when the knight generously resigned his intended purchase to the lord, and the emolument to his brother artist. (He is a gentleman.) Angelica (Kauffmann) made a very great addition to the show, and Mr.

Hamilton's picture of Brisëis parting from Achilles was very much admired; the Brisëis in taste, *à l'antique*, elegant, and simple. Coates, Dance, Wilson, etc. as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished.

"You will doubtless imagine that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping you may burn the letter, so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the secretary who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the preface to his 'Travels'; the Professor of History is comforted by the success of his 'Deserted Village,' which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Horneck and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua a few days ago entertained the Council and visitors with calipash and calipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-lees which he hoped would have cured him of the stone. Many a tear will drop on his grave as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente. My mamma declares you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your mother did High-German. My father and his daughter long to know the progress

you will make, particularly Mary Moser, who remains sincerely your friend, and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself, 'Why did she send this damned nonsense to me?'"

It was not until some ten months after the receipt of this letter that Fuseli in April 1771, sent a brief answer which was hopelessly barren of all hints of his affection. "Madam," it began, "I am inexcusable. I know your letter by heart and have never answered it; but I am often so very unhappy within, that I hold it matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries; they may be fancied evils, but to him who has fancy, real evils are unnecessary, though I have them too. All I can say is that I am approaching the period which commonly decides a man's life with regard to fame or infamy; if I am distracted by the thought, those who have passed the Rubicon will excuse me, and you are amongst the number. I beg my warmest compliments to papa and mamma, and am unaltered Madam your most obliged servant and friend Fuseli."

The causes of his whimsical or real evils—beyond that of catching a fever which turned his flaxen hair perfectly white—are unrelated. Poverty can scarcely have been among them, for he had many commissions to copy pictures from English patrons, and sent some original works of his own for exhibition at the Royal Academy. On returning to London in May 1779, he

found that many changes had occurred in the world of art which were not without having their effect on its central figure Sir Joshua Reynolds. For fresh competitors for fame had now risen into notice, attracting the attention of patrons to whom novelty was a merit, and threatening the supremacy he had held so long.

Chief among them was Thomas Gainsborough, who though known for many years as a painter of exquisite landscapes which he had some difficulty in selling, and of portraits for which he charged a hundred guineas each, had been settled in Bath where he painted many of the distinguished men and beautiful women who visited that city to drink its waters; and it was not until the summer of 1774 that he resolved to live in London; when at a rental of three hundred a year he took a third part—the western wing—of a mansion in Pall Mall known as Schomberg House, now the residence of the Princess Christian, in which he spent the remainder of his life.

Though rivalling, and in the opinion of some surpassing Sir Joshua in the natural grace and exquisite colouring of his portraits, the personalities of the two artists widely differed; for Gainsborough was irresponsible and impulsive, wanting in dignity of manner, free spoken, and having but little education. Reynolds who was singularly unprejudiced in his judgments, was free from jealousy regarding Gains-

borough, and when the latter sent contributions to the Academy had placed them in the best possible position and had frequently praised them. It was therefore what only might have been expected of him, that when Gainsborough settled in London, Sir Joshua without loss of time called upon and made friendly advances to him. This courtesy evidently pleased Gainsborough, for he asked his visitor to sit to him for his portrait, which Sir Joshua willingly did; but after a single sitting he was obliged by a slight illness to leave town for Bath. On his return he sent word to Gainsborough that he was again in London and quite well, when the latter replied that he was very glad to hear it, and not only did he make no further reference to the portrait, but he allowed many years to elapse before he returned the President's call.

Gainsborough had scarcely settled at Schomberg House when he received a command to attend on the King at Buckingham House, and was then given a commission to paint in one picture the heads of their Majesties and thirteen of their children, the fourteenth Prince Frederick being omitted; this being the first of the eight portraits of George III and the fifth of Queen Charlotte which he was to paint. Benjamin West when in the presence of royalty behaved with grave subserviency, and used to say he could tell the highest nobility at Court by their being the most abject; "for the most powerful would be most apt

to excite jealousy in the Sovereign, and by showing an extreme respect they thought to prevent the possibility of encroachment or insult"; David Garrick when he went to read before their Majesties complained that not a look or murmur from those surrounding them showed the slightest approbation, only a profound stillness; "everyone watched to see what the King thought; it was reading to a set of waxwork figures, and he who had been accustomed to the applause of thousands could not bear this assembly of mutes"; while Gainsborough, unsophisticated and frank, did not, on appearing before their Majesties —according to Northcote—make himself agreeable, "any more than Sir Joshua who kept a certain distance and wished to appear as a gentleman."

As an example of Gainsborough's resentment of impertinence, his independent spirit, and his indifference to money, a story is told of him by his biographer George Williams Fulcher, that one day a nobleman who had sat to him and had become impatient at the delay in the delivery of his portrait, called at Schomberg House and in a loud voice asked the servant "Well has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait yet"; hearing which the painter came out of his studio and invited him to see the portrait, which instantly won the highest approbation of the original. When he had expressed his admiration of it, he asked that it might be sent home to him without

delay, adding "I might as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas now." At that the painter said, "Stay a minute, it just wants a finishing stroke," and snatching up a background brush he dashed it across the face of the portrait, saying "Sir, where is my fellow now?"

Gainsborough soon became so prosperous that he lived, as he proudly stated to a correspondent, "on full a thousand pounds a year," dressed his tall handsome person in a rich suit of drab, with laced ruffles and a cocked hat; and kept a coach, though this was a luxury in which his saving wife did not long allow him to indulge; so that when he drove he was obliged to hire a hackney coach, which in returning he always stopped at the corner of St. James's Square, whence he walked to his house so that neighbours or passing wayfarers should not see him use so mean a conveyance. Inclined to extravagance and to changeable moods, he was also so irritable that the patronizing airs or disdainful manner of a sitter, an indifferently cooked dinner, a word that could be construed into a slight, or worse than all the visit of a relative in a hackney coach, threw him into a violent passion, so that his prosaic and even-tempered wife was continually called upon to soothe and pacify him. In most cases she was successful, but when at times she was included in his stormy denunciations of the ills of life, he would on his recovery write her a little

note of apology which was entrusted for delivery to his dog Fox, and signed by the animal's name; when in return she would write a few lines saying "My Own Dear Fox, you are always loving and good and I am naughty ever to worry you as I often do, so we will kiss and say no more about it; your own affectionate Tris"; this being given for conveyance to him by her pet dog Tristram.

It has been said of him that he painted landscapes because he loved them, and portraits for money, but that he was a musician because he could not help it. Though he passionately loved music, yet his impetuous temperament never allowed him to devote sufficient time to any one instrument to master its technicalities; while by turns he strove to gain a knowledge of many, and with such enthusiasm that while practising each in turn, he could neither think nor speak of anything else. In this way when he heard the famous Italian violinist Gardini, he believed that the delight he felt was due less to the performer than to the instrument, and was in a fever until he got possession of it; but the violin was thrown aside a little while later, when on hearing Abel perform on the viol-di-gamba, he insisted on having it. By day and by night the house resounded with his raspings until he heard Fischer play upon the hautboy, when that became his favourite instrument; though not for long, for hearing a harpist, Gainsborough immediately

bought himself a harp and spent hours in tearing the flesh off his fingers while he practised chords and arpeggios.

With this instrument he remained satisfied for some months, until one day seeing a theorbo finely painted in a picture of Vandyck's, it flashed upon him that that was the instrument above all others which it was necessary to his happiness to possess. As they were not to be bought in the music shops, he made inquiries as to where he could find one, and at length heard of a needy German professor living in Soho who had a theorbo. To him the great painter went in haste and burst in upon him as he sat in his garret dining on roast apples, garlic, and sour cabbage. Without wasting valuable time in preliminaries, he at once explained the cause of his visit by saying to the astonished foreigner, "I have come to buy your lute, name your price and I will give you the money." With uplifted hands and eyebrows the German declared he could not part with his lute. "But you must sell it I tell you, you must," replied Gainsborough. "My lute it is worth much money; it is worth ten guineas," said the guileless German looking with sudden tenderness at the instrument that was not worth ten shillings. "Aye that it is, see here is the money," answered the delighted painter seizing it and laying down his gold. With that he hurried down the narrow dirty stairway, until struck by a fresh thought, when he as quickly

returned to say, "I have done but half my errand. What good is your lute to me if I haven't your book?" The German asked him what book he meant, and was told, "The book of airs which I've heard you have composed for the lute," but at that the wily foreigner shook his head, and breathing of garlic stoutly declared he would never part with his book, never, never. "Poh you can make another at any time; this is the book I mean, and there are ten guineas for it; so once more good day," said Gainsborough, and again he quitted the garret, only however to return once more to its odorous atmosphere, this time more thoughtfully. "What is the use of your book if I don't understand it?" he asked, "And what use is your lute if you don't teach me to play it? So come home with me at once and give me my first lesson." The German answered that he would call on him next day, but was told he must come without delay. "I must dress myself," the professor said. "For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day," said the painter. "But I must shave sir." "Shave, I honour your beard," Gainsborough declared. "I must however put on my wig," protested the German. "Damn your wig; your cap and beard become you. Do you think that if Vandyck were to paint you he would let you be shaved?" exclaimed the impatient artist and seizing the man he hurried him down the stairs and thrust him into a hackney coach.

As an instance of the fascination music had for him, J. T. Smith tells us of a visit he paid in company with Nollekens the sculptor, to Gainsborough whom they found listening to a violin being played by Colonel Hamilton an amateur musician. At sight of Nollekens the painter held up a warning finger, and then fearing that eccentric and garrulous individual would not hold his tongue, gave him a book of sketches to look at with the promise that he should have two of them. Having quieted him he then turned to the performer and said, "Now my dear Colonel if you will but go on, I will give you that picture of the Boy at the Stile, which you have so often wished to purchase of me." For half an hour the Colonel played to him, and then asking that a hackney coach might be sent for, he carried off a picture that at that day was worth at least fifty guineas, and that in this would probably fetch five thousand.

Of his two daughters, whose portraits painted in the same picture are among the most beautiful examples of Gainsborough's art, one of them Margaret, known to the family circle as Peggy, inherited her father's love of music and played divinely on the harpsichord, so that her fame as a performer reached the Court and made the Queen desirous of hearing her. A royal command followed for her to appear at Buckingham House; but as the girl also inherited much of her father's eccentricity, she sent word to

Her Majesty that she was engaged. His younger daughter Mary was also somewhat peculiar, which may account for her having fallen in love with Johann Christian Fischer the hautboy player already mentioned, a highly strung whimsical man and one of the musicians with whom, as the painter's wife complained, "he allowed his table to be infested."

Doubtless Fischer's independent spirit as much as his musical skill endeared him to Gainsborough; who as an example of this trait used to relate how Fischer on being pressed one night after the opera to sup with a nobleman, declined, saying he was always too much fatigued after a performance to go into society; but on the peer assuring him that the invitation was given merely for the purpose of enjoying his society and not in the hope that he would play, he accepted it after some pressure; when scarcely was he inside the house to which he had been asked, than his lordship said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your hautboy with you," on which the musician replied, "No, my lord, my hautboy never sups," and turning on his heel left the house in which no persuasion or explanation could induce him to stay. But however Gainsborough might admire him as a musician, he had no wish that he should become his son-in-law, as he was not only erratic but poor. However the option of accepting or refusing him as such, was scarcely given to him; as we learn from a letter

written by him to his sister in which he says the notice he had of his daughter's engagement was very sudden, "as I had not the least suspicion of the attachment being so long and deeply settled, and as it was too late for me to alter anything without being the cause of total unhappiness on both sides, my consent, which was a mere compliment to affect to ask, I needs must give whether such a match was agreeable to me or not, as I would not have the cause of unhappiness lay upon my conscience; and accordingly they were married last Monday, and are settled for the present in a ready furnished little house in Curzon Street, May Fair. I can't say I have any reason to doubt the man's honesty or goodness of heart, as I never heard any one speak anything amiss of him; and as to his oddities of temper, she must learn to like them as she likes his person, for nothing can be altered now. I pray God she may be happy with him and have her health. Peggy has been very unhappy about it, but I endeavour to comfort her in hope that she will have more pride and goodness than to do anything without first asking my advice and approbation." In a very short time after her marriage, Gainsborough had the unhappiness to see his daughter separated from her husband; not however as the result of any ill conduct on the part of the erratic musician, but because Mary Fischer suffered from mental aberrations; one of her delusions being that she was admired and persecuted by the young Prince of Wales.

Though Gainsborough was too frank and honest not to acknowledge the charm of Sir Joshua's work, and on one occasion declared that his pictures, "even in their most decayed state," that is when suffering from experiments in colouring which the President had made, "were better than those of any other artist when in their best"; yet at times he was ready to differ with him on certain technical points in the art in which both excelled; and when in one of his annual Discourses, the eighth, delivered in 1778 to the Academy students, Reynolds stated "that the masses of light in a picture should always be of a warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours," Gainsborough clutching at an opportunity to prove the President's statement erroneous, painted a portrait of Master Buttall, now known as "The Blue Boy," in which that colour predominated. Gainsborough's opinion that he had proved his case and gained a triumph was not unchallenged; for the partisans of Reynolds considered that Gainsborough had so broken and mellowed the primary blue with other tints, that it was no longer the pure blue which had been referred to; and that although the painting was a masterpiece in itself, it would have been much improved by the introduction of warmer tints in the dress.

Always impetuous, restless, impatient of rules and ceremonies, he was ever ready to fling complaints and sarcasms at the Academy, which on his settling in London in 1774, had elected him a member of its council; and though Sir Joshua had always striven to satisfy him in the hanging of his pictures, yet he was seldom content with the light or the position in which they were placed. His irritation on this point came to a climax when in the spring of 1784, he sent for exhibition among other portraits a full-length group of the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth, painted to fit a panel in the state room of the Prince of Wales's house at Carlton Terrace. This was hung on the full-length line in a place of honour, but seeing it there before the exhibition opened, Gainsborough wished it to be placed lower on the wall, and accordingly wrote to the council saying that he hoped to be excused for giving them so much trouble, "but he has painted the picture of the Princesses in so tender a light, that notwithstanding he approves very much of the established line for strong effects, he cannot possibly consent to have it placed higher than eight and a half feet, because the likeness and work of the picture will not be seen any higher; therefore at a word he will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again."

With this request the council, probably tired of his

complaints and his unwillingness to adhere to the rules and regulations of an institution of which he was a prominent member, complied without remonstrance or entreaties that he would alter his mind; and all his pictures were taken from the exhibition walls and sent back to him. From that time he never again sent a picture to the Academy; and though he had an exhibition of his works at his studio, where he hung them to his own satisfaction, yet it met with such little success that the experiment was not repeated.

An artist who was regarded as a closer, more formidable rival of Sir Joshua than Gainsborough, and who from about 1775, began to contest the supreme position as a portrait painter held until then by the President, was George Romney. A native of Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, he was born on December 26th 1734, some eleven years later than Reynolds. George, the third son of his father a cabinet-maker and farmer, was given an opportunity of receiving what was thought a fine education, when he was sent to a school in the neighbouring village of Dendron, kept by a parson whose fees were five shillings a quarter; the boy being boarded out at an extra cost of four pounds ten a year. As however he appeared a dull-witted heavy-mannered boy, it was believed that this expenditure was but a waste of money, and in his eleventh year he was taken from

school and put into his father's workshop. Here he proved industrious, showed some talent at carving, and employed his spare time in making fiddles for himself and his boy friends; his passion for music running in advance of that for drawing.

The first glimpse of pictures caught by him in the remote and primitive village of Dalton,—besides that afforded by the sign of the Red Cow hanging above the solitary ale-house,—was that seen in an illustrated magazine taken in monthly by Sam Knight one of his father's workmen, who in this way proved himself to have tastes and ideas unfitting the station in which he had been placed by Providence, and therefore to be a man suspected of ill-will towards Church and State. George Romney's attempt to copy the prints in this magazine, as well as his painful struggles to draw music from a fiddle of his own making, brought him the attention of a man of singular character who had, when the lad was about fifteen, settled in the neighbourhood. This was John Williamson a gentleman of small fortune who had come out of Cumberland to lead a solitary life at Dalton. As he avoided his tiresomely respectable neighbours, read Latin books by day, and played the violin by night while honest folk slept, his conduct required but the one link he soon furnished—his study of alchemy—to prove that he held intercourse with the devil. Seeing in this lad—with his full round-templed forehead, timid wistful

grey eyes, nose sharp but with wide nostrils, well-cut lips habitually closed, the upper slightly projecting, the face interesting without being handsome—an unnamed quality that distinguished and uplifted him above his fellows, Williamson often made him his companion, spoke to him of the music they both loved, played to him, showed him the pictures hanging in his rooms, and told him of the strange world lying beyond the eternal silence surrounding them.

From his influence young Romney was soon removed and placed in a situation as a cabinet-maker under one Wright of Lancaster, who seeing that he spent much of his time in sketching his fellow-workmen, and that he had more skill in making pictures than in manufacturing furniture, advised his father to make him an artist. As the boy himself greatly desired to become a painter, his father agreed to take him from the service of Wright and to apprentice him to a travelling portrait painter named Christopher Steele, then staying at Kirby Kendal, who for a fee of twenty guineas was willing to accept the lad as his pupil. It seemed as if George Romney was fated to associate with eccentric individuals, for Steele, at this time in his twenty-fourth year, was a man of marked individuality. Having spent a year in studying art in Paris under Carlo Van Loo, he had returned to England with the air of one who had travelled; his talk being interlarded with foreign words, his bows

exaggerated in their courtesy, his dress superfine in lace ruffles and embroidered waistcoats, his manners florid, so that he was generally spoken of as Count Steele. His portraits for which he charged seven guineas for a full-length, and four for a head, were fairly good likenesses of the solemn wooden type considered by many as dignified and imposing, and for which he found good demand.

Though Romney learned little from him of his art save to grind and mix colours, he was more fortunate in receiving instructions from him in the way to woo; for Christopher Steele having judiciously fallen in love with an heiress, and she having become infatuated by his elegant appearance, they—knowing her parents would not consent to their marriage—determined to elope to Gretna Green. To carry out this scheme successfully required the utmost skill and secrecy, and to avoid attracting suspicion to himself, Steele employed his pupil to undertake the necessary arrangements. The dawn of the fateful day came when in a chaise drawn by four horses guaranteed fast-footed and of fine mettle, with rollicking outriders sworn to swiftness or death, the lovers fled from the roof of the lady's deserted father, who awakened to the fact of his loss too late to regain it. By the time the obliging blacksmith of Gretna Green had safely married the lovers, Romney a youth of nervous temperament had been thrown into a fever from

excitement and lay seriously ill, his blood on fire, his pulse unnaturally high. On recovering consciousness he felt some compensation for his illness in the presence of his nurse Mary Abbott, described as "a person of compassionate character," formerly in domestic service, but at this time living with her widowed mother with whom Romney lodged.

The gratitude of debilitated patients to sympathetic nurses not unwilling to become wives, had the customary effect. George Romney and Mary Abbott plighted their troth before he had quite recovered, but their marriage was deferred. When however at the end of his honeymoon Steele sent word to his pupil to join him without delay at York, they decided to marry before cruel fate parted them. The ceremony took place in the little church at Kendal on the 14th of October 1756, the bridegroom not having then reached his twenty-second birthday.

Within a couple of weeks of his marriage he travelled to York, where among others Laurence Sterne was sitting for his portrait to Steele. Romney was now allowed to add backgrounds and draperies to the portraits painted by his master, while for his own pleasure he made copies in oils of etchings and prints from Dutch artists, which he had seen lying fly-blown in the dusty window of an old furniture shop, and bought for a few pence. He remained at York but nine months; at the end of which time Steele declared

his intention of going to Ireland, but Romney being unwilling to take so tedious and perilous a journey, a compromise was arrived at between them, the master agreeing to annul his pupil's indentures for the sum of ten pounds. In the full enjoyment of his freedom, Romney returned to his wife at Kendal and set up as a portrait painter. Some of the surrounding gentry who were anxious to aid rising talent, sat to him, his price being two guineas for a head and six guineas for a whole-length. He also painted some small subject pictures, which together with his copies of the Dutch masters, he raffled at half a guinea a ticket and realized about a hundred pounds.

As for some time his great desire had been to travel to London where he might improve his art and win renown, he now thought the time had arrived for its fulfilment. It was therefore arranged that his wife and two children should live under the care of his parents while he tried his fortune abroad. Giving her seventy pounds out of the hundred, and keeping the balance for himself, he left Kendal and reached London on the 21st March 1762, when he stayed at the Castle Inn. Naturally shy, rustic in figure, and with lounging walk, he felt himself a lonely stranger in the capital where he had neither friend nor acquaintance, until his frequent calls at the Ceneral Post Office in expectation of letters, attracted the attention of the postmaster Daniel Braithwaite, who is described by Boswell as an

amiable and friendly man with modest unassuming manners. Entering into conversation with him, Braithwaite heard he was an artist, looked at and admired some small pictures Romney had brought with him, gave him words of encouragement, and found him suitable lodgings in Bearbinders Lane.

While he waited for sitters, Romney painted an historical picture, "The Death of Wolfe," with the intention of sending it to, and in the hope of gaining a prize from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce. The first prize of the Society for the year 1763 was conferred on an artist named Pine, for "his historical composition representing Canute remarking to his courtiers his inability to command the waves of the sea," as we learn from Romney's earliest biographer William Hayley, who is described as a poet. The second prize of fifty pounds was given to Romney, a decision which was revoked almost as soon as it had been awarded, as Reynolds considered a picture of Edward the Confessor by Mortimer, better entitled to the second prize; a judgment which Romney told Hayley, showed great justice, as Mortimer's picture "was strikingly superior to his own." To compensate Romney for the blunder made by the committee appointed to award the prizes, and to show its encouragement to promising talent, the Society gave him twenty-five guineas, while he afterwards sold his

picture for a similar sum to Rowland Stephenson the banker, who presented it to Governor Varelst in the East Indies, who hung it in the Council Chamber at Calcutta.

Romney now painted not only subject pictures but portraits, and was able to save sufficient money to pay the expenses of a journey to France which he took in the autumn of 1764, in company with an old school-fellow named Greene—one of those for whom he had made a fiddle—who was now settled in Gray's Inn as a solicitor. On arriving at Paris he waited on the celebrated artist Vernet to whom he had a letter of introduction, and who receiving him with great friendliness gained him permission to see and to study the pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg as well as those at Versailles, Marly, and St. Cloud. Strengthened by the insight into art given him by these masterpieces, he returned to London to work with fresh vigour and to gain a second prize of fifty guineas from the Society of Arts in 1765.

He had by this time taken rooms at Gray's Inn that he might be near his friend Greene, and it was here he painted his first important portrait, whose subject was no less a person than Sir Joseph Yates, a Court of King's Bench judge. His success in representing the judge in his scarlet robes brought him fresh commissions, so that in 1768 he was able to move to better quarters and take rooms at the

Golden Head in Great Newport Street. Here he was visited by Richard Cumberland, a son of the Bishop of Clonfert, a writer of indifferent plays and inflated odes, a seeker after good company, talkative, pretentious, not generally liked, but yet admitted as one of the later members of the Club founded by Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Johnson. According to Cumberland he found Romney poorly lodged, "shy, private, studious, conscious of all the disadvantages of a stinted education, of a habit naturally hypochondriac, and with aspen nerves that every breath could ruffle." Eagerly seizing the opportunity of posing as the patron of such a man, Cumberland sat to him for a three-quarter portrait for which he paid him ten guineas instead of the eight asked by the painter, and praised him in verses he scribbled, loftily explaining the origin and progress of art. Furthermore, to distinguish the artist he claimed as his protégé, he desired Garrick to sit to him, but failed in getting him to comply. "Damn his dishcloth face," Garrick said to Reynolds, "his plays would never do for the stage if I did not work 'em up and make epilogues and prologues too for him, and so they go down with the public. He hates you Sir Joshua, because you don't admire his Correggio." "What Correggio?" asked Reynolds. "Why his Correggio is Romney," answered the actor laughingly.

The fact was, that though the colouring of Romney's

portraits was clear and harmonious, they were hard, cold, lifeless, and frequently poor likenesses. Always humble, none knew or acknowledged his faults more readily than Romney, who feeling his want of training, desired to supply it by studying the great works of art in Italy. It was not until March, 1773, that he fulfilled this wish, though his delay in doing so was not owing to want of funds, as at this time he was making twelve hundred a year. A man of greater self-esteem and of lesser self-perception, making this income, would have accepted it as a guarantee of his abilities and been satisfied to remain as he was ; but Romney knowing his own limitations and anxious to extend them, had sufficient modesty and sense to seek knowledge at its source. In company with another artist Ozias Humphrey, he passed leisurely through France, and entering the enchanted country stayed at Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, Siena, Viterbo, and Florence, seeing the marvellous architecture of churches, ancient monuments, statues, and pictures that stirred his soul and held him enthralled, so that it was not until June that he and his companion arrived at Rome.

No sooner had they entered the city than Romney separated from him, lodged at the Jesuits' College, and while there avoided to a great extent the English artists and students lest they might disturb his incessant and untiring labour which he at once begun.

Having had a letter of recommendation to the Pope from Charles, third Duke of Richmond—a patron of art whose gallery in London was ever open to students—Romney was given every opportunity to examine not only the art treasures of the Vatican, but of the churches throughout the capital. Among other favours granted him, a scaffold was erected for his use above the high altar of the church of San Pietro in Montario, that he might copy Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration then hanging there. This copy made with loving care on the scale of the original, was painted by him in oils on single sheets which were afterwards joined together. It may be mentioned that on his return to England he was offered a hundred guineas for this copy by the Duke of Richmond, which he refused knowing its value to be far greater; but no other purchaser being found, he kept it in his own studio until his death, after which it was sold for sixty guineas.

After twelve months of incessant study he left Rome. What his feelings were on the day, when turning his back upon the city resting on its seven hills, he set out across the wide plains of the Campagna, are best told in a letter written to one of the students with whom he had been on friendly terms. "Something hung about my heart that felt like sorrow, which continued to increase till I reached the summit of Mount Viterbo," he says. "I arrived there

about half an hour before the Veturino, indeed I had hastened to do so, as well knowing it would be the last time I should see Rome. I looked with an eager eye to discover that divine place. It was enveloped in a bright vapour as if the rays of Apollo shone there with greater lustre than at any other spot upon the terrestrial globe. My mind visited every place and thought of every thing that had given it pleasure, and I continued some time in that state with a thousand tender sensations playing about my heart till I was almost lost in sorrow."

Reaching Florence he made sketches of Cimabue, Masaccio, and Andrea del Sarto, then went to Bologna, and afterwards "indulged himself with a survey of Venice." Fascinated as he had been with Rome, this stately silent city of palaces rising from the sea, marvellous and mystic in the crimson glow of sunsets and the sapphire mists of night, seemed to him an enchanted place to whose spell he willingly succumbed. But beautiful as was its outward appearance, the supreme and innermost glory of Venice was to him the works of its three great masters Tintoretto, Veronese, and Titian, descriptions of which he had read in Sir Joshua's Discourses. His first business, he says, was to look for them, and he was delighted to find them just as the President had spoken of them.

While at Venice he was introduced to that remarkable man Edward Wortley Montagu who had in-

herited his eccentricity, cleverness, and love of wandering from his mother Lady Mary, now laid to rest after a varied and colourful career. Ever thirsting for fresh experiences, her son had held a commission in the army of the Allies and fought at Fontenoy ; had sat in the English Parliament for the borough of Huntingdon ; had been appointed one of the Commissioners at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle ; had been arrested and imprisoned on the charge of cheating a Jew at faro and extorting payment by force ; had gone through the ceremony of marriage with three women all of whom were living at the same time ; had renounced Protestantism in order to embrace Catholicism, and had abandoned Christianity that he might accept the more accommodating religion of Mahommed. Having recently returned from the East, he dressed while at Venice in the garb of a Turk, and squatting on the marble floor of his palace, graciously received his visitors and exercised his powers of divination for the few in whom he felt interested.

It was probably because Romney was in all things a contrast to himself, that Edward Wortley Montagu formed a sudden friendship for him, and as a special favour imparted to him a secret for making coffee. On his part Romney was so struck with this picturesque person that he painted a portrait of him in Turkish costume, that was afterwards bought by the Earl of

Warwick for fifty guineas. On Romney's departure from Venice, Edward Montagu, whose intention it was to return to England, promised himself the pleasure of continuing his friendship with the painter; but before that could be his days had come to an end, his death, singular as his life, having been caused by his swallowing a fish bone.

CHAPTER V

Romney's return to England—He rents a house in Cavendish Square—Concerning his wife—He paints the Duke of Richmond—Romney's opinion of Sir Joshua's work—His shyness prevents him from visiting Reynolds—Romney's simple life—His nervous temperament—Dislikes mixing with strangers—Distinguished people whom he painted—Emma Hart afterwards Lady Hamilton—Nursemaid and Hebe Vestina—Her exhibitions at the Temple of Health—She becomes the mistress of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh—He sends her away—Her letters to him remain unanswered—Her appeal to Charles Greville—Who sends for her—Living at Paddington Green—He takes her to Romney's studio—She sings at Ranelagh Gardens—Serves as a model for many of Romney's pictures—Sir William Hamilton comes to England—Rumours of his intention to marry a second wife—Greville introduces him to Emma—Sir William thinks her an exquisite creature—Greville speaks of his embarrassments—An arrangement is suggested—Emma is invited to Italy—Her vanity is flattered—She is lodged at the English Embassy at Naples and treated as a Sovereign—She becomes the mistress of the British Ambassador—She describes her conquests in letters to her former lover—Greville receives the price bargained for—She makes Sir William her husband—No need for separate houses—She returns to England and visits Romney once more—The painter's infatuation for his divine lady—Her invitation to him to visit Naples—Romney sees her no more.

RETURNING to England in September 1775, after an absence of about two years and six months, Romney found himself inestimably richer in experience but almost penniless; as while abroad he

had neither sought nor accepted commissions. As his friends had a faith in his future which he was too humble to share, they persuaded him against his will to take a house—number 32—in Cavendish Square, which had been tenanted until his death by Francis Cotes. On settling in this roomy mansion for which he paid a rent of a hundred guineas a year, Romney did not invite his wife to join him. Soon after his early marriage he had awakened to the fact that he had made a mistake in taking a wife who however gentle and affectionate, was yet unfitted by education, rearing, or position to share his upward course. However, though her name was never mentioned to his friends, many of whom did not know that he was married, he neither disowned nor deserted her, but continually sent her a fair share of his earnings, and occasionally visited her and his two children, a boy and a girl, the latter of whom died at the age of three. That he lived apart from her was not due to his affection for any other woman or to dislike to his wife with whom he corresponded in conventional terms and with whom he shared a devoted interest in their son; but apparently devoid of the feelings natural to most men, their place was taken by an absorbing love for his art.

As such reputation as he had made before leaving England seemed to have been forgotten, and as he had to contend with such powerful rivals as Reynolds and Gainsborough, he was left for several weeks after he

had settled in Cavendish Square without a single commission; so that to quote the eloquent verbosity of William Hayley "he used to tremble when he waked every morning in his new habitation with a painful apprehension of not finding business sufficient to support him." But at last a day came when a coach rattling up to his door and a violent ringing of the bell announced a visitor of importance. This proved to be none other than his former patron the Duke of Richmond who had come to sit for his portrait. This, a three-quarter length taken in profile, showed the effect of the artist's recent studies of the great masters. Though judging from Romney's account-book, he received but fifteen guineas for this portrait, yet it was so greatly admired that from the time it left his studio, commissions poured in upon the painter who no longer had need to dread the coming of quarter-day.

Admirers of art now divided themselves into two classes. "There were two factions, the Reynolds faction and the Romney faction; I was of the Romney faction," said Lord Chancellor Thurlow who was painted by both. Neither of these great artists sought to establish a faction, such being gladly undertaken for them by that class of individual whose friendship makes life unendurable; nor is there any reliable evidence of jealousy having existed between them. On the contrary we have it on the authority of Hayley, that Romney greatly admired Sir Joshua's

work; and when Hayley one day assured Romney that a portrait he had painted of Mrs. Siddons was considered by many superior to Reynolds's portrait of the same actress, he answered "then they know nothing of the matter, for it is not." His friend Richard Cumberland also tells us that "to the distinguished merits of his great contemporary Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney gave most unequivocal testimony; but he declined to visit him from the shyness of his nature and because it was a house of great resort. He could not be at his ease, and he was never in the habit of visiting or being visited but by his intimates, and they certainly did not resort to him for the delicacies of his table, as nothing could be worse administered; for of those things he had no care, and for himself a little broth or tea would suffice though he worked at his easel from early morning till the sun went down."

A love of art was the only thing which Reynolds and Romney had in common; and in no way did they more widely differ than in their estimate of society, in which the former delighted and from which the latter shrank. Even at the height of his success Romney lived with severe simplicity. Rising between seven and eight, he had his hair dressed and then breakfasted. Afterwards he went to his studio and worked at his pictures until ten when sitters began to arrive. On an average these numbered five a day. At twelve o'clock a bowl of broth was brought to him,

after drinking which he continued to paint until four when he dined sparingly and with the economy for which he became remarkable.

In the afternoon, putting his notebook in his pocket, he went for a solitary walk through the green lanes and meadows to Kilburn, or occasionally in summer time, into the country as far as Hampstead where he supped at the common table of the hostel known as Jack Straw's Castle. During the winter evenings he generally remained at home contenting himself with looking at the work he had painted during the day; for unlike Sir Joshua he cared little for reading, and he had no resources of his own to fall back on. The circle of his friends was limited, but when in their company he talked freely and pleasantly on subjects which did not include his wife or the joys of domesticity.

Always retiring, disliking to mix with strangers, ever anxious to avoid notoriety which—contrary to the opinion of modern painters,—he thought degrading to art, and desiring to secure the peace which was essential to the comfort of one of his nervous temperament, he had persistently refused to become a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, or of the Royal Academy, or to exhibit or to become one of its members. And though he valued money greatly, he made little effort to accumulate it. Always working with great rapidity, he had no sooner painted

the essential parts of a portrait than he felt reluctant to complete it; preferring to begin another which in turn was put away with its face to the studio wall, though to finish it there was needed only a few touches to the background or to the drapery, which he considered it a drudgery to give, and that he would not employ others to do, after the fashion of most of his contemporaries. In this way portraits were set aside until those who had sat for them grew tired of waiting or had changed in appearance with the passage of years. As his work would not be paid for until delivered, Romney in this way deprived himself of a handsome income; yet his desire to obtain commissions and the reward which would follow their execution was such, that he never refused to paint man or woman no matter how uninteresting or ugly; while scores of unfinished portraits filled the rooms and passages of his house. Nor could all the advice or endeavours of his friends induce him to work with method.

Wanting in self-esteem he failed to set sufficient value on his work; for on his return from Italy his price for a three-quarter length portrait was but fifteen guineas; and it was not until six years later that he raised it to twenty guineas. In October 1789 his charge for the same-sized portrait was twenty-five guineas, which by slow degrees was advanced to thirty and thirty-five guineas; his charge

for a half-length being sixty, and for a full-length one hundred and twenty guineas, the highest sums he seems ever to have received.

Among the notable persons whom he painted and whose beauty he has handed down to us was the charming Lady Betty Hamilton—daughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton and his wife Elizabeth Gunning—who in June 1774 married Edward Smith-Stanley, twenty-first Earl of Derby; who so little appreciated her hereditary beauty, that he separated from her to live with Miss Farren the actress, whom he married within a few weeks of the death of his wife in 1779. Romney also painted Isabella Manners, wife of the Marquis of Granby who in 1779 succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Rutland. Together, husband and wife were spoken of as the handsomest couple in England; but singly and apart from their respective good looks each attracted attention; she by her gracious manner, he by his boundless conviviality. It may have been this trait that suggested to his Sovereign that he would make a popular Irish Viceroy. It is certain that during his reign as such from 1784 to 1787, his endeavours to surpass the rollicking ways of his Majesty's Hibernian subjects, brought about his death at the age of thirty-three. His loss was deeply deplored even by the sober.

Another beautiful portrait which Romney has left us

is that of Lady Craven, wife of the seventh Baron Craven. Developing the literary temperament, this frank and handsome woman wrote many plays and became weary of her husband. Wandering abroad she published a "Journey Through the Crimea to Constantinople," which probably would have gained wider circulation had her book contained a more intimate account of her adventures. She then took up her residence at Anspach. The attraction of this wretched little town as a place of residence, was surmised by the uncharitable when within a month of her husband's death she was made the second wife of Charles Alexander Margrave of Brandenburgh-Anspach; who on his union sold his principality for a trifling consideration to the King of Prussia, and settled at Hammersmith at Brandenburgh House, as he styled his residence.

Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, and wife of Alexander fourth Duke of Gordon, was likewise painted by Romney; a lady who if she found her husband unendurable had the consolation of knowing that her daughters were marriageable; for of five of them, three became the wives respectively of the Dukes of Richmond, Manchester, and Bedford, while a fourth married Marquis Cornwallis. Of Romney's male sitters none was more remarkable than Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who acted as Lord High Steward at the trial of Warren Hastings; a man pre-eminent

for the variety and fervour of his oaths, and the remarkable facility with which his powerful mind accepted and adapted itself to the political changes necessary to his advancement. It was probably in reference to the number of fat offices he conferred on and obtained for his relatives—including the rich bishopric of Durham for his brother—that he said, "When I forget my debt of gratitude to the King, may God forget me," to which Charles James Fox added, "The very best thing He could do for you."

But the individual with whom Romney's work is most closely associated and whom in painting he reached the highest point of his art, was Emma Hart, the daughter of a village blacksmith, who after various experiences became the idolized wife of Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples, and later still mistress of Admiral Lord Nelson. The extraordinary history of this fascinating individual opens by showing her as a nursery-maid earning wages of four pounds a year, after which she was engaged as waiting-maid to a woman of the town. From this situation it was an easy transit to posing as Hebe Vestina in lectures delivered in his Temple of Health, by Doctor Graham, a man as to whose character there was some difference of opinion; for while many described him as a vicious quack and a blatant humbug, his own inner knowledge enabled him to describe himself as a philosopher labouring for the benefit and

enlightenment of humanity. Such labours chiefly consisted in his delivery of lectures on the means of attaining health and beauty that were practically illustrated by a fascinating exhibition of the perfect human form of Emma Hart then in her eighteenth year. As to the quantity or transparency of the robe worn by her on such occasions accounts differ; but it is generally conceded that her feet were carefully draped, owing it was stated to their ugliness and ill-proportion, which if seen would have been too violent a contrast to the exquisite contours of her figure. Nothing can have been more gratifying to one of Dr. Graham's humane disposition, than the conviction that vast crowds were anxious to acquire knowledge from his discourses; and that their eyes were not less attentive in following the illustrative poses assumed by his Goddess of Health, than were their ears to his glowing descriptions of her perfections.

Among those who had listened to him with intense interest when he lectured in his Temple of Health at the Adelphi, was a rollicking sport-loving easy-living baronet, Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, of Up Park Sussex. Becoming acquainted with Hebe Vestina he invited her to quit the Temple and take up her residence with him at Up Park. Agreeing to this she led an uproarious life there with Sir Harry and his companions, until becoming alarmed at her extravagance and displeased by the ease with which she trans-

ferred her affections, he suddenly packed her out of his house before she had been twelve months there, giving her just enough to pay her expenses by coach to her native place, the respectable village of Hawarden, where by the way, an encumbrance of which she had already rid herself was being taken care of by her grandmother.

Scarcely had she reached Hawarden when she began to bombard Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh with letters asking for money, of which he took no notice. She then made a similar appeal to one of his friends whom she had met at his house and with whom she was on familiar terms. This was the Hon. Charles Francis Greville, second son of the first Earl of Warwick of his line, and a member of Parliament. To him she said "I am allmost distrackted. I have never hard from Sir H. What shall I dow? Good God what shall I dow? I have wrote seven letters and no answer. I cant come to town caus I am out of mony. I have not a farthing to bless my self with and I think my friends looks cooly on me. I think so. O Grevell what shall I dow, what shall I dow? For God's sake Grevell write the minet you get this and only tell me what am I to dow. I am allmos mad. O, for God's sake tell me what is to become on me. Grevell adue, and believe me yours for ever."

In answer to this letter Charles Greville sent her money to travel to London, and shortly after her

arrival there took her to live with him in a small house in Edgware Road, Paddington Green, then a retired and delightful suburb far removed from the noise of rumbling coaches and swearing sedan-bearers and not far distant from the open fields leading to the rustic village of Edgware. Their establishment included Emma's mother — described as being no better than she should be — who acted as housekeeper, cook, and chaperon to her lovely daughter. Not only was Emma Hart a woman of singular beauty, but she possessed a bright intelligence capable of quick perception, great vivacity, and brilliant conversational powers; which with a natural ability to adapt herself to her surroundings and an emotional temperament, made her a distinct personality. Thinking that as such she was worth instructing, with a view to companionship if not to barter, Charles Greville whose income was at this time little over five hundred a year, had her taught music and singing; though judging from the samples of her letters preserved in the Morrisson Collection she was never able to acquire the most elementary ideas of grammar or spelling. That in conversation she dropped the eighth letter of the alphabet from its proper place to restore it where it was not desirable, may also be surmised from this correspondence.

As Greville like so many men of fashion at the time, interested himself in art, and acquired as many

pictures as his limited income would allow, and had commissioned Sir Joshua to paint the portrait of Emily Coventry a well-known courtesan, which on its exhibition on the Academy walls in 1781 was styled Thais, he now decided to have Emma Hart painted by George Romney, to whom Greville was then sitting for his own portrait. For this purpose he took her one morning in April 1782, to the artist's studio in Cavendish Square. As she entered, George Romney, slow and awkward in his movements, bowed, fastened his dreamy eyes on her face, and from that moment became fascinated by the beauty which again and again, but never with full satisfaction to himself, he strove to fix on his canvas.

Aware of Emma's spacious views of life, Charles Greville, though never passionately in love with her, kept her in retirement, did not permit her to have friends or acquaintances, and allowed her merely twenty pounds a year for dress. Once indeed he took her to Ranelagh Gardens, which with its coloured lamps, braying bands, general noise, and multi-coloured crowds seemed to her a paradise, but where alas for her pleasure, envy stung her; for on hearing the storm of applause given to one of the singers on a public platform, her besetting sin of vanity urged her to show how much better she could sing, and to the amazement of the surrounding crowd and the mortification of her lover, she in a loud voice lament-

ably out of tune, shrieked the last song taught her, at the end of which she was hustled into a hackney coach and carried home by her furious protector. That night a stormy scene shook the silence of Paddington Green. When her portrait was finished by Romney, he asked Greville to allow Emma to sit to him as a model for fancy pictures, and she whose vanity was flattered by the thought of seeing her beauty idealized and given to the world, joining in the request, Greville to please and amuse her in this harmless fashion permitted her to visit Romney's studio, twice a week.

For the first of the forty-five pictures or portraits he painted of her, which represents her with a little black spaniel under her arm, and that has been engraved under the title of Nature, Greville paid twenty guineas. One can imagine how surprised such an astute gentleman would be, could he have learned that this picture would subsequently sell for twenty thousand pounds to a dealer. How little Romney's work was appreciated in his day in comparison to our own times, may be gathered when it is stated that one of the best known and most beautiful of his pictures of Emma, the life-sized Circe with uplifted arm, which he would not part with during his life, was sold after his death for fourteen pounds four shillings and sixpence; another study of her known as Iphigenia being disposed of at the same time for two pounds

less. While Romney, who felt a devout but probably a platonic affection for his bewitching model, painted her as a Sibyl, as Nature, as a Bacchante, as Tragedy and Comedy, as the Spinstress—a commission from Greville for which he was unable to pay—as Cassandra and other characters, an event of immense importance in Emma's life occurred.

This was the arrival in England of Charles Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton. The descendant of a noble family, formerly a soldier now an ambassador of His Britannic Majesty, a lover and connoisseur of art, a musician and antiquarian, a scientist and an author, a man of handsome appearance and gracious manner, he was a person of distinction. And though at this time, 1784, he was in his fifty-fifth year, his strong frame, active habits, and vivacious temperament, made him feel and appear much younger. A Scotchman by birth, having from his earliest years a fine appreciation of money, he had when quite young married a Welsh heiress "something against his inclinations" as he confessed, which were overcome by her inheritance of five thousand a year. Of this loveless marriage but one child was born, a daughter who died in 1775, when in her sixteenth year.

From this time Charles Greville, his favourite nephew, had regarded himself as Sir William's heir, and not without reason, for a similarity of tastes and

From a mezzotint by J. R. Smith, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

EMMA HART (AFTERWARDS LADY HAMILTON) AS A BACCHANTE.

p. 490.

a warm affection existed between them, they had been constant correspondents for years, and the younger man had acted as agent to the Welsh estates of the elder, to whom he had also been able to render many useful services regarding matters connected with politics, diplomacy, and the Court. When however Lady Hamilton died in 1782, and rumours reached Greville that the buoyant widower was contemplating a second marriage, his hopes of remaining Sir William's heir grew clouded. News that his uncle had obtained leave of absence from his ambassadorial duties at Naples, came with pleasure to Greville, who in personal intercourse with his uncle would be able to judge of his rumoured intentions to marry; intentions which if they existed, might be set aside by introducing to him a woman, who besides her surpassing beauty possessed singular powers of fascination.

These were felt from the first by the elderly widower who, a lover of beauty, declared Emma to be the most exquisite creature it had been his good fortune to meet. With his gallant manner trained to perfection by long practice, he conveyed to her his sense of admiration and of the impression she had made on him; which thirsting for adulation, she received with delight, but at this time with no thought of unfaithfulness to her protector. Watchful of his uncle's feelings, Greville now took the first

step in the paltry part he was to play by laying bare to Sir William the embarrassed state of his finances. In reply he was given the conventional advice to marry money, an advice illustrated by the spectacle of one whose marriage of convenience had not hampered his happiness while ensuring his prosperity. This did not appeal to Greville, for his acceptance of it would have left Emma free to form another liaison, which would not place the man who contracted it under an obligation to her lover. An arrangement by which his debts might be paid in another way was then arrived at between these scoundrels, but a way that had to be acted on with tact and consideration: for Emma being a free-born woman could not be sold against her will, and as she really loved Greville, it was feared that even at his desire she might be unreasonable enough to refuse to leave him, and become the mistress of his uncle.

But as the latter was a diplomatist by profession, and the former was a philosopher without heart, they concocted a scheme in keeping with their want of conscience, and likely to bring about their design. During his frequent visits to Greville's establishment, Sir William had managed by his praise of her powerful voice, and by his admiration of her statuesque poses such as she had formerly exhibited to larger audiences in the Temple of Health, to win Emma's friendship; and the kisses she showered on him in return

were given in reward of his appreciative criticisms. Others were added as thankofferings in advance for the future benefits he was to bestow on her lover, and for the warm interest he showed in herself. She was therefore willing to listen to his kindly counsel when before his departure for Naples, he assured her that her beauty, her voice, and her acting, entitled her to win the admiration of Europe as an opera singer, and all that she needed to win fame and fortune was a few lessons in music and deportment. These he considered could best be acquired in the home of art, Italy. Singular to say there was at that moment living at Naples, a celebrated master capable above all others of giving her that undivided attention which would soon make her one of the most distinguished prime donne of the day. It was indeed a pity Greville could not take her to Italy for six or nine months, but his financial affairs, then much embarrassed, as well as his parliamentary duties, would not permit of his doing so. If however at any future time she considered it desirable to have her great gifts trained in Italy, Sir William would esteem it a favour if she would permit him to forward her wishes and her interests.

Having dropped this suggestion into her mind, Sir William left England to resume his duties as Ambassador at Naples, with her enthusiastic gratitude ringing in his ears, and with her kisses on his lips. Shortly after his return, and by arrangement with his

nephew, he wrote to Emma inviting her to Naples, where she could study music to the greatest advantage and enjoy the beauty of the Italian climate for some six months or so until her lover was able to join her and take her back to London. And not only during her stay at Naples would she be the Ambassador's honoured guest, but to render her circumstances more easy he would settle a hundred a year on her. Urged by Greville to accept this invitation, she paid a farewell visit to Romney, and leaving Paddington Green arrived at Naples in April 1786.

Lodged at the English Embassy she was treated with the distinction due to a sovereign rather than to a courtesan; given a carriage and pair, a boat with rowers wearing what she was told was her livery, presented with a satin gown, a Turkish costume, a camel-hair shawl, and costly jewels; Sir William in this manner preparing the way to her acceptance of him as a lover; a position desired by himself, sanctioned by her late protector, and suggested to him by his brother the Rev. Frederic Hamilton vicar of Wellingborough, who having no moral principles and great expectations from the Ambassador, bade him beware of marriage, and assured him the wisest thing he could do was "to buy love ready made."

Within a few months of her arrival at Naples, Emma became the mistress of Sir William Hamilton, and as such received and entertained his guests includ-

ing Foreign Ministers, English peers and peeresses, and the Neapolitan nobility, though as she remarks they were as proud as the devil. High honours now rewarded her, for she was given a box at the opera, gowns from Paris, a spirited horse, while the English frigates in the bay fired volleys of salutes as she and Sir William passed them. A glimpse of her life is given in a letter addressed to her former lover, dated August 1787, in which she tells him, "Sir William is very fond of me and very kind to me. The house is full of painters painting me. He has now got nine pictures of me, and two a painting. Marchant is cutting my head in stone, that is in camea for a ring. There is another man modeling me in wax, and another in clay. All the artists is come from Rome to study from me, so that Sir William as fitted up a room that is called the painting room. Sir William is never a moment from me. He goes no where without me. He has no dinners but what I can be of the party. No body comes without the are civil to me. We have allways good company. I now live upstairs in the same apartments where he lives and my old apartments is made the musick rooms. Sir William says he loves nothing but me, likes no person to sing but me, and takes delight in all I do, all I say, to see me happy. Their has been a prince paying us a visit. He is sixty year of age, one of the first families and as allways lived at Naples,

and when I told him I had been to Caprea he asked me if I went there by land. Only think what ignorance. I staired at him and asked who was his tutor."

The Hon. Charles Greville also received his price for this successful transaction; for his uncle made a will in his favour, entered into arrangements regarding his debts that amounted to six thousand pounds, freed him from the importunities of creditors, and as Greville then contemplated enriching himself by marriage, gave him a letter to show that he was acknowledged by his uncle as his heir presumptive.

From a threat in one of Emma's letters to Greville —on discovering she had been disposed of like a slave—that she would marry Sir William, it is evident that she entertained from the first the idea of making the dotard her husband. But it was not until she had spent five years in incessant efforts to please, in cajolery, in extravagant protestations of worship, that this desire was gained. It was then decided that they should visit England in the spring of 1791, and have their union solemnized and blessed by the Church. In writing to Greville of her prospective arrangements, Emma in one of her characteristic letters dated January 1791, tells him, "You need not be affraid for me in England. We come for a short time and that time must be occupied in business and to take our last leave. I dont wish to attract notice. I wish

to be an example of good conduct, and to show the world that a pretty woman is not allways a fool. All my ambition is to make Sir William happy, and you will see he is. As to our seperating houses, we can't do it, or why should we? You can't think two people that as lived five years with all the domestick happiness that's possible can seperate, and those two persons, that knows no other comfort but in each others comppany, which is the case I assure you with ous, tho you bachelors dont understand it. But you cant imagine two houses must seperate ous. We will let you into our plans and hearths. . . . We shall be glad to see you," she ends with a delightful touch of patronage, "for I shall allways esteem you for your relationship to Sir William, and having been the means of me knowing him. As to Sir William I confess to you I doat on him. Nor I never can love any other person but him." Future events, such as her being made the wife of the man she professed to worship, and her meeting with Admiral Lord Nelson, caused her to change her mind regarding the last sentiment expressed in this letter.

It was not till the summer of this year 1791, that she reached England in company with her sexagenarian lover, when the novel episode of her sale and its attendant circumstances, her clever captivation of the infatuated Ambassador, and her prospective marriage made her the sensation of the hour. One of her

earliest visits was paid to Romney, that she might tell him the amazing news of her projected union and sit to him for other portraits which would hand her down to admiring posterity. In the gloom that had then begun to darken his intellect, her joyous presence came as a vision of brightness to the artist, and he at once began to paint her. "At present and the greatest part of this summer," he writes to William Hayley on 19th June 1791, "I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet for I think her superior to all womankind. I have two pictures to paint of her for the Prince of Wales. She says she must see you before she leaves England, which will be in the beginning of September. She asked me if you would not write my life. I told her you had begun it; then she said she hoped you would have much to say of her in the Life as she prided herself on being my model." In this hope Emma's vanity was not gratified.

Of the pictures which at this time Romney began of Emma, that painted for the Prince Regent represented her as a Magdalen. In others she figured as Joan of Arc, as Cassandra, and as a Bacchante. Entertaining and being entertained, and occupied in making preparations for her wedding, her visits to the Cavendish Square studio, twenty-eight in all, were frequently brief and most irregular, and her moods often varied, much to the distress of the artist who

secretly worshipped her, and whose feelings on the subject are laid bare to his correspondent Hayley. Having been invited to Sir William's house to hear her sing and to see her act, his mind was wrought to a high pitch of delight, "But alas," says he in a letter dated August 8th 1791, "soon after I thought I discovered an alteration in her conduct to me. A coldness and neglect seemed to have taken the place of her repeated declarations of regard for me. They left town to make many visits in the country. I expect them again the latter end of this week when my anxiety (for I have suffered much) will be either relieved or increased as I find her conduct. It is highly probable that none of the pictures will be finished, except I find her more friendly than she appeared to me the last time I saw her. I had it in contemplation to run down for a day or two before she returned to town, to bring you up with me and I mentioned it to her. She said do so, but in a cold manner, though a fortnight before when I said I would do so, she was very desirous that I should bring you to town. You will see everything is in great uncertainty, but it may turn out better than I expect."

On her return to town, four days of torture passed before Romney saw her, then she expressed her willingness to pose for him again. "When she arrived to sit," he tells Hayley, "she seemed more friendly than she had been and I began a picture of her as a present

for her mother. I was very successful with it, for it is thought the most beautiful head I have painted of her yet. Now indeed I think she is as cordial with me as ever. I take it excessively kind of you to enter so deeply into my distresses. Really my mind had suffered so very much that my health was much affected, and I was afraid I should not have had the power to have painted any more from her; but since she has assumed her former kindness, my health and spirits are quite recovered."

Seven days after this letter was written, on September 6th 1791, Emma Hart was married to Sir William Hamilton, in Marylebone church, the Marquis of Abercorn, kinsman of the bridegroom, acting as best man. A few weeks later the newly made man and wife set out for Italy, and in the following December Emma wrote her final letter to Romney, which made him inexpressibly happy—for some time. In this she tells him of her triumphs, that she had been received with open arms by the Neapolitans of both sexes and by foreigners of distinction; that by the desire of the Queen of Naples she had been presented to Her Majesty who received her with kind and affectionate attention; that Sir William grew fonder of her every day; and then having exhausted a fair share of egotism, Lady Hamilton continues, "But why do I tell you this? You know me enogh. You was the first dear friend I opened my heart to. You

ought to know me for you have seen and discoursed with me in my poorer days. You have known me in my poverty and prosperity, and I had no occassion to have lived in poverty and distress if I had not felt something of virtue in my mind. Oh my dear friend, for a time I own through my distress my virtue was vanquishd. But my sense of virtue was not overcome. How gratefull now then do I feel to my dear dear husband that as restored peace to my mind, that as given me honer, rank, and what is more, innocence and happiness. Rejoice with me my dear sir, my friend, my more than father. Believe me I am still that same Emma you knew me. If I could forget for a moment what I was, I ought to suffer. Command me in anything I can do for you here. Come to Naples and I will be your model; anything to induce you to come that I may have an oppertunity to shew you my gratitude. Has the Prince been to you?" she asks significantly.

In reply to this, Romney wrote a letter which gives an idea of his style and of his feelings for the woman he addressed. "My Dear Lady," he says, "what must you thinke of my neglect of answering your kind letter? Do not accuse me of ingratitud. I wish I could express myself as I felt at the perusal of it, to find your happyness so compleat. May God grant it may remane so till the end of your days. You may be assured that I have the same anxiety that Sir

William and yourself should continue to think well of me, and the same desire to do everything in my power that may merit your esteem. I have waited till I could give you some account of the picter of Cassandra and some of the other picters you were so kind as to sit to me. The Cassandra is at last gone to the Shakespeare gallery it suits. The King and Royal Family saw it. I have never heard from the Prince of Wales till a few days ago Mr. West called and said the Prince desired him to look at the picture for his Royal Hiness. They are near finished. The lively one I have made to suit Calipso."

Romney did not accept her invitation to Naples, nor did he ever see his divine lady again; for before her next visit to London mental darkness had fallen upon and death had taken him. It is not within the limits of this book to speak of her intrigue with her husband's dear friend, as Sir William Hamilton called Admiral Lord Nelson, nor of her intimacy with the disreputable Duke of Queensberry during Nelson's life; which however did not prevent the latter from leaving her—his mistress and the mother of his two children—as a legacy to his grateful country. On being bailed out of a debtor's prison in May of 1817, by an admiring Alderman, Joshua Jonathan Smith, she fled from her creditors to Calais, where some eight months later she died on the 15th January 1818, in exile and in debt.

CHAPTER VI

James Barry as a boy—He is determined to become an artist—Exhibits in Dublin and gains the acquaintance of Edmund Burke—Is introduced by him to Sir Joshua—Studies in Italy—Quarrelsome disposition—His exchange of a hat—Returns from Italy and paints the Death of Wolfe—Benjamin West's picture of the same subject—A daring innovation—Barry refuses to exhibit at the Academy—His proposal to decorate the great room of the Society of Arts—His perseverance and reward—His exhibitions—Becomes Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy—His rudeness to Sir Joshua—His hatred of the Academicians—The thirty-nine thieves—The enterprise of John Boydell—Dissatisfied with one calling he seeks another—Walks to London—Apprentices himself at the age of twenty to an engraver—His humble beginnings as an artist—Starts as a print-seller—The first engraving he published—His great scheme to benefit art in Great Britain—Romney's hatred of portrait painting—Henry Fuseli's contributions to the Shakespeare Gallery—The career of Johann Zoffany—A painter of players—His first picture exhibited in England bought by Sir Joshua—The story of John Opie—Carpenter and genius—He finds a patron in John Wolcot—Induces Opie to try his fortunes in London—Agreement entered into between them—Sir Joshua welcomes Opie and appreciates his work—Sudden success of the latest portrait painter—Swift reaction—Pictures painted by Opie for Boydell—Sir Joshua thinks it beneath him to paint for a print-seller—Is induced to change his mind—The three pictures he contributed to the Shakespeare Gallery—Boydell's health is drunk at an Academy dinner—Failure of his great scheme and his death.

AN artist who, though like Romney he could not be considered to rival Sir Joshua, yet gave him far more trouble, was James Barry, a turbulent and irra-

tional man, who was born at Cork on the 11th October 1741. As his father, who claimed descent from the Earls of Barrymore, was the master of a little vessel trading between Ireland and England, it was intended that James should also become a sailor. The lad himself thought otherwise, and to show his dislike to such an occupation, ran away at the end of his first voyage. His detestation of the sea, his strong-willed opposition to life on a coasting trader, and his talent for drawing as shown by his sketches of heroic figures in chalk on the deck of the vessel, resulted in his father reluctantly allowing him to receive some instruction in an art which that great-girthed rough-voiced man despised. It is characteristic of the youth, that impatient of training and yielding to impulse, he soon began to cover large canvases with great subjects such as Daniel in the Lion's Den, Abraham's Sacrifice, Susanna and the Elders, which were sufficiently striking to startle beholders.

At the age of eighteen he left Cork for Dublin where he studied under an artist named West who was considered an able draughtsman ; and four years later sent to an exhibition held in the Irish capital by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, a big canvas representing the Conversion by St. Patrick of the King of Cashel. This picture bringing him into notice, gained him the acquaintance of Edmund Burke, who taking a friendly interest in his talented country-

man invited him to London. On this being accepted, Burke introduced him to Reynolds, who received the young artist kindly, invited him to his house, and gave him advice regarding his drawings. And as he thought it of supreme importance that all artists should study the works of the great masters in Italy, Reynolds suggested to him that he should visit that country. This was impossible to Barry until Edmund Burke and his cousin William, agreed to find the money necessary for the journey and for maintaining him while he lived there.

Furnished by them with letters of credit and of introduction, he left London in October 1765, without it would appear taking a final leave of one of them, for in a letter which shows the feelings of the Burkes towards him, dated the 26th of the month, William says, "Idle as it may seem, I really did not think when I left you that you would depart the next morning, and I am vexed not to have given one hearty parting squeeze. I need not say our warmest and heartiest good wishes attend you every where; I need not specify our regards by naming us separately, for we all and one love you and esteem you with one voice and heart." Passing through France, Barry settled in Rome, whence during his four years of residence he wrote letters to his patrons expressing his gratitude, describing the statues, churches, and pictures he saw, and giving details of his incessant

quarrels with his fellow students, his models, his visitors, the virtuosi, in fact with nearly everyone with whom he came into contact.

An anecdote mentioned by J. T. Smith in his biography of Joseph Nollekens the sculptor, hints not only at the terms on which he lived with his associates, but at his character. As they were leaving a café one night in Rome to take their separate ways home, Barry humorously insisted that they should exchange hats, Barry's being edged with gold lace, while Nollekens's was old and shabby. Next morning when his friend and fellow student returned Barry his hat, he asked what was the meaning of the joke, "Why to tell you the truth my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected to have been assassinated last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat."

Foreseeing that his overbearing and unhappy temperament, if not checked, would ruin his career, Edmund Burke using "that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me" wrote to warn him of his danger when the time came for his return. "Depend upon it," he said, "that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have the same effects on your interest; and be your merit what it will you

will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts; nay though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me."

Having spent four years in the capital, Barry found that his "enemies so contrived it as to make my profession of no profit to me, for which I will certainly strike a balance with them if ever they suffer me to get to England"; and therefore travelling leisurely through Italy, he returned to London in the spring of 1771. Now in his thirtieth year, he appeared a stoutly built undersized man, square-jawed and heavy-featured, the nose and mouth thick, the forehead heavily lined, the straight brows contracted, his grey eyes alone lighting and relieving a countenance that was formidable almost to repulsion. Mentally he possessed that belief in self that either makes or mars a man, a belief invariably accompanied by a fine contempt for others; while his manners were brusque, his temper irritable, and his bearing unendurable. He

dressed with an unconventionality that afforded less satisfaction to his associates than to himself.

During his stay of nearly five years in Italy he had painted two original pictures, one of which Adam and Eve, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year of his return, and failed to create the storm of approbation he expected. However in the following year he gave the public another opportunity of atoning for its want of taste, when he exhibited a whole-length picture of "Venus Rising from the Sea." The opportunity was not accepted; but his picture was the means of gaining him his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy: while in the following year he was made a full member, his contribution to the exhibition of that year being "Lear and Cordelia," and "Antiochus and Stratonice," the latter of which was bought by the Duke of Richmond. In the following year he exhibited his picture "The Death of Adonis," and in 1776 his "Death of Wolfe."

This had been painted by Barry for a special purpose. The death of this gallant soldier had already been made the subject of pictures by several artists, among them Benjamin West, who had presented his hero and those surrounding him, in uniforms such as they wore upon the occasion. As at this time actors in all heroic or tragic scenes were depicted on canvas as dressed in classic costume, no matter how recent the event which was represented, it was believed by West's

patron the Archbishop of York, that his daring innovation would inevitably ruin his reputation. So convinced was his Grace of this, that he called on Sir Joshua and explaining the danger to which West exposed himself, asked the President "to avert the misfortune by his friendly interposition."

Always ready to act a kindly part, Reynolds agreed to drive with the Archbishop to West's studio and see the picture then in a half-finished state, and having looked at it with attention began, as West states, "a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every attempt at innovation necessarily incurred of repulse or ridicule; and he concluded with urging me earnestly to adopt the classic costume of antiquity, as much more becoming the inherent greatness of my subject than the modern garb of war." When he had finished, West in language equally inflated, pointed out to him that the picture represented an event that had happened in September 1758, at a place unknown to Greeks or Romans, and at a period when neither one nor the other wore classic costume; and that the same accuracy which should be used by the historian in describing it, should also be adopted in depicting it on canvas. At the same time he expressed himself as so impressed by the friendship shown him by the Archbishop and the President, that, he said, if on seeing the picture when finished,

they still continued to object to it, "I will consign it to the closet, whatever may be my own opinion of the execution."

When next they saw it in its complete stage, Sir Joshua confessed that West had treated the subject in the only way it should be painted, and that the picture would cause a revolution in art—a prediction that was fulfilled. On its being exhibited at the Royal Academy, it created a sensation because of its daring innovation which was considered ridiculous and unscholarly by the critics. Word of this reaching the King, who having no opinions of his own on art was obliged to accept those of others, he on seeing West, regretted that he had lost sight of the dignity of his subject by painting heroes in coats, breeches, and cocked hats. On that West told him of the visit paid him by the Archbishop of York and by Sir Joshua and its results, hearing which His Majesty said, "I wish I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor getting the picture, but you shall make a copy for me."

In order to show the public how foolishly they had wasted their admiration of West's picture, and how superior was his own work, Barry then painted the same subject, not clothing his figures in either ancient or modern costume, but presenting them in the nude. That the work utterly failed to gain the attention and admiration to which he felt it was entitled, grievously

disappointed his envious spirit; but this result was attributed by him not so much to the stupidity and ignorance of the public, as to the mysteriously exercised malevolence of the President and members of the Royal Academy, for whom from this time he felt a bitter grudge. To punish them he refused ever after to send his work to their exhibitions.

As however he was inordinately ambitious, he was anxious to prove himself a great historical painter; and on a scheme of the Academicians to decorate the large room of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Science, and Agriculture, which now had its home in John Street, Adelphi, having fallen through, Barry volunteered to undertake gratuitously the work, providing he was allowed to select his own subjects and to be supplied with canvas, paint, and models necessary for the task. His offer being accepted he began this giant labour in July 1777, at a time when he had but sixteen shillings in the world, and when to buy himself oatmeal for the porridge he lived on, he was obliged, after working all day, to sit down at night to make sketches or engravings for the booksellers which would bring him a few shillings. The subjects he painted were, "Orpheus reciting his verses to the wild inhabitants of Thrace"; "A Grecian Harvest Home"; "The Victors at Olympia"; "The Triumph of the Thames"; "The Final Retribution"; and "The Society distributing their prizes."

His work, which he believed in the beginning would take two years, extended over seven, during which he lived in great poverty, his meals poor, insufficient, and irregular ; his clothes almost in rags, his appearance unkempt and wild. Many of his colleagues—with that kindness of heart common to those of their profession—who would not be turned from him by his ungracious manner, his suspicions of their envy, his unwashed appearance, often begged him to dine with them ; but when he agreed to accept their hospitality, he would at the end of the meal, calmly place upon the table a sum varying from fourteen to eighteen pence, according to his estimate of its cost. Once when he acted in this way to young William Beechey, the latter humorously said that fifteen pence did not pay for the wine as well as the food, when Barry quite seriously and rather angrily exclaimed "Shu, shu, if you can't afford it why do you give it ? Artists have no business with wine."

The committee of the Society of Arts seeing his need granted him sums at various times that amounted to two hundred and fifty guineas, together with their gold medal, and permission to exhibit his pictures on two occasions for his own benefit. Both exhibitions were successful, the latter held in 1783, attracting over six thousand five hundred visitors among whom were Jonas Hanway—then considered so eccentric that he was usually followed by jeering crowds because he

was the first Englishman to carry an umbrella—who having seen Barry's pictures, demanded to have his entrance fee of a shilling returned to him, which was no sooner done than he gave a guinea in its place. By these exhibitions Barry realized over five hundred pounds; so that altogether he received a trifle over a hundred a year for his seven years' hard labour in decorating the great room of the Society of Arts.

Lest in course of time his pictures should perish by fire or damp and leave no trace of their genius behind, Barry decided to etch them and to offer such reproductions for sale to subscribers. Many of those interested in him endeavoured to find him purchasers, among them Nollekens the sculptor, who as Barry entered his studio one day called out to him, "Well, Jem, I have been very successful for you this week; do you know I have procured you three more subscribers to your prints from the 'Delphi pictures"; in answer to which Barry, without a smile or word of thanks, flew into a violent passion, as J. T. Smith who was present at the moment tells us, "and uttering the coarsest imprecations of which he possessed a boundless variety, bade him attend in future to his own business and not to solicit subscriptions to his works; adding that if the nobility wanted his works they knew where he was to be found, and that they might come to him, he wanted no little jackanapes to go between him and those who ought to apply at once

to the principal. And all this bombast was because Nollekens had declared his success in the presence of his workmen in the studio. Had he received the information in his parlour all would have been well and he would have pocketed the money as he had done frequently before."

Though on Barry's return from Italy, Sir Joshua had welcomed him to his home and to his table, had praised his work, encouraged him, and was instrumental in having him elected a member of the Academy, yet in a little while this erratic man who pretended to despise portrait painting as a branch of art inferior to that he practised, came to hate the President because of his position, of his prosperity, of his house, his coach, his distinguished friends, and of the affection in which he was held by Edmund Burke and his brother, with whom Barry soon quarrelled. But apart from his envy of Sir Joshua as a private individual, he also detested him as the President of an Institution for which he had a violent dislike, and of which he could never bring himself to speak well. He was too conscientious however to allow his individual prejudices to interfere with his opportunities of serving art; so that when in 1782, Edward Penny, having married a wealthy wife, resigned his Professorship of Painting to the Royal Academy, Barry applied for and obtained this position which enabled him to vent his views and draw a salary of

thirty pounds a year. His new office obliged him to deliver lectures to the students, but as twelve months passed and the first of these had not been given, the President ventured to remind him of his duty, when clenching his hands he shouted out, "If I had only to produce such poor stuff as your Discourses, I should have had my work ready to read long ago"; at which after staring at him in amazement, Sir Joshua turned away without a word.

When in the year following that of his appointment as Professor of Painting to the Academy, he held his second exhibition of the pictures in the great room of the Society of Arts, he published a descriptive catalogue of them, in the preface to which reference was made to the Institution of which he was an officer. In this he said that he had begun his work then on exhibition, without a patron, fortune, or encouragement, without wages to subsist on, and with no other assistance save what he might derive from occasional commissions that came in his way; yet "with only these to rely on, and with a clear foresight of the many vexatious delays and difficulties that would naturally happen, as well as of the underhand malevolent attentions from a certain quarter which had continually followed me, and which I well knew would not be wanting industriously to embroil and embitter matters on this occasion, I have to thank God for it that in the main the work went on pleasantly enough,

and would have been long since finished could I have given my whole time to it."

Eventually when he delivered his lectures, the students were treated to criticisms on art which mainly dwelt on the ridiculous achievements of his fellow Academicians who, it might be gathered, were in general a poor set of creatures, vain, incompetent, ignorant, mercenary, and perhaps worse if the truth was known. What his views were of their honesty may be gathered from the fact that when he believed his house had been broken into and a sum of money stolen from it, he immediately printed a notice which he pasted outside the front door, making known to the public his discovery that the real culprits were none other than the thirty-nine Academicians. And lest the true character and secret actions of these abandoned persons might still remain unrevealed to the students of the Academy, Barry in his next lecture to them said, "My house was broken open and robbed of a considerable sum which I had provided to purchase the lease of a house where I wished, quietly and retired, to carry on another work for the public, about which I had been for some time engaged. What aggravated the matter still more was, that I had good reason to be assured that this robbery was not committed by mere thieves, but by some limbs of a motley shameless combination, some of whom passed for my friends, who well knew what I was about, and

wanted to interrupt and prevent it by stripping me of the necessary means of carrying it on." It is but just to say, by way of clearing the characters of the Academicians, that the money of which he supposed himself to have been robbed, was subsequently found by him where it had been hidden by himself and forgotten. Ever afterwards he carried about him whatever sums he possessed.

As Barry despised portrait painting as an inferior branch of the painter's art, and delighted to cover large canvases with historical figures or subjects from great poems, he was delighted with the enterprise of John Boydell, who by his commissions to English artists to paint pictures illustrating Shakespeare's works, which were afterwards reproduced and sold by subscription, did more to encourage a taste for art in this country than the patronage of any other individual no matter how exalted.

This remarkable man who was born at Dorrington, Shropshire, in 1719, followed his father's calling as a land surveyor until his twenty-first year; when no longer able to endure so uncongenial an occupation and desiring to follow some branch of art, he left his native town and walked to London. It is characteristic of his pluck that he at once entered himself as a student in the St. Martin's Lane Academy, and apprenticed himself to Toms, the well-known engraver. In a short time he began to engrave sets of tiny

landscapes which he induced the toy-sellers to exhibit in their windows and sell for sixpence; and later he drew and engraved views in and around London and Oxford for which he charged a shilling. The first of their kind seen in England, they became popular and eventually brought him sufficient money to enable him to purchase his freedom from a master to whom he had already served six long years.

He then started in business for himself as a print-seller and publisher of engravings; his first venture of importance in the latter direction being Richard Wilson's Niobe which was reproduced by that excellent engraver William Woollett. At a time when a good copperplate engraving was a rarity in England, it was eagerly bought, its sale at five shillings bringing John Boydell a profit of two thousand pounds. Two years later he published another picture by the same artist and engraver, which had even a wider popularity, and that sold in large numbers abroad as well as at home. With such encouragement he ventured to publish excellent plates after pictures by Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and West, which he found were greatly appreciated not only by purchasers throughout Great Britain, but on the Continent; so that according to a statement made in the House of Lords by the Earl of Suffolk in 1790, by this branch of art, a revenue that at one time

exceeded two hundred thousand pounds per annum, was brought into England.

One reward of Boydell's great prosperity was that he was made Lord Mayor of London in 1785; a year in which it occurred to him to undertake a project of immense importance to English art, and of considerable profit to English artists. This was to issue a superb edition of Shakespeare's plays illustrated by engravings of pictures specially painted for the work by famous English artists; a gallery for the exhibition of which was to be built in Pall Mall. According to its instigator, this scheme was not entered into for the gaining of profit, so much as to prove, not only to foreigners but to English aristocratic patrons of art, the falsity of their rooted belief that British artists were incapable of producing pictures of merit, representing poetic or historic subjects. This idea of Boydell's was hailed with delight by many artists, but perhaps by none with such satisfaction as Romney, to whom according to his biographer the suggestion was due; for like so many eminent men he, failing to recognize the branch of his art in which he excelled, cursed portrait painting. "How I am shackled with it," he wrote to Hayley in February 1787. "I am determined to live frugally that I may enable myself to cut it short as soon as I am tolerably independent, and then give my mind up to those delightful regions of imagination."

In his eagerness to paint works of imagination for Boydell, Romney offered to accept for his pictures "Prospero and Miranda"; "Troilus and Cressida"; and "The Infant Shakespeare attended by Nature and the Passions," a price that the tradesman eagerly agreed to, but which he did not dare to offer for works of the same size and manner, to West or others of lesser merit; hearing which Romney was deeply offended. Among the first to whom Boydell gave commissions for his Shakespeare Gallery was Henry Fuseli. This artist's powers of depicting weird and mystic scenes peopled by grotesque and horrible figures, convulsive in their actions, ghastly in their colouring, and often extravagant in their design—especially as seen in such works as "Satan and Ithuriel," "The Nightmare," "The Weird Sisters," "The Mandrake," etc., which had won for him the title of Principal Hobgoblin Painter to His Satanic Majesty—were now employed to paint such pictures as "The Witches in Macbeth"; "The Ghost appearing to Hamlet"; "Lear dismissing Cordelia"; "Henry IV and the Conspirators"; "Prospero," etc. That these, or indeed any productions of his, failed to gain popularity, was a source of amazement to their painter, who humbly confessed he could not account for such obtuseness "in a country which had appreciated Shakespeare and Milton."

The admiration denied to his eccentric genius was freely given to Benjamin West, who continued to

cover large canvases with Scriptural or historical subjects, peopled with figures which as Northcote said, "Even the best of them look as if cut out of wood," and treated in a cumbersome commonplace manner which appealed to the public. A painting that brought him wide admiration, and that was described as "a most beautiful picture," represented two of the royal children who had died. "The composition," writes Mrs. Robert Strange, "is an angel in the clouds; the first child sitting by the angel and the other a most sweet youth looking up; there are two cherubs in the top, and a view of Windsor at the bottom." An artist who could produce such work as this, was bound to be secured for a gallery that was formed to please the British public; and accordingly he painted for Boydell a scene from "King Lear," and another from "Hamlet," with all his accustomed ponderosity.

An artist of greater merit and interest whom Boydell also desired to employ, was Johann Zoffany, the son of an architect, a Bohemian by birth who had settled in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his distinguished son was born in 1735. The early bent of the boy was shown at the age of thirteen when he ran away to Italy that he might study art at the fountain head. Only when he had reached Rome and believed himself safely beyond recall, did he send news of his whereabouts to his family. On his father obtaining a letter to a cardinal, recommending Johann to his

Eminence's care, the lad was lodged in the monastery of the Buon' Fratelli, and given every opportunity to study, of which he made excellent use during the twelve years he spent in Italy.

At the end of that time he returned to Germany and strove to establish himself as a portrait painter in Coblentz ; but meeting with little success he came to England. On arriving in London poor and friendless, he lodged in a garret in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane. For a while his efforts to gain employment as a painter of drapery and backgrounds were unsuccessful, and he might have starved had he not gained the good will of a fellow lodger, Bellodi, a light-hearted Italian whose trade it was to prick cylinders for musical clocks, to whose tunes mechanical figures frolicked, danced, ate and drank with all the merriment of the soulless. To the maker of these clocks, a Swiss named Rimbault, a man who was as charitable as ingenious, Bellodi mentioned that a foreigner like themselves, and a clever artist, went hungry for want of work, when Rimbault asked that the man might be brought to him, and then gave such employment as he could offer to Zoffany ; that of painting the mechanical figures and supplying them with a background suitable to their characters and antics.

This was gladly accepted by Zoffany, who in gratitude and to show what he could do, made a sketch of his master, which so delighted the latter that he intro-

duced him to an artist named Benjamin Wilson, who though he could paint faces and hands fairly well, was unable to draw a figure; a detail which did not prevent him from being a fashionable portrait painter earning fifteen hundred a year. To supply his own deficiencies he engaged Johann Zoffany at a salary of forty pounds a year, on the condition that his work was to remain unacknowledged. Among the people of fashion or distinction who at this time came to Benjamin Wilson's studio in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, were David Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy, who were being painted by him as Romeo and Juliet. On this picture being finished, the correct drawing and harmonious colouring struck many as being above the average merit of Wilson's abilities; and David Garrick suspecting that another hand was concerned in it, determined to find out whose it was. On doing so he congratulated Zoffany, introduced him to various friends, and gave him every opportunity to paint a scene from "The Alchymist," in which he with two other actors, Palmer and Burton, appeared. This picture, the first its artist exhibited in England, was immediately purchased by Sir Joshua at the price asked for it; but on Lord Carlisle offering Reynolds twenty guineas more than he had paid for it, the original purchaser accepted and sent the additional sum to Zoffany, saying, "he thought the picture had been sold at first below its real value."

From that time forward success attended Zoffany. And as it was seen that his strength lay in dramatic portraiture, he soon had many commissions to paint the leading players of the day in the characters for which they were famous. Many of these pictures now hang in the Garrick Club. He also executed portraits of people of rank and fashion, and received a royal command to paint their Majesties with eight of their children in one picture. To his brush is also due the portraits of thirty-six of the Academicians assembled in the life school, engravings of which may sometimes be met with. So excellent was his work, that soon after the establishment of the Academy he was elected as one of its members. His ability above all his contemporaries to portray stage scenes, singled him out as one who was specially fitted to paint representations from Shakespeare's plays, but Zoffany's visits to Italy and to India prevented his undertaking such commissions, and the only picture of his included in the Shakespeare Gallery, was a portrait of George Steevens, editor of the edition of the poet's works which Boydell issued.

Two other artists of note at this period who were employed by Boydell, were John Opie and James Northcote. The latter whose early career and apprenticeship have been spoken of already, had visited and returned from Italy in 1781; when on being welcomed by his former master he was told that he had little

chance of succeeding as a portrait painter, for the town was then mad after "the Cornish boy" John Opie. Depressed by this statement, Northcote asked what the young artist was like, "Like, like Caravaggio but finer," replied Sir Joshua, who was probably jesting, though his hearer took him to be in earnest, and as he says was ready to sink into the earth.

It is possible that Opie owed his sudden notoriety as much to the romantic circumstances surrounding his career as to his undoubted ability. The son of a struggling carpenter living within a few miles of Truro, he was born in 1761, and from his earliest years showed himself an intelligent child. When barely twelve, he opened an evening school and taught writing, reading, and arithmetic to pupils, some of whom were double his age. Fate selected a simple means to point his future way; for while serving as an apprentice to his father, he one day passed through the dining-room of a gentleman's house at which they were working, and saw for the first time a painting hanging on the wall. The picture which an ordinary boy would have passed unnoticed, fascinated him, and he remained staring at it in open-mouthed amazement until found there by his father, who roundly abused him for wasting his time.

Hard words fell unheeded on the ears of a youth who had in his heart the joy and wonder of a great discovery. As soon as possible he bought canvas,

paint, and brushes, and from the vision lying within him reproduced an imitation of the picture. His next attempt at art was to paint the portraits of kinsfolk and neighbours, an occupation that brought upon him the wrath of his honest wooden-headed father, who saw in it temptation to idleness and wickedness that must end in beggary and damnation. Fortunately for young Opie, he was encouraged in his efforts by an uncle, and later by a man of much originality and some ability. This was John Wolcot, who before he had reached his thirtieth year had acted as physician to his relative Sir William Trelawny, Governor of Jamaica. From this island Wolcot returned in haste that he might be ordained; not that he felt suddenly called to an apostolic mission, but because a valuable living in the gift of the Governor was soon to become vacant. Having with difficulty persuaded the Bishop of London of his fitness for holy orders and received them, he returned to Jamaica to find the coveted living in possession of one as greedy as himself for the loaves and fishes. An appointment more fitting was found for him when he was made physician in general to the army on the island, when with little reluctance he abandoned his clerical profession never again to resume it. He prospered until 1773; then disappointments fell to his share when Sir William died, and later still when Sir William's well-dowered widow, whom Wolcot had hoped to marry, also insisted on dying.

He then set up as a doctor at Truro, where he took a house on the Green ; but patients had little confidence in a man who wrote verses, played music, and painted pictures ; while his professional brethren looked askance on one so shamelessly honest as to say doctors could do little for the sick save to watch nature and "give her a shove on the back if they saw her inclined to do right." With those who were healthy themselves and who desired health in others, this squat-figured man with his heavy dark face was popular ; for his conversation was delightful to all who did not fall under its satire ; his verses were witty and shrewd, as many an Academician was to learn ; while at a dinner table—the wine being good—he could startle the pompous and enliven the dull.

Meeting John Opie when he was in his fifteenth year, Wolcot was immediately struck by the promise of his genius, took him into his own house, set him to copy his pictures, and gave him instruction and advice. Opie then gave up his trade as a carpenter to become a travelling portrait painter ; much to the grief and anger of his father, until the eventful day came when the lad who had left his home in fustian and coarse linen, returned to it in a skirted coat, fine ruffles, silk stockings, and laced hat, and presented his mother with twenty guineas, when the miraculous power of gold to change the human mind was once more proved.

Lack of practice and plenitude of quarrels, determined Wolcot to leave Truro and settle in Helston, in 1779; but here he met with as little success as a medical practitioner, though by a skit called "An Epistle to the Reviewers," dealing with the flagrant puffery of the incompetent by the needy, he gained some reputation. This success made him long to leave the country and settle in the more congenial capital; but his wish was not carried out until he had induced Opie—who meantime had been gaining experience as a travelling portrait painter—to accompany him. An agreement was then entered into between them, by which in return for introducing the artist by his personal influence, his notes in the news sheets, and his laudatory verses, Wolcot was to have an equal share in Opie's earnings. And lest this might seem preposterous even to a youth of twenty, who knowing little of life placed faith in men, half the profits coming from his patron's literary labours were guaranteed to him.

Together they arrived in London in the spring of 1781, when Wolcot, better known under his nom de plume of Peter Pindar, began to puff Opie in the press, and make him known to many artists and persons of social consideration. Through the influence of one of these he was brought under the notice of the King, who bought a picture from him and gave him a commission for a portrait. This attracted the attention

of the world of fashion, to one of whose uninstructed genius and simple ways it had already heard interesting details. As a result commissions poured in on him. Unsophisticated as he was, the terms of his bargain with Wolcot appeared unfair, and by the end of his first year in London he brought it to an end, when leaving the house where they both had lodged, he took rooms in Orange Court, Castle Street, Leicester Fields, not far from Sir Joshua. The latter, on Opie being introduced to him, had received him with friendliness and interest, praised his work, given advice, and asked him to exhibit at the Academy. This he did for the first time in 1782, when the public at large had an opportunity of seeing examples of his freedom and strength of execution, his deep and sober feeling, and his general spaciousness of treatment, in "A Country Boy and Girl"; "A Beggar in an Armenian Dress"; and "An Old Woman."

The attention these gained from critics and connoisseurs instantly made him the rage, so that his studio was crowded from morning till evening by members of the highest nobility, eager to have their portraits painted by him; and for a while no other painter was spoken of or commissioned by people of fashion save one, Richard Cosway, who as he was chiefly employed as a miniature painter could scarcely be said to have been his rival. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cosway was the son of a schoolmaster, and

like him also a native of Devonshire, Tiverton being the place in which he was born in 1740. On his arrival in town as a lad, he followed in Reynolds's footsteps by becoming a pupil of Thomas Hudson. Soon after the establishment of the Royal Academy he entered its school as a pupil, when in the following year he was elected an Associate, and barely twelve months later a full Academician. The pictures which he contributed to its exhibitions, "Venus and Cupid"; "Madonna and Child"; "Psyche"; "Cupid"; "St. John," etc. were all idealized portraits of his distinguished sitters.

It was however as a miniature painter in both oil and water colour that he succeeded best; that is to the entire satisfaction of those who sat to him, and who in return had exquisitely delicate and graceful portraits presented to them, of whose striking likeness they who were the best judges on the point were convinced, though their conviction was not always shared by their friends. The gift, invaluable to a painter, of being able to see his patrons as they saw themselves, met with its just reward, for commissions rained on him, and gained him among other notable patrons the Prince of Wales, who employed him to paint many portraits of himself and of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and who is said to have paid him ten thousand pounds in a single year. In 1781, he married Maria Cecilia Louisa Hadfield, the daughter of an Irishman who was the

proprietor of an hotel at Leghorn. A woman of many attractions she exhibited at the Academy, pictures which were painted almost as well as those of her husband, who did not permit her to employ this gift professionally. She also sang charmingly, and in the great drawing-room of the residence she had persuaded her husband to take—the central portion of Schomberg House, Pall Mall—she gave delightful concerts which were crowded by the highest nobility.

At these she took a prominent part as did also Signor Luigi Marchese, an Italian tenor of great reputation whose portrait Cosway painted, and whom she further honoured by selecting him as her companion in a prolonged tour which she made of her native land. On becoming weary of travelling she returned to London and to her husband, and once more gathered to her house, now filled with mementoes of her delightful tour, that most miserable portion of humanity which has been ironically labelled the gay world. From this it will be judged that Richard Cosway was a philosopher, but not satisfied with that he claimed to be something more. Born a Swedenborgian, he declared he had powers like those possessed by the founder of his religion, and he would sometimes repeat discussions of intense interest that had been held between himself and such visitors as Dante, Marcus Aurelius, or Apelles.

From Schomberg House he removed to a mansion

then considered one of the finest in town, which stood at the corner of Stratford Place, Oxford Street, and the entrance to which was ornamented with sculptured lions, that were eventually the cause of his leaving it; not that he believed they held familiar conversation with him, but because of satirical verses in which they figured and that said:

> When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
> 'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;
> But here the old custom reversed is seen,
> For the lion's without and the monkey's within.

With more wealth than he needed, with a house furnished with famous pictures, ancient armour, and old tapestries, he enjoyed his elegant leisure and soon came to consider it a favour for him to paint a portrait even at an extravagant price; a condition of affairs that continued until he was disabled from further work by a paralytic stroke in his right arm and hand; when as we are told "his only consolation was in the tender solicitude of his wife." He had entered his eightieth year when on the 4th of July, 1821, he died. His devoted wife considering her talents and experiences best suited her to train young ladies, established at Lodi, a college for that purpose, that prospered greatly.

Richard Cosway was more fortunate than John Opie in enjoying a continuance of the favour and patronage lavished on him. With him it lasted but about two years when unexpectedly, unaccountably, came a re-

action as swift and decisive as that which Vandyck had suffered from the ancestors of the same patrons; for, as James Northcote tells us, "in a very little space of time, that capricious public who had so violently admired and employed Opie when he first appeared and was a novelty among them, and was in reality only the embryo of a painter, yet when he had proved himself to be a real artist, left him with disgust because he was no longer a novelty. They now looked out for his defects alone and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten; and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street where he lived so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighbourhood, so that as he jestingly observed to me, he thought he must place cannon at his door to keep the multitude off from it, he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his house had been infected with the plague. Such is the world."

Though it might be imagined that his sudden success would have bewildered this Cornish lad, yet it did not turn his head. From its coming so swiftly he had surmised that it would end abruptly, and instead of railing at a whimsical world, he employed the plentiful leisure now at his command, not only to correct certain defects in his work of which he was well aware, but to educate himself. Knowing his manners were rough and crude he went among company which taught him

to amend them ; and while at home, read not only the best samples of English literature he could find, but set himself to learn French and Latin.

The result of study, experiment, and experience were soon evident in his work which now included historic subjects, two of which, "The Assassination of David Rizzio," and "The Murder of James I of Scotland," were bought by John Boydell, and presented by him to the City of London. They now hang in the Guildhall. These pictures which attracted much notice were chiefly instrumental in gaining Opie his election as an Academician in 1787. They also brought him commissions from the projector of the Shakespeare Gallery, for which he painted "Antigonus Sworn to Destroy Perdita"; "Arthur Supplicating Hubert"; and "Juliet on her Bed surrounded by the Capulets." Once more he began to win the notice of the town, and it is possible he might have regained his old popularity had length of days been given him. In his brief life of forty-six years, other and more intimate experiences than those connected with his gain and loss of popularity, were given him ; for his first wife ran away from and was divorced by him, while his second wife, who became famous as a novelist, brought him perfect happiness. He died in his house No. 8 Berners Street, Oxford Street, on the 9th of April 1807.

On establishing his Shakespeare Gallery, Boydell

naturally considered it essential that he should secure contributions to it from the President of the Royal Academy; but Sir Joshua was unwilling to accept commissions from him, as he thought it degrading to art to paint for a printseller. Boydell however who did not despair of including him among his contributors, sent the editor of his edition of Shakespeare, George Steevens, to persuade Sir Joshua that his aid would greatly help to establish at home and abroad the credit of English art which he had so much at heart. This argument was considerably strengthened by a bank bill for five hundred pounds which was slipped into Sir Joshua's hand. There and then a picture was promised. Three were eventually painted by Reynolds for the Shakespeare Gallery, the first being "Puck or Robin Goodfellow," for which he received a hundred guineas. Later, Samuel Rogers the banker poet gave two hundred and five guineas for it, while later still Lord Fitzwilliam bought it for nine hundred and eighty guineas. The second was "Macbeth and the Witches," for which Northcote said that "the visionary and awful effect produced both in the conception and background of this picture, is certainly without a parallel in the world, its novelty and its excellence bid defiance to all future attempts at rivalry." For this Boydell paid one thousand guineas, though it was afterwards sold for three hundred and seventy-eight guineas;

and eventually in 1807, for four hundred and ten guineas to Lord Egremont, in whose place at Petworth it hangs. Here also is "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort," the third picture painted by Sir Joshua for Boydell, who gave him five hundred guineas for it, and for which Lord Egremont paid five hundred and thirty-five guineas in 1805.

A man so enterprising in his views, so liberal in his payments as John Boydell, must have gained the admiration and gratitude of artists; yet it was not from one of them for whom he did so much, that the suggestion came of a signal honour paid him, which he often remembered and spoke of. This happened at the Academy dinner of 1789, at which he was a guest, seated at the far end of a table at the head of which was the Prince of Wales. For his right-hand neighbour Boydell had Edmund Burke, who becoming impatient of the conventional toasts which left unmentioned one to whom the President, his colleagues, and the nation were deeply indebted, wrote on a slip of paper the words, "This end of the table, at which as there are many admirers of the art there are many friends of yours, wishes to drink an English tradesman who patronizes the art better than the Grand Monarque of France; Alderman Boydell the Commercial Mæcenas." This was dispatched to Reynolds, who having read the note handed it to the Prince, who immediately asked to have the sugges-

tion carried out, when Boydell's health was drunk to the delight of many and with the applause of all.

Self-raised, rich, honoured, and respected, it might have been thought that Boydell had tasted that gift of the gods so rarely given to mortals—perfect happiness; but this was not the case; for Northcote strikes a note of human nature by telling us, that on congratulating him on his success in life, while riding with him one day in his fine coach, Boydell replied, "Ah, there was one who would have been pleased at it, but her I have lost." Sad to relate his spirited enterprise, successful for a time, ultimately failed. This was owing chiefly to the French Revolution, which stopping his export ruined his foreign trade on which he had depended more than on his sales in Great Britain for his prosperity. Seeing himself involved by debts, his first thought was to pay them. For this purpose he disposed by sale and lottery of the pictures in the Shakespeare Gallery, which it had been his intention to leave to the nation. To dispose of his property by lottery, required the sanction of Parliament, and on applying for this he stated that in promoting the commerce of the fine arts in this country, he had expended over three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The desired permission was granted him: and in the announcement of his lottery he declared that the plates from which the prize prints were taken, cost no less than three hundred

thousand pounds. Twenty-two thousand tickets were issued and sold, but before the lottery was held he had died on the 12th December 1804, at his house in Cheapside. His last hours were cheered by the assurance that the sale of the tickets had secured the payment of his debts.

CHAPTER VII

David Garrick prepares to leave the stage—Sale of Drury Lane patent—His farewell performances—His illness and death—Sir Joshua's unassuming manner and kindly nature—Unspoiled by success—His manner towards his distinguished sitters—His portrait of Sarah Siddons—The days of her girlhood—Her love and her early marriage—She is recommended to David Garrick—Her appearance at Drury Lane—Returns to the provinces—How Liverpool treated strolling players—Her second visit to London and her marvellous success—Her sittings to Sir Joshua for the Tragic Muse—Subsequent history of the picture—Sir Joshua paints the Duchess of Devonshire—His portrait of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan—The wooing of Elizabeth Linley—Sir Joshua's letter about the St. Cecilia picture—Frances Reynolds leaves her brother's house—Her letters—The girlhood of Fanny Burney—Writing by stealth—How Evelina came to be published—Its wonderful success—The secret whispered by her father—She meets Dr. Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's—Is introduced to Sir Joshua—An evening at the painter's house—Becomes keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte—She sees Sir Joshua again.

AMONG the social events of the day none interested Sir Joshua more than the retirement from the stage of his old friend David Garrick. As the latter was now in his sixtieth year, as he had amassed a large fortune, had for some time suffered from gout and kindred diseases, as well as from the feuds of discontented authors, and as above all he had been plagued by the jealousies, bickerings, and tempers of

his three leading actresses, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and Miss Young, he determined to resign his management and to quit the stage that he might enjoy the peace and rest never to be found in his profession. On its becoming known that he was willing to sell his share in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre, many were anxious to purchase it, and it was ultimately sold jointly to three individuals notable in various ways; the first of whom was Richard Brinsley Sheridan then a young man of five-and-twenty, who in January 1775, had produced his play "The Rivals," and in the same year gave to the stage his comic opera "The Duenna," long remembered for its song "Had I a Heart for Falsehood Framed"; the second being Tom Linley, his brother-in-law, a musician who had written the lyrics in "The Duenna"; while the third was Richard Ford, destined to become the predecessor—in the affections of Mrs. Jordan—of William Duke of Clarence, afterwards the Sailor King. The sale was finally effected on the 24th of June 1776, when Sheridan and Linley paid ten thousand pounds each, and Richard Ford fifteen thousand.

In January of that year David Garrick began his series of farewell performances which included the playing of all his great parts, and that were continued until the following June. To these the town crowded in vast numbers, a double row of carriages lining the

way from Holborn to the Strand; hackney chairs waiting their turn to deliver their occupants, standing all round the Piazza of Covent Garden and down Southampton Street; crowds blocking the pit and gallery doors, patient under crush and suffocation, and determined to see while it was possible, the greatest actor England had seen or might see. By turns he played tragedy and comedy to houses crammed from floor to ceiling, the boxes of the first circle filled by men and women of the highest rank, the King himself attending one performance; the pit packed by members of the learned professions, among whom sat Sir Joshua ear-trumpet in hand; the second circle overflowing with tradespeople; while above were the common people; all classes hanging upon the great actor's words, laughing or crying as he willed, frenzied with admiration, enthusiastically liberal in their applause.

His final performance was given on the 10th of June (1776) when he appeared as Felix, in "The Wonder; A Woman Keeps a Secret," which had long been a popular favourite. The struggle to obtain admission to this historic performance had come close to tragedy; not only women but men being carried away insensible from the doors of the theatre at which they had waited for many hours. Watchful, eager, and excited to the verge of hysterics, those who had gained admission to see Garrick's last perform-

ance, laughed till they sobbed over the well-known but ever fresh antics and sayings of Felix. Then the curtain having fallen on the final act amid a storm of applause, they waited for the inevitable parting, anxious to share in it, sad that it should have come. The house remained some minutes in expectancy, waving its fans and rustling its skirts; talking, mopping its humid face with handkerchiefs; rising and sitting restlessly, until at last David Garrick stepped forward and bowed "with much palpitation of mind and visible emotion in his countenance."

When at last the cheers that greeted him had subsided, he told his audience that it had been his intention to address them in a farewell epilogue, but he had found himself as incapable of writing it as he was then of speaking it. "The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings," he said. "This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed." At that tears choked him, the faces raised to his became a blurred mass; but quickly recovering himself he continued by saying that no matter what changes his future life might bring, the deepest impression of the kindness he had received from the public would ever remain fixed and unalterable in his heart; and in conclusion

added, "I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have; but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your humble servant." Again and again he was recalled by those who were unwilling to part with him, and who were desirous to show him their affection and admiration, many of whom saw him bow to them again and again through mists of tears.

Though David Garrick from this time retired into private life, he could not bring himself to sever all connexion with the stage, and he was ever willing to give the benefit of his experience to the new managers, to write epilogues or prologues for plays, to instruct young actors in his old parts, and generally to keep in touch with his former fascinating calling. Nor did his friends see less of him than before, for he continually dined or supped with them, entertained them at his house in the Adelphi or his suburban residence at Hampton, and visited them in the country. It was while he and his wife were spending the Christmas of 1778, with John first Earl Spencer that he was attacked by his old disorder which was accompanied by shingles. As soon as it was thought safe for him to travel he returned to his London residence No. 5 Adelphi Terrace which he reached on the 15th of January 1779. On the following day he sent for

Lawrence the apothecary who had long been in the habit of attending him, and who on hearing of his symptoms cheerfully assured him he had no cause for alarm. Next day on finding himself worse he summoned Dr. Cadogan who took a more serious view of his ailments which he suspected to arise from disease of the kidneys. Other doctors and surgeons now volunteered to give him the benefit of their skill; Garrick's estimate of which may be gathered from his reference to them; for on hearing voices in the room next to his one day when he woke from a brief sleep, and being told they were those of certain physicians who had come to offer their advice, he smiled and murmured,

> Another and another still succeeds;
> And the last fool is welcome as the former.

It may have been that because he refused their entreaties to be operated on, he had faith in his own recovery, for only two days before his death he said to his attendant, "Well, Tom, I shall do very well yet and make amends for all this trouble." The end came to him quite painlessly on the morning of the 20th of January 1779, in his sixty-third year, much to the sorrow of his friends, but to none more than to Reynolds and Johnson, the latter of whom, on hearing of his demise, said, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless

pleasure." Twelve days later, on the 1st February 1779, David Garrick's remains were carried in solemn state to Westminster Abbey. Though the time for the funeral was fixed for one o'clock, yet for hours earlier, Adelphi Terrace and the streets leading to it were packed by dense crowds; while long before the procession started, the windows and roofs of the houses lining the way from the Strand to the Abbey were thronged. Nothing that could add to the impressiveness of the funeral was neglected. Headed by a company of the Guards, and by porters with staves, and attended by twelve pages and twelve horsemen with cloaks, the body was followed by the chief mourner Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his train bearers; then came the coaches of the clergy and of physicians; of the representatives of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres; of his brothers and his nephews; of the Literary Club which among others held Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Charles James Fox, George Colman, and Edmund Burke; and finally came the coaches of the nobility, gentry, and professional men all of whom had been friends of the deceased. The remains were met at the western door of the Abbey by the Dean and Chapter with attendant choristers, and conveyed to Poets' Corner, where they were laid at the foot of Shakespeare's statue; the Bishop of Rochester reading the burial service, parts of which were sung by the choir to

Purcell's impressive music. Fifteen hundred pounds was spent upon this spectacle, one hundred guineas of which went to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey.

Dying worth about one hundred thousand pounds, he left his brother George ten, and his brother Peter three thousand pounds; six thousand pounds each to his two nieces; six and five thousand respectively to his two nephews; three thousand pounds to his sister; and six thousand to his wife together with an annuity of fifteen hundred a year and his houses at Hampton and Adelphi Terrace, with all their pictures, plate, and furniture. It may be mentioned that his well-endowed and disconsolate widow—beloved by him since the days when she had danced to admiration in the Covent Garden ballet, and who from that day to her last preserved her penurious habits, foreign accent, and love of swearing—did not approve of spending a sum sufficient to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory; neither did the relatives he had enriched, nor yet the nation that so loudly deplored his loss; so that the place where he rested remained unmarked for about twenty years, and until ashamed of such neglect, a friend of his Albany Wallis, at a cost of nearly a thousand pounds, placed above his grave the monument by Webber, which represents Garrick in a theatrical attitude standing between Tragedy and Comedy.

No matter what events, joyful or sorrowful, might happen in his circle, Sir Joshua continued his daily work in which the whole interest of his life was concentrated. And though he had not been without close rivals at some stages of his career, he yet maintained his supreme position as portrait painter; still continued to receive commissions from the fairest women, the foremost men of his day. But while his genius was beyond dispute, his place as first President of the Royal Academy unassailed, his society sought for by persons of the highest rank intellectually and socially, he remained the same unassuming, gentle-mannered, kindly-hearted individual that he had been when as a lad he served his apprenticeship to Hudson. Speaking years after the death of Sir Joshua, his pupil James Northcote said of him to Hazlitt, "Sir Joshua was not spoiled by flattery and yet he had as much of it as anybody need have." Instead of pluming himself on being a better painter than somebody in the next street, or being delighted that people at his table spoke in praise of his pictures, he was thinking what kind of a figure he should make by the side of Correggio or Vandyck; for adds Northcote sagely, "it is a little mind that is taken up with the nearest object, or puffed up with immediate notice. To do anything great we must look out of ourselves and see things upon a broader scale." It may be that Sir Joshua, wiser in his generation than are those of his

calling in theirs, kept before him the shrewd words of his sister Frances, who used to say "the world in general think no more of a painter than they do of a fiddler, or a dancing-master, or a pianoforte maker."

As he neither courted nor encouraged blandishment, he refrained from paying it to others. "His manners were indeed affable and obliging," says the authority just quoted, "but he flattered nobody; and instead of gossiping or making it his study to amuse his sitters, minded only his own business. I remember being in the next room the first time the Duchess of Cumberland came to sit, and I can vouch that scarce a word was spoken for near two hours." This lady, formerly the wife of a plain country gentleman, who by her amorous eyes and fascinating smiles had captivated Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III,—her marriage with whom was chiefly responsible for the passing of the Royal Marriage Act,—had on entering Sir Joshua's studio told him she had come to his house, as it would be more convenient to him to paint her where he had all his materials around him; at which piece of affected condescension he was much diverted, though "he made her no answer, nor did he trouble himself to inform her that there was no other way by which she could have her portrait painted by him. Indeed the great Duke of Cumberland and many others of the royal family had not conceived it to be beneath their dignity to come to

his house for the same purpose; and formerly, as he observed, even the King himself, Charles II, always went to the houses of Lely and Kneller whenever he sat for his portrait."

And not only did he avoid all flattery but "another thing remarkable to show how little Sir Joshua crouched to the great was, that he never even gave them their proper titles. I never," continues Northcote, "heard the words, your lordship, or your ladyship, come from his mouth; nor did he ever say sir, in speaking to anyone but Dr. Johnson." This was rare in days when husbands and wives of title addressed each other as your lordship and your ladyship; but rarer yet was his practice of having his dinner served punctually at the hour for which his guests were bidden—five o'clock—and of refusing to wait as was usual with others of his class, for an hour or more until it pleased guests of rank or title to arrive. His self-respect went a step further in preventing him from placing himself under obligations to his sitters. One day when Edmund Burke said to him "You, Sir Joshua, from your character and the opportunities you have of being so much in private with persons of the highest rank and power, at moments also when they are at leisure and in good humour, might obtain favours from them which would give you a patronage almost equal to that of a prime minister," Sir Joshua quietly answered, "There is some truth in what you

say, but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?"

Of the pictures he painted in the latter part of his life, were those of three women remarkable respectively for genius, spirit, and beauty. These were Mrs. Siddons; Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire; and Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Before Sir Joshua painted his wonderful picture of Sarah Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," she had left her grey beginnings far behind and had taken her place among the immortals. The child of Roger Kemble, an actor-manager strolling the northern provinces, she was born in a poor public-house known as the Shoulder of Mutton, in High Street, Brecknock. Almost from infancy she swelled the cast of comedies and tragedies played to wide-eyed rustics in barns lit by tallow. Precocious in various ways, she fell in love and desired to marry before she had reached her sixteenth birthday. The man of her choice was a member of her father's company, John Siddons, an indifferent player, quiet-mannered and weak-willed, who as he depended for support on a salary not always forthcoming, was considered an unsuitable husband for Sally. To end her romance, the parents of this embryonic queen of the stage separated her from Siddons by placing her in a situation as maid to Lady Mary Greathead, of Guys Cliff, Warwickshire, a position

she detested, taking her as it did from the calling in which she delighted and from the man she loved. For two years she bore it bravely, at the end of which time her determination to marry Siddons being as strong as ever, she was allowed to have her way.

Having married, she and her husband left her father's company to join that of strollers seeking patronage in the west of England. Before long and while at Cheltenham she gained the notice of Lord Bruce, afterwards Earl of Aylesbury, a friend of Reynolds's, who strongly recommended her to Garrick, then about to bid farewell to the stage. As a result she was engaged for a season for Drury Lane Theatre, and at the age of twenty made her first appearance in London, on the 29th of December 1775. Her representation of Portia on that occasion failed to impress her audience; nor did she have better success when she played Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's Ranger, in "The Suspicious Husband," or Lady Anne to his Richard III; so that she was not re-engaged at the end of the season, but was obliged to return to the provinces disheartened by failure.

Disappointment did not prevent her from making further efforts to gain success; for always practical and prudent she sought engagements in travelling companies, played tragedies and sang comic songs, bore children and nursed them, washed and mended her husband's clothes, bought and cooked their food,

and swept and cleaned as cheerfully as any household drudge who never had the privilege of instigating the murder of a Scottish king, or of being smothered by a Moor. Within a year of her leaving Drury Lane Theatre, her influence gained room in the company in which she played, for her brother John Kemble, who quitting the college at Douay where he had been placed in the hope of his becoming a priest, had enlisted himself in the ranks of strolling players. In days when actors are surfeited by the banquets of provincial mayors, and sickened by their fulsome speeches, it is interesting to recall that the company in which Sarah Siddons and John Kemble played, on entering Birmingham in 1777, was "informed against as rogues and vagabonds" and obliged by the magistrates to quit the city; and that on appearing in Liverpool, they had volleys of potatoes and broken bottles flung at them by an audience that hissed, kicked, stamped, bawled, and roared with laughing when frightened Mrs. Knieveton fell down in convulsions, and that finally took back their money, put out the lights, jumped on the stage and made havoc of the theatre; this being their mode of punishing a manager who had "presumed to bring a company to Liverpool that had not played before the King."

Seven years later than the date on which she had made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre Sarah Siddons again sought the favour of a London

From a mezzotint by H. Dawe, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

p. 552.

audience on its boards, on the 20th of October 1782. It may have been that the intervening years had strengthened and matured her genius, for in a single night she captured the admiration of all who had the good fortune to see her, and during the remainder of the season she created a wild sensation among lovers of the drama. Hazlitt tells us that the enthusiasm she excited "had something idolatrous about it; she was regarded less with admiration than wonder, as if a being of a superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. She raised tragedy to the skies or brought it down from thence. It was something above nature. . . . To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in every one's life."

Socially she was not less a success, for when walking through the streets crowds followed her; when she entered the drawing rooms of the great, well-bred guests jumped on chairs and sofas to watch her; statesmen listened with bated breath to her most commonplace remarks uttered in tragic tones; and women of fashion copied the cut of her gowns. Sensible of the value of such notoriety, she remained calm, self-possessed, and dignified in the midst of it, so that the vivacious Mrs. Thrale, Johnson's friend, declared it was a leaden goddess they were all worshipping. At the close of the season she was presented by the members of the Bar with a hundred guineas "as an acknow-

ledgment of the pleasure and instruction her talents had given them," and then proceeded to Edinburgh where she received the heretofore unheard of salary of a thousand pounds for ten nights' performances. In the following season she was back in London where her wonderful acting drew crowds to the theatre as great as David Garrick—now forgotten—had drawn in his farewell season; and where her blameless life, her unaffected behaviour, her native nobility, won her universal respect.

Sir Joshua had first seen Mrs. Siddons when, during Garrick's farewell performances, she had first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre; and on her taking the town by storm seven years later, had again seen her on the stage and met her in the drawing rooms of his friends. That a man and woman, each great in the art they separately professed, and having many characteristics in common should be drawn together by sympathetic attraction was but natural; and soon the actress was consulting the painter as to the proper costume which should be worn by Lady Macbeth; as she desired to avoid the example of one of her predecessors who had dressed that character in enormous hoops and towering headgear. But it was not until the autumn of 1783, that he painted her as "The Tragic Muse," one of the most beautiful and noblest of his pictures.

The dignified attitude in which she is seen in this portrait was not that in which Sir Joshua first sketched

her, but is the result of what is known as accident; for while he turned away from his easel to mix some colours, she changed her position to look at a picture hanging on the wall, seeing which he begged her not to move and painted her in the pose as we now see her. This striking posture of the uplifted arm, as well as the two attendant figures—the features of one of which was intended as a portrait of himself—is believed to have been suggested to Reynolds by Michael Angelo's Isaiah in the Sistine Chapel. It is possible that Mrs. Siddons who was a skilful modeller, and who contributed a head of Adam to one of the Academy exhibitions, was consulted about the portrait as it progressed. According to her own statement it was to her it owes its present rich subdued colouring instead of the more brilliant tints which the artist intended to give it; and she used to relate that on rising from her last sitting, Sir Joshua told her he intended to work considerably more on the face, when she demurred saying it could not be improved, and he left it as it remains. The great actress was fond of speaking of the hours she spent in Sir Joshua's studio, and of the portrait of which she was justly proud, and told Northcote that when she first saw it in its finished state, she drew near the canvas that she might examine what appeared to be the classic embroidery on the border of her robe, and saw it was the signature of the painter who said to her, "I could

not lose the honour this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

This portrait was first seen by the public at the Academy exhibition of 1784, and caused universal admiration. It was purchased for eight hundred guineas by M. de Calonne, at whose death in 1795, it was sold to W. Smith, the Member for Norwich, for seven hundred pounds. Later it was bought by Watson Taylor for nine hundred pounds; at the sale of his effects in 1822, it was secured for one thousand seven hundred and sixty guineas by the first Marquis of Westminster, in whose descendant's possession it remains. A replica which Sir Joshua painted for himself, was given by him in exchange for a picture of a Boarhunt by Snyders, owned by Mr. Harvey of Langley Park, Stowe; while the replica which hangs in the Dulwich Gallery and that was sold by Reynolds in 1789, for seven hundred and thirty-five pounds, was according to Northcote painted by one of Sir Joshua's pupils. There are two other copies in existence of this portrait.

The second of the three famous portraits referred to, is that of Georgiana, eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, described by Walpole as "a lovely girl natural and full of grace," who at the age of seventeen married the first match in England, William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire. Sir

Joshua who was a friend of the Spencer family had painted her as a child, as a bride, and as a young mother playing with her babe. Since the latter was painted she had become a queen of society, "young fair fantastic Devon, wild as the comet in mid heaven"; a leader of fashion who had discarded the ridiculous and monstrous hoop and had introduced feathered headdresses; a wit who enjoyed the friendship of Lord Carlisle, George Selwyn, Horace Walpole and Lord March; a blue-stocking by virtue of her verses, whom Maxwell had seen "hanging on the sentences that fell from Dr. Johnson's lips and contending for the nearest place to his chair"; a beauty who had gained the homage of the Prince of Wales; and a politician who bought votes for Charles James Fox by kissing butchers. It was as the woman who combined in herself such various characteristics that Sir Joshua painted his last portrait of her with her child, when she was in her twenty-ninth year, and that was exhibited at the Academy of 1786.

But the portrait which Reynolds at the end of his life considered the best he had ever painted, was that of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as St. Cecilia. The daughter of Linley, a composer of some note and a conductor of concerts at Bath, she had at the age of nine sold tickets for his benefit at the doors of the Pump Room; and while yet in her teens had sung before large and fashionable assemblies

which she had charmed, not less by the delicious sweetness of her voice than by the grave and delicate loveliness of her face, her exquisite grace, and personal fascination. Becoming the fashion, women of rank contended for her presence at their parties, in whose wax-lighted, rose-scented rooms she was received rather as a favourite guest than as a professional singer.

It followed that Elizabeth Linley was courted by many, among whom were gallants belonging to great families; an aged if wealthy Wiltshire squire, pressed upon her by her father to whom he was to pay a thousand pounds in compensation for the loss of her earnings; a married military scoundrel; and two brothers Richard and Charles Sheridan. Both these young men, then living at Bath, had proposed to her and been rejected by her mercenary and musical father, for at this time they were poor and unknown, the sons of "a wrong-headed whimsical man" who, to prove that his acting was superior to Garrick's, had left Trinity College, Dublin, to mouth upon the stage; who had flung away a fortune while striving to manage a theatre; and who afterwards taught elocution and gave lectures in a last endeavour to instruct and refine the public, and incidentally to support his wife, three daughters, and two sons.

With that light-hearted criminal indifference to his children's prospects, which is the characteristic of Irish

parents, he had marked out no career for Richard, who though showing a brightness that foretold genius, was left to waste his life in the manner least bothersome to his relatives, most pleasing to himself; so that he could scarcely be considered at this time eligible as a husband. It was therefore only after he had used strategy in contriving to meet Elizabeth Linley, had disguised himself that he might slip notes into her hand, had fought two duels on her account, and had eloped with her to France, that he was permitted to claim her as his wife on the 13th of April 1773, she being then nineteen, he twenty-two. To fit himself for his duties as a bread provider, he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple and began to write for magazines and journals, as did also his wife whom he would not permit to sing professionally in public or private; so that as he said to a friend, "we are obliged to write for our daily leg of mutton, otherwise we should have no dinner"; to which the reply came, "Ah, I perceive it is a joint affair."

So desirous was he that his wife's former profession should be forgotten, that he was averse to her singing even in the private circle of his friends, an instance of which is mentioned by Northcote, who says that shortly after the young couple came to town, Sir Joshua asked them to dinner, together with a large company whom he hoped would be gratified by her singing.

A pianoforte had been hired for the occasion and all were in a state of expectancy after dinner, but on hints being given that a song from Mrs. Sheridan would be received as a favour, Sheridan said that with his assent his wife had come to a resolution never again to sing in company. "Sir Joshua," continues Northcote, "repeated this next day in my hearing with some degree of anger, saying 'what reason could they think I had to invite them to dinner, unless it was to hear her sing, for she cannot talk.'"

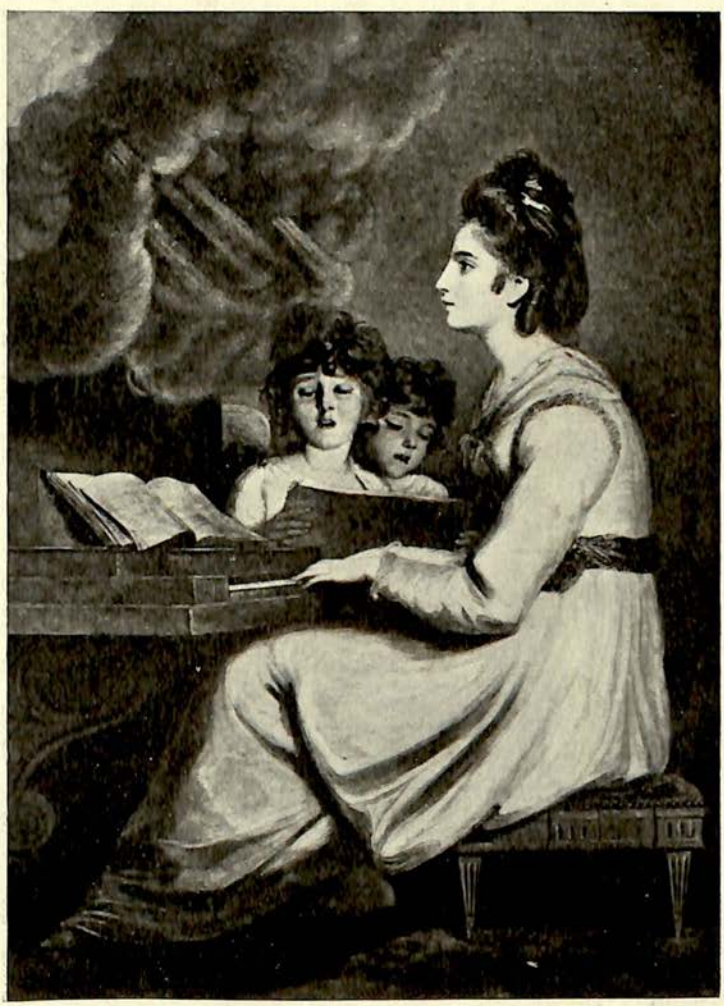
Within two years of his marriage, Sheridan had written and produced "The Rivals," the first step in his brilliant career, when the doors of the greatest houses in London were opened to them, including that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who at first had hesitated to receive those two labourers for their daily bread; for not only Sheridan's wit, his powers of repartee, his brilliancy as a story teller, but his wife's transcendent loveliness, her gentle bearing, and unassuming air won their way to a place among the highest. Though Sir Joshua may have been displeased at her disappointment of his guests, yet with opportunity he learned to esteem and to regard her with paternal affection. Both she and her husband became his frequent guests, his intimate friends, whom he met in almost daily association. And not only did he paint her as St. Cecilia, but she sat to him for the chief figure in his

picture of the Nativity, exhibited at the Academy of 1779, which he sold to the Duke of Rutland for twelve hundred pounds, and that was afterwards destroyed by fire at Belvoir. The St. Cecilia portrait remained in Reynolds's possession for years, probably because the author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," always more or less in an impecunious state, was unable to purchase it until within two years of the painter's death, when negotiations between them led to the generous offer contained in the following letter being made by Sir Joshua. In this, dated January 20th 1790, he says :—

"Dear Sir, I have according to your orders bespoke a very rich frame to be made for Mrs. Sheridan's picture. You will easily believe I have been often solicited to part with that picture and to fix a price on it, but to those solicitations I have always turned my deafest ear, well knowing that you would never give your consent and without it I certainly should never part with it. I really value that picture at five hundred guineas. In the common course of business (exclusive of its being Mrs. Sheridan's picture) the price of a whole-length with two children would be three hundred; if therefore, from the consideration of your exclusive right to that picture, I charge you one hundred and fifty guineas, I should hope you will think me a reasonable man. It is with great regret I part with the best picture I ever painted, for though

I have every year hoped to paint better and better, and may truly say, *nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, it has not been always the case. However there is now an end to the pursuit; the race is over whether it is won or lost. I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Sheridan, and I am with the greatest respect, your most humble and obedient servant, Joshua Reynolds." The picture was bought at this price by Sheridan, but after his death was sold to a Mr. Burgess. Later still it became the property of Lord Lansdowne, and hangs to-day in the Bowood Gallery.

The warm appreciation Sir Joshua entertained for Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was in keeping with his many friendships for young and charming women, loyally maintained by one whose life seems never to have been storm swept by a great passion, without experience of which no man's character can be complete. The delight which increasing age so frequently finds in association with the young, was gratified by the companionship of his nieces as already mentioned, who brighter, less worrying and more congenial to him than his sister, gradually superseded her in the management of his household. In the spring of 1779, when she was fifty, Frances Reynolds left her brother's house for good, and secure in an income allowed her by him, went back to her native Devonshire.



From a mezzotint by W. Dickinson, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MRS. SHERIDAN AS ST. CECILIA.

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That her departure from Leicester Fields was not in agreement with her own wishes is evident; but it by no means severed her relations with her brother. The calm eternal monotony of Torrington, where she settled for a time, soon weighed on the spirits of one accustomed to the society of men of letters, wits, musicians, artists, and people of fashion; and in a letter written to a friend which reflects her character, she bewails her fate and refers to her brother. In this elegant and inflated epistle she says, "I am incapable of painting; my faculties are all becalmed in the dead region of Torrington. I want some grateful gale of praise to push my bark to sea, some incentive to emulation to awaken my slumbering powers. I thank my God who put it into my head to acquire this delightful art, and in a manner called my light out of darkness, for necessity struck the hot spark, that as the world recedes I may have something to fill up the vacancies in my heart made by ungrateful returns to the most unfeigned fraternal love and purest friendship."

Not having portraits of Sir Joshua's or of other artists to copy from, she painted landscapes and fancy pictures of smiling rosy-cheeked children, but weary of the country, she pined for the town. "As the mind," says she, "must have some pursuit, and I unhappily have none that is so satisfactory, or that appears to me so praiseworthy as painting; and having

been thrown out of the path nature had in a peculiar manner fitted me for; and as it is natural to endeavour to excel in something, I confess I can't help pleasing myself with the hope that I might arrive at a tolerable degree of perfection in these little pictures, could I refresh imagination and improve my ideas by the sight of pictures of that sort and by the judgment of connoisseurs. But I must beg you to believe that nothing but the greatest necessity should prompt me to make any advantage of them in a manner unsuitable to the character of a gentlewoman, both for my own sake as well as for my brother's. The height of my desire is to be able to spend a few months in the year near the arts and sciences, but if you think that it will rather bring my character in question, for my brother to be in London and I not at his house, I will content myself with residing at Windsor. It would give me the sincerest satisfaction to have his opinions and advice in this as well as in every action of my life; but he is so much engaged in business that I fear I should receive no answer. However I should not think it right to draw so near to him as Windsor without first acquainting him with it."

Unable to endure the peaceful solitude of the country, Frances Reynolds settled in Paris for a time, where she was visited by Sir Joshua when he made one of his trips to the French capital. Later she returned to London, and running the risk of "bring-

ing her character in question" by living apart from her brother, lodged in the house of Dr. Hoole the translator of Tasso, whom she subjected to the penalty of having his portrait painted by her. The glimpses of Frances Reynolds given us by her contemporaries are few and scant, the most satisfactory being those afforded by Fanny Burney, the last of the literary celebrities of his time whose friendship Sir Joshua was to enjoy. The story of this little lady, the daughter of Charles Burney, music teacher, composer, and organist to the church of Lyme Regis in Norfolk, is singular; for she who was to become the most famous novelist of her day, did not know her letters at the age of eight, and was still unable to read at the age of ten.

Two occurrences of importance happened at that point of her life; for her father settled in London and her mother died. By way of distracting his grief, the widower collected materials for his "History of Music," and married a wife; when Fanny passed under the rule of a stepmother. This was probably the reason that the child scribbled her stories, tragedies, farces, and epic poems in secret as she sat in a corner of the children's playroom at the top of the house in Queen Square. But little remains hidden from the scrutinising eyes of stepmothers, and the day came when Fanny's effusions were discovered. Without referring to what she had seen, or mentioning any

particular name, this well-meaning woman poured tedious prose into Fanny's hot ears, dwelling on the sinful waste of time which writing romances involved, and of the serious discredit with which female novelists were regarded by all respectable people. As a result of this solemn delivery, Fanny took an early opportunity to burn her beloved manuscripts; and the date of the confiscation falling on her fifteenth birthday, was made the occasion for faithful promises of amending her life.

As its occupation was gone, dreariness set in, but only for a time; for imagination could not be suppressed, and by leaps and bounds a story grew in her mind and insisted on being put on paper, now in a surreptitious manner in her father's library, again in her bedroom, and when solitude permitted in the schoolroom. In this way the first volumes of the novel afterwards known as "Evelina" came to be written. After exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy from her sisters and her youngest brother Charles, she awed them by confessing what she had done. Her next step was to offer the story to Dodsley the publisher, who was bidden to direct his answer to Mr. Grafton, at the Orange Lodge Coffee House, where it was called for by Charles. On its being opened with feverish expectation it was found that Dodsley declared himself unwilling to produce an anonymous work. The manuscript was then sent to Lowndes,

who offered for it twenty pounds which she "accepted with alacrity and boundless surprise at its magnificence."

Before the book was brought out, Fanny thought it her duty to tell her father what had happened; but when, as he was about to leave the house one morning, she timidly and hesitatingly confessed that a tale she had written was about to be published, he burst out laughing in her face, bade her guard her incognita carefully, and without asking the name of her book or of its publisher, carelessly went his way. "Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World," came out in January 1778, when its author was five-and-twenty; news of its issue first coming to her when her stepmother read aloud at the breakfast table a newspaper advertisement of it. A few weeks later its title was known all over the town; its author inquired of by curious purchasers from the publisher who was as ignorant as themselves on the point; its plot and characters discussed in every drawing-room; while two leading reviews spoke of it in terms unusually laudatory; and it was generally believed that the publisher "would have made an estate even had he given the writer a thousand pounds for the manuscript." In justice to Lowndes it may be stated, that as a man of tender conscience, he eventually tendered Fanny Burney ten pounds in addition to the twenty he had already given her; in that way and by

that sum voluntarily and generously decreasing his profits that ran into thousands.

The name of the author still being kept a secret, many surmised that it was written by Horace Walpole; others declared it was from the elegant pen of Mr. Anstey, who having published a Guide to Bath, was considered a man of letters; while Sir Joshua protested his willingness to give fifty guineas for the name of the writer, so that public curiosity might be gratified. Eventually the secret became known through her father whose general intelligence was on a par with those of his profession. Coming to the conclusion that the novel of which Fanny had spoken, and the title of which he had not troubled to ask, must be the much-lauded "Evelina," he sent for a copy and on reading the dedication to "the author of my being" became confirmed in his opinion, was overcome by emotion, and shed tears. Proud of that at which he had previously laughed, he now burned with impatience until he could assure his friends that his daughter had written this wonderful book.

The first to whom he told the news was Mrs. Thrale, to whose daughter he gave music lessons. On recovering her surprise this bustling assertive woman, who sought to distinguish herself by gathering famous people around her, declared that Fanny must come on a visit to her at Streatham, where Dr. Johnson was then staying. As lies were used as

judiciously if not so freely in advertising fiction in the eighteenth century, as they are in the twentieth, a rumour had been set afloat that Johnson had sat up all night to finish Evelina; but on his being asked if this were true by John Opie, while that artist painted his portrait, the philosopher replied, "I never read it through at all; though I don't wish this to be known."

In August 1778, Fanny was driven in a chaise along the dusty white roads from London to Streatham, where the Thrales' house stood; a large white building on the southern side of the common, shaded by trees, and surrounded by pleasant paddocks. Here her hostess stretched stout arms and warm hands to greet the celebrity, and expressed great delight at meeting her; and here an hour later at "a noble dinner and a most elegant dessert" she met Dr. Johnson, already known to her. Among other delightful things she heard on this occasion, all of which concerning herself she scrupulously entered in her diary, was that Frances Reynolds had praised "Evelina" in the highest terms, without having the slightest suspicion of the author's identity; "and not contented with her own praise, she said that Sir Joshua, who began it one day when he was too much engaged to go on with it, was so much caught, that he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him; and when he took it up again

found himself so much interested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it."

It was not until the following month when Fanny Burney was again at the Thrales', that she met Sir Joshua for the first time, and was much pleased with him; for says she, "I like his countenance and I like his manners; the former I think expressive, soft, and sensible; the latter gentle, unassuming, and engaging." Together with his nieces and various others, Sir Joshua had come to dine with the Thrales. None of them had been asked to meet the author of "Evelina," for up to this time Fanny's secret had been respected by Mrs. Thrale, notwithstanding the worthy matron's urgent desire to let the world know its author was her friend. A moment came however when silence on the subject seemed impossible to her; for on hearing her guests, assembled for dinner, discussing "Evelina" and speculating as to its authorship, she suddenly burst out, "Well this much I will tell you; the author will dine with you to-day." This astonishing news only made them more anxious than ever to know who had written the novel; but no further information on that point was given to them by Mrs. Thrale, either then or during the splendid dinner that followed.

When at its conclusion the women rose, and instead of entering the drawing room strolled into the pleasant gardens with their wide terraces, flower beds,

From a mezzotint by J. R. Smith, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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and smooth lawns looking peaceful in the pale sun of this September afternoon, Mrs. Thrale was immediately assailed by Sir Joshua's nieces, who clinging to her said, "Now pray, ma'am, tell us who it is"; when they were quizzingly told they must find out for themselves. "I have told you that you dined with the author; but the rest you must make out as you can," added the hostess. "Did we indeed dine with the author of 'Evelina'?" asked the elder, wondering that such a fact could have happened and left the world unchanged. "Yes, in good truth did you," answered Mrs. Thrale.

"Why then, ma'am, it was yourself," said Miss Palmer; at which the matron, pleased at the compliment, laughed, but refused to satisfy the girl's curiosity.

Meantime the men being left over their port, Sir Joshua at once attacked Thrale, begging that he would tell him who the author was, when the secret was whispered. A little later on their entering the drawing room to join the ladies there and drink tea, prim little Fanny found herself "much more an object of attention to him than I wished to be, and he several times spoke to me, though he did not make love." As the guests rose to take leave, Miss Palmer "with the air of asking the greatest of favours hoped to see me when I returned to town," as this vain little person writes; while Sir Joshua

approaching her with the most profound respect hoped that he should have the honour of seeing her in Leicester Fields. Finally as Miss Palmer reached the door she turned to Mrs. Thrale, saying, "Ma'am, so it's Miss Burney after all"; to which came the reply, "Ay sure, who else should it be?"

On Fanny Burney's return to town to her father's house now in St. Martin's Street, which formerly had been occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, she was waited on by Sir Joshua's nieces who invited her to a party on the following Saturday evening; an invitation which after much fencing and hesitation that had the desired effect of increasing its warmth, she agreed to accept. On arriving with her stepmother early at Sir Joshua's residence, she found the Miss Palmers in the oak-panelled rose-scented candle-lit drawing-room, alone, no other guest having as yet arrived, and Sir Joshua absent for the moment.

Time was given them to make vapid speeches and pay superfine compliments to the distinguished author —all of which were solemnly and carefully recorded in her diary next day—before Sir Joshua entered or his friends arrived. But soon a ringing of the door bell and a knocking was followed by the appearance of Mrs. Horneck and her daughter Mary, the Jessamy Bride of Oliver Goldsmith; and later came the Hon. and Rev. Robert Cholmondeley, a mild-mannered man, a scion of nobility, and the subdued husband

of Polly Woffington, whose handsome dowry given her by her erring sister Peg, he had graciously accepted without making impolite inquiries as to its origin. With him were his two daughters, his wife, now a woman of the first fashion, being temporarily detained at an assembly. Then came William Burke and Fanny's father, fresh from the opera and beaming with pride, followed by Sir Joshua who paid his compliments to everybody, and then placing a chair next Fanny's said to her, "So you were afraid to come among us"; adding as she tells us that "I might as well fear hobgoblins, and that I had only to hold up my head to be above them all. After this address his behaviour was exactly what my wishes would have dictated to him, for my own ease and quietness; for he never once even alluded to my book but conversed rationally, gaily, and serenely"; remarks that will best be understood when it is stated that the famous blue-stocking Mrs. Montagu, had proposed a match between Fanny and Sir Joshua who was her senior by nearly thirty years; a match only equalled in unsuitability by another suggested at the same time and recorded, not without satisfaction by her, in the words "Miss Palmer told me all the world gave me to Dr. Johnson, for that he spoke of me as he spoke of hardly anybody."

Other guests fresh from routs, from the clubs, from concerts at private houses, were constantly

announced by Sir Joshua's black servant, among them Mr. Gwatkin the gentleman out of Cornwall who was to marry Offy Palmer, and the second Viscount Palmerston, tall and handsome, so that Fanny remarked to herself, "Now here was a trick of Sir Joshua to make me meet all these people"; a trick that must have secretly delighted one who professed to be extremely shy, but who was careful to mention the most minute details of the attentions paid to her.

While not engaged in watching her whichever way she turned, and staring at her the whole evening, the guests distracted themselves by playing cards, by gossiping of a less interesting subject to herself than Fanny, and by flirting behind screens; but above the din rising from the card tables, and in the midst of a hum of conversation, a violent rapping heard at the street door bespoke the advent of the whimsical, loud-voiced, demonstrative Mrs. Cholmondeley, and made Fanny hurry quickly across the room and bend over Miss Palmer's chair with the air of one who took a profound interest in her cards. At the same instant Mrs. Cholmondeley with powdered head and towering feathers, rouged cheeks, ample bust, monstrous hoop, and vivid-coloured gown swung into the room; and a second later Fanny feeling a tap on her shoulder, turned to see her father and to hear him say, "Fanny, here's a lady who wishes to speak to you." Curtsies

were exchanged, and then this florid woman flourishing her fan, fixed her great eyes on the authoress, saying, "Come, come, you must not look grave upon me. But is it true? It can't be; tell me though is it true? Why don't you tell me; but it can't be; I don't believe it; no you are an impostor."

At that Sir Joshua seeing Fanny's embarrassment went to her rescue, and taking this overwhelming woman by the arm attempted to draw her away, saying, "Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley, I won't have her overpowered here." Nothing daunted she replied, "Why I ain't going to kill her; don't be afraid, I shan't compliment her, I can't indeed." Then grasping Fanny's hand, "she led me," says the latter, "through them all to another part of the room where again she examined my phiz, and viewed and reviewed my whole person." When this inspection was ended she said, "Now do tell me is it true?" Fanny began to mutter that she did not know what was referred to, but her insincerity was swept aside with "Poh, what, why, you know what; in short can you read, and can you write?" A negative was given for answer. "I thought so," she cried triumphantly, "I have suspected it was a trick some time, and now I am sure of it. You are too young by half—it can't be." The authoress laughed and would have escaped but was held back. "No," said Mrs. Cholmondeley, "one thing you must at least tell me; are you very

conceited? Come answer me. You won't? Mrs. Burney, Dr. Burney, come here; tell me if she is not very conceited; if she is not eat up with conceit by this time?" Her stepmother and her father protested that Fanny was not half conceited enough, to which Mrs. Cholmondeley replied, "Well that is the most wonderful part of all. Why that is yet more extraordinary than writing the book."

Its writer then making her escape sought refuge once more at the card table, but was hunted from chair to chair by this foolish woman who shouted out lines and references from "Evelina," and who eventually ran Fanny to death in a corner where seating herself beside her, she flirted her fan and wagged her tongue at a formidable rate. Taking compassion on the girl, Lord Palmerston and Sir Joshua went and seated themselves beside them, and were compelled to listen to Mrs. Cholmondeley's rambling monologue which said, "I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed, or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know I suppose that I don't come to see you? Pray, miss, what's your name? Fanny? Well all the Fannys are excellent, and yet my name is Mary. Pray, Miss Palmers, how are you, though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here. I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. If you but knew, cried I, to

whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night, you would not dare keep me muzzing here. My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night. Dear bless me, no, cried I, not every night, and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush though I tried hard for it."

In this way she rattled on with breathless speed until supper was announced, when seizing on Fanny she said in a grave voice, "Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet perhaps you won't neither; will you?" On asking what it was, Fanny was told, "Why it is that I admire you more than any human being, and that I can't help." Having made a mental note of this speech to be jotted down in her diary, the authoress went to supper and found herself placed beside Sir Joshua and William Burke, and at some distance from Mrs. Cholmondeley who made pointed speeches at her and once called out, "Well I wish people who can entertain me would entertain me," to which her host replied, "Well let every one do what they can in their different ways; do you begin yourself"; and on the florid lady protesting she could do nothing in that way, Sir Joshua asked her, "Do you think then that all the world is made only to entertain you?"

It was not until two in the morning that this party

broke up, before which hour Mrs. Cholmondeley begged permission of Fanny's stepmother to call on her; which on being given she turned to Fanny, and with a threatening sort of look said, "You have not got rid of me yet; I have been forcing myself into your house"; at which Fanny "was not at all displeased."

From this time she mixed freely in the literary and artistic society of her time, frequently meeting among others Sir Joshua and his nieces, Dr. Johnson, the Burkes and the Sheridans. In 1782 her reputation was increased by the publication of her second novel "Cecilia"; the whole five volumes of which were read at a single sitting by Gibbon the historian; while Lord de Ferras wept over them; Lady Shelley was enraptured with them; Mrs. Thrale in perusing them stopped every minute to kiss the pages; and Edmund Burke wrote to thank her "for the very great instruction and entertainment he had received from the new present she had bestowed on the public."

From the delightful circle of appreciative, affectionate and brilliant friends, she was soon to be severed for many years against her own wishes and judgment. For when in 1786, one of the Queen's German attendants, broken down under her duties, resigned her post as second keeper of the robes, it was offered to Fanny Burney. Into this, which she dreaded to accept, she was forced by "that goose of a man," as

Mrs. Thrale called Dr. Burney. "I cannot," wrote the girl, "even to my father utter my reluctance; I see him so much delighted by the prospect of an establishment he looks upon as honourable. I have always and uniformly had a horror of a life of attendance and dependence. What can make me amends for all I shall forfeit?" In July of this year, 1786, she entered on her duties that began at six in the morning, when a bell summoned her to dress Her Majesty, an operation that lasted about two hours. In the course of the day she read to the Queen; entertained the royal lapdogs while Her Majesty went to prayers; mixed and filled her snuff-boxes; helped her off with her hoop at one o'clock and saw that her hair was powdered; dressed her again at five, and at midnight helped her to undress. More hard to bear than these duties was her enforced companionship with the first keeper of the robes, Madame Schwellenberg, a stout-bodied, jealous, ill-tempered, illiterate, gluttonous German, who spoken broken English, and amused herself by feeding on flies the pet frogs that she taught to croak when she tapped her snuff-box.

Rising early and retiring late; occupied in a manner fit only for a menial servant; seldom permitted to see relatives or friends; and associating with the intelligences of the back stairs, her health never strong, broke down after four years of such service, and she besought her father's permission to send in her resig-

nation. In her interview with him she tells us that she "owned the species of life distasteful to me; I was lost to all private comfort; dead to all domestic endearment. I was worn with want of rest and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. My time was devoted to official duties, and all that in life was dearest to me—my friends, my chosen society, my best affections—lived now in my mind only by recollection, and rested upon that with nothing but bitter regret." When he had listened in silence to all this, Fanny, as she says, turned to look at her father, "but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort."

Unable to agree to his daughter's depriving herself of her royal servitude, he allowed Fanny to remain where she was, though her health became so bad that all her associates remarked and some of them cried over it. Nor was the Queen willing to relieve her servant. "Though I was so frequently ill in her presence that I could scarcely stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers," says Fanny. News of her perilous condition reaching Sir Joshua and other friends, they earnestly besought her father to remove her from the royal service; but this he hesitated to do until at last the Literary Club threatened "to fall upon him all at once" if he did not rescue her. He therefore consented to a

memorial being drawn up by Fanny, in which in abject terms she prayed to be dismissed by Her Majesty, but the Queen was unwilling to consent to this, and on one pretext or another kept the girl in attendance until July 1791, when prostrate in health and broken spirited she was permitted to leave. Her parting with the Schwellenberg was to Fanny "a horrible scene"; for the German "being too much enraged for disguise, uttered the most ferocious expressions of indignant contempt for a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes."

Sir Joshua and his nieces sent her "every species of kind exultation" on her escape; but she was destined to see but little of him before he was called from life. The voice of another much-valued friend, that of Dr. Johnson, was missing from those who welcomed her back among them.

CHAPTER VIII

Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua are drawn into closer companionship—Johnson has a stroke—His fear of death—He desires to visit Italy—Endeavours made to procure funds for that purpose—His idea of a splendid income—His disappointment—Accident to Allan Ramsay—His death—Sir Joshua thinks of resigning the presidency—Johnson's opinion on the matter—The philosopher becomes seriously ill—His decline and death—Gainsborough's premonition of his end—His illness—He sends for Sir Joshua—Their last meeting—Sir Joshua's appreciation of a great artist—Sir Joshua loses the sight of one eye—He paints no more—Letter of his niece—The workings of the Royal Academy—Disagreements among the Academicians—Filling a professorship—Sir Joshua resigns the presidency—His letter to Sir William Chambers—Address presented to Reynolds by some Academicians—He agrees to retain his presidency—He delivers his fifteenth discourse—Catherine the Great thanks him—The picture he painted for her—Her magnificent present to him—The delivery of his last discourse—A threatened accident—The action of Edmund Burke.

FROM the time of Garrick's death, Sir Joshua was drawn into closer companionship with one who had been their common friend, who had shared with them dinners, suppers, and outings brightened by witty sallies and harmless pleasantry, so that Johnson's society was now more than ever valued by the painter, who met the philosopher's brusqueness and

dictatorial ways with unfaltering patience, and who occasionally, shyly lifting the reserve of convention, allowed him to see the warm affection which he held for him. From the date on which the great actor was laid at rest, four years of uninterrupted intercourse were enjoyed by Johnson and Sir Joshua before the first signal was given to them that the time of parting was at hand. On Monday the 16th of June 1783, Johnson spent the earlier part of the day with the painter to whom he was sitting for his portrait intended for the Thrale collection. In the afternoon he felt so light and easy that he began to plan schemes of life, as he wrote to Mrs. Thrale.

"Thus I went to bed," he tells her, "and in a short time waked and sat up, as has long been my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed and prayed God that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good. I made them easily and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties. Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death

itself when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it. . . . Though God stopped my speech he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands. . . . My physicians are very friendly and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory I hope yet remains what it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty."

The alarm felt by his friends was quickly relieved by his rapid recovery, for before the month ended he was able to attend church, to take an airing at Hampstead, and to dine with the Club. And when his friend Bennet Langton asked him to stay with him at his place at Rochester, Johnson willingly accepted the invitation. Thence he went to another friend, William Bowles at Heale, near Salisbury. While there he received news of the death of old Miss Williams, so that when he returned in September he found "a very disconsolate house," and sorely missed that pale scarlet-clad lady who blind, consumed

by curiosity, ever eager to talk, and sharp tongued, had for thirty years been his companion and friend. He consoled himself for her loss by hoping that she had gone to a place where there was neither darkness, want, nor sorrow.

He was however far from well in the autumn, as he suffered from violent attacks of gout, from asthma, and a complaint for which it seemed at one time that a surgical operation would be necessary. With these he struggled bravely, and on one occasion for a whole day shut himself up in his room where he engaged in particular exercises of religion, fasting, humiliation, and prayer. "On a sudden," says Boswell in speaking of this act, "he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from this fact; but from his manner of telling it, I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events."

Strange as it may seem of one of his philosophic mind, he had throughout his life been oppressed by morbid fears of death. Only a few months before he quitted this world he said, "As I cannot be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned"; and on being asked what he meant by being damned, he roundly replied, "Sent to hell sir, and punished everlastingly." The inquisitive Boswell

then inquired if a man might not have such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy at the fear of death, when he was told, "A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair."

Although he seldom troubled his friends with melancholy complaints, yet it became plain to them that he was far from well, and as he expressed a dread of spending the winter of 1784 in England, and greatly desired to visit Italy, they without giving him any hints of their intention, endeavoured to make such a journey practicable. As they considered it would be impossible for him to travel with the comfort necessary to his health unless an addition was made to his pension, Boswell after consulting with Sir Joshua, wrote to Lord Chancellor Thurlow laying the case before him, and suggesting that the government should grant Johnson a sum sufficient for the proposed journey. To that Lord Thurlow replied he would do what he could to obtain the required sum, adding, "It would be a reflection on us all if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health."

With this letter Boswell hurried to Reynolds to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction, and who then suggested that Johnson should be told of it, as afterwards he might complain "if the attention with which

he had been honoured should be too long concealed from him." Well pleased with his mission Boswell set out from Leicester Fields, and hastening to Bolt Court told Johnson what had been done, and read him the Lord Chancellor's letter. He listened with much attention and then warmly said, "This is taking prodigious pains about a man." In return he was assured his friends would do anything for him. "He paused," writes Boswell, "grew more and more agitated till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, 'God bless you all.' I was so affected that I also shed tears. After a short silence he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, 'God bless you all for Jesus Christ's sake.' We both remained for some time unable to speak. He rose suddenly and quitted the room quite melted in tenderness. He stayed but a short time till he had recovered his firmness; soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's next day."

At this dinner at which none was present save Johnson, Boswell, and their host, they talked with hopeful expectancy of what might be done at the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor by the King, Johnson saying he would rather have his pension doubled than have a grant of a thousand pounds; adding that although he might not live to receive a thousand pounds in payment of his pension, yet he

would have the consciousness that he should be able to pass the remainder of his life in splendour, how long soever it might be; to the relation of which remark Boswell adds the comment, "Considering what a moderate proportion an income of six hundred a year bears to innumerable fortunes in this country, it is worthy of remark that a man so truly great should think it splendour."

To cheer him, Johnson's companions spoke of the delight that lay before him in seeing Italy, when he wisely replied, "Nay, I must not expect much of that; when a man goes to Italy merely to feel how he breathes the air, he can enjoy very little." A few weeks later Johnson, who was feeling feeble and dejected, went for change of air to Derbyshire, and while he was yet there, Lord Chancellor Thurlow—who had not consulted the King regarding the matter, and of whom Johnson wrote "I doubted whether the Chancellor had so much tenderness for me as to ask"—called on Sir Joshua to say that the application made on Johnson's behalf had not been successful; but that should he wish to mortgage his pension to the amount of five or six hundred pounds he would be allowed to do so. This disappointing news was broken as gently as possible by Reynolds to his friend, who in reply assured him that words were not necessary between them, to convince him of the gratitude of his heart for his kind offices, and enclosed him a

letter to the Lord Chancellor to be forwarded to him when read by Sir Joshua.

In that Johnson thanked Lord Thurlow for the permission given him to mortgage his pension, which as his health was now so much better he was unwilling to do. "My journey to the continent," he continued, "though I once thought it necessary was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better I should not be willing, if much worse, not able to migrate. Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit."

While Johnson was still in the country, Sir Joshua wrote to tell him of the unexpected death of Allan Ramsay, who though he had never rivalled the President in art, had more than any other painter shared his social prestige; for full of information and experiences gathered during his journeys and residences abroad, well-read, cultivated, and with gentle manners,

he associated with people of the first fashion, as well as with the literary celebrities of the day, and delighted to entertain representatives of both classes at his house at 67 Harley Street. The fact that he had been appointed to the office of Court Painter to which Sir Joshua had undoubtedly more claim, never roused the slightest jealousy in Reynolds's singularly wide and even mind; and they not only associated on terms of warm friendship, but the President used to praise Ramsay's portraits when others saw little in them to admire, and to declare he was the most sensible painter he knew.

Hale, prosperous, and happy, Ramsay's death may be said to have been brought about by a slight accident; for while explaining to his family how they might escape from their house in case of fire, he fell from a window and dislocated his arm. Although it was quickly set and soon healed, yet his nervous system was slow to recover from the shock he received, and to regain his health he went once more to Italy, leaving his commissions to be finished by his pupil Philip Reingale. The country he had always loved, failed on this occasion to give him the exhilaration and delight which his residence there had previously done; and for once he felt homesick and weary. After a few months' stay, he therefore turned his face to England. His desire to reach it was gratified, for he landed at Dover. He was then in such a weak

condition that it was considered wisest he should remain there until he recovered; but instead of gaining he lost strength and died at Dover, on the 10th August 1784, in his seventy-first year. His remains were laid in Marylebone Church, his funeral being attended by a large number of his colleagues including Reynolds, who deeply mourned him, and who as stated wrote to Johnson telling him of their common loss. The news came as a blow to the burly philosopher, then over-familiar with the thought of death. "Poor Ramsay," he wrote in reply. "On which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield when I was last there, and now found them all dead. I no sooner lost sight of dear Allan than I am told I shall see him no more. That we must all die we always knew; I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate if I now call, dear sir, on you to remember it." On the death of Allan Ramsay the office of Court Painter became vacant when, the Scottish influence having declined, and Sir Joshua's position being unchallenged, it was expected that it would immediately be offered to him. But days and weeks passed without intimation that it was intended to bestow this favour on him; when naturally surmising that it was intended for another, Reynolds resolved to resign his presidency of the Academy. It may have been some whisper of this

intention which decided George III, who mentally in no way more widely differed from his subjects than in his estimate of Sir Joshua's pictures, to appoint him to the vacant office, though this was not followed by a commission to paint His Majesty.

His recognition by the Sovereign was however sufficient to prevent his resignation of the presidency, much to the gratification of his friends, particularly of Johnson, who hearing of the matter from Sir Joshua wrote to him in return to say, "I am glad a little favour from the Court has intercepted your furious purposes. I could not in any case have approved such public violence of resentment, and should have considered any one who encouraged it as rather seeking sport for themselves than honour for you. Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it. But all this is now superfluous. . . . Write, do write to me now and then. We are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness." .

Johnson remained in the country visiting various friends until the 16th November 1784, when he returned to London, a long absence from which always fretted him. But scarcely had he settled once more at Bolt Court, than he began to suffer seriously

from asthma, dropsy, and insomnia, during which he struggled hard against death, saying, "I will be conquered, I will not capitulate." At any time when suffering from illness, nothing pleased him more than to be told he looked better; and now when a member of one of his clubs assured him that he saw health returning to his cheek, the sage and philosopher grasped both hands of this discerning man, saying, "Sir, you are one of the kindest friends I ever had." Nay when an operation was performed for his dropsy, and he imagined it had been too tenderly executed by the surgeon, he himself clutched the knife and cut deep, in the hope of preserving a life that had then reached its seventy-fifth year.

Physicians and surgeons gathered round him willing to give him their services free; and Sir Joshua, Edmund Burke, Bennet Langton and other friends were continually with him, sitting for hours by his bedside talking, listening, or reading to him. One day when seeing he was silent and heavy, Burke said to him "I am afraid Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you"; he was answered, "No Sir, it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me." Overcome by this appreciation from one whom he knew would shortly pass from him for ever, Burke answered in a tremulous voice, "My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me"; and to conceal

his feelings hurried from the room. To Sir Joshua, whom he named as one of the executors of his will, he made three requests; that he would forgive him the thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; that he would read the Bible; and that he would never more use his brush on Sundays; requests which Reynolds, tears in his eyes, his hands clasping those of his old friend, readily promised to grant.

About a fortnight before his death he declared that the rapid decline in his health was owing to town air, and that he would take lodgings in the country at Islington. "I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that which I now suffer," he said. When however after sleepless nights and days of pain the inevitable faced him, he braced himself to ask Dr. Brocklesby, as one in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly and directly whether he could recover. On being told that he could not, unless a miracle was worked in his behalf, he said resolutely, "Then I will take no more physic, not even opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

Having resigned himself to death he made his will, prayed continually, gave advice to his friends, and on Sunday December 5th 1784, received the Sacrament, after which he seemed quite spent and lay in his great chair in a kind of doze. But presently rousing himself he said, "I have taken my viaticum;

I hope I shall arrive safe at the end of my journey, and be accepted at last." When one of his friends spoke to him of the great hopes given to mankind he replied, "Yes, we have hopes given us, but they are conditional, and I know not how far I have fulfilled those conditions." The end came without pain or dread on Monday evening December 13th 1784; and on the following Monday he was laid at rest in Westminster Abbey.

Another of those who silently fell from the ranks of friends and associates walking with Reynolds into the valley of the shadow, was that mercurial and boisterous spirit Thomas Gainsborough. According to a story which Sir George Beaumont used to tell, the painter was not without a presentiment of his death, though at the time referred to he was merely in his sixty-first year. One day in the spring of 1787, Sir George who delighted in pleasant company, invited Gainsborough and Richard Brinsley Sheridan author of "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," to dine with him, when they passed so happy a time that they desired to have it repeated, and before they parted, another day was fixed for another dinner. When Gainsborough came to this it was at once seen by his companions that he was not as he had been on the former occasion; for instead of railing at his contemporaries, joking at his own expense, and laughing at the follies of the world, he now sat

absorbed, melancholy, and indifferent to the wit and repartee of his friends. Then while they wondered at but dared not ask the cause of this change, he suddenly grasped Sheridan's hand and said to him, "Now don't laugh but listen. I shall die soon; I know it; I feel it; I have less time to live than my looks infer, but for that I don't care. What oppresses my mind is this; I have many acquaintances but few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to follow me to the grave, I wish to bespeak you. Will you come, aye or no?" Though treating this request as a whim, yet Sheridan readily gave the promise asked of him; when Gainsborough brightened, and for the remainder of the dinner was as jovial and amusing as usual.

In the following February, Gainsborough went down to Westminster Hall to hear the marvellous speech of his friend Edmund Burke in his impeachment of Warren Hastings on charges of personal corruption. It was not, as he afterwards said, until he felt "something inconceivably cold suddenly touch his neck," that he realized he had been sitting with his back to an open window. On returning home he complained that his neck was stiff and sore, when on examining it, his wife saw it bore a mark about the size of a shilling. Alarmed at this she insisted on calling in Dr. Heberden, and later still the famous surgeon John Hunter; both of whom declared it was

merely a swelling of the glands due to a cold, which would swiftly disappear when the weather became warmer. Putting faith in their word, Gainsborough thought little of his ailment until it grew worse, when Hunter was again sent for, and this time gave it as his opinion that his patient was suffering from cancer. On hearing this Gainsborough said, "If this be a cancer I am a dead man." On further and later examination Hunter once more changed his mind, and stated that the soreness felt by Gainsborough, was due to a wen growing interiorly, and so large as to obstruct the passages in the throat.

Before six months had passed from the date of his first feeling that deadly cold touch, Gainsborough knew that his presentiment was about to be fulfilled. Late in July while he lay in bed in his house at Piccadilly, his conscience upbraided him with not having treated Reynolds with the consideration, courtesy, and appreciation which he had always received from the President, and that had not limited itself to declaring that Gainsborough was the finest landscape painter in England; but to such an act as buying his picture, "A Girl with Pigs," not for the sixty guineas asked for it, but for a hundred guineas which Reynolds said it was well worth. Therefore the dying artist wrote Sir Joshua thanking him for the good opinion of his abilities he had entertained, and for the handsome manner in which he had always spoken of him, and

expressed a desire to see him once more. With this request Reynolds immediately complied, for as he afterwards said, "if any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by feeling sensible of his excellence." When Gainsborough's wife, pale and fearful for the fate of one who had sincerely loved her and whom she truly loved, left them alone, Gainsborough once again held out his thin hand which Reynolds grasped in silence, and for some time no words passed between them, complete understanding making such unnecessary. Then in a voice which had lost its cheery ring and sounded thin and faint through the ear-trumpet held close to his lips, he declared he had no fear of death, that the chief regret he felt was in leaving his wife, and his art, especially as he had begun to see his deficiencies, and hoped his last works had in some measure supplied them. In return Sir Joshua gave him sincere and hearty praise, for few admired him more; praise that was grasped at with keen pleasure. Then in a little while Gainsborough grew tired and his visitor prepared to leave him; but as he held in his own the hand he should grasp never more, the dying man made an attempt to rob their farewell of its bitterness by saying, "We are all going to heaven—and Vandyck is of the company."

A few days later, at two o'clock on the morning of August 2nd 1788, he died in the sixty-second year of his life, and in accordance with his wish, was buried in Kew churchyard near the grave of his friend Joshua Kirby. His funeral pall was borne by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir William Chambers, Paul Sandby, and Francesco Bartolozzi the engraver. In the discourse which Sir Joshua delivered to the students of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, after Gainsborough's death, he spoke of his absorbing love of his art, his superb powers as a colourist, his faithful adherence to nature, and added that "if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of art, among the very first of that rising name."

Sir Joshua himself had not been left without signs and warnings that his body, the instrument through which he manifested his real self, was wearing out. Already in 1783, when he had turned his sixtieth year, he had suffered from a slight attack of palsy; but he had quickly recovered from this, which had alarmed him much less than the second signal given him six years later, when in painting a portrait of Mie-Mie Fagniani, afterwards Marchioness of Hertford, a sudden dimness and pain in his left eye, made

him lay down his brush, which it may be said he never resumed.

In writing to her cousin William Johnson in India, Sir Joshua's niece Mary Palmer tells him that she had been recalled in the summer from Cornwall where she had been visiting friends, by news of this misfortune; and though at first it was hoped the complaint in her uncle's eye would be of no consequence, yet "he very soon totally lost it, and when I returned to him he was under the most violent apprehensions that the other was going too. But thank God these fears vanished, and although one eye is gone he sees as well as ever with the other. However the dread of what may happen if he uses it much, entirely deters him from either painting, writing, or reading; and for the last four months I have spent all my time in reading to him and writing all that he wants to have done. He now amuses himself by sometimes cleaning or mending a picture, for his ruling passion still continues in full force, and he enjoys his pictures as much as ever.

"His health is perfect and his spirits good, surprisingly so considering what a loss an eye is to him; and as it is the gutta serena which is affected, there is not the least chance of his ever recovering his sight. I expected he would have been depressed by such an event almost to melancholy; but far from it, he enjoys company in a quiet way, and loves a game of cards as

well as ever. After my return from Cornwall we spent some time in Richmond, a place to tell the truth I hate; for one has all the inconveniences of town and country put together, and none of the comforts; a house stuck upon the top of a hill without a bit of garden or ground of any sort near it, but what is as public as St. James's Park."

He now passed his days not only in cleaning and retouching his pictures, but in training a pet canary to peck seed from his open palm and sit upon his shoulders; in playing cards; in chatting with those who visited him or whom he visited, in listening to music, or in attending the theatre. The characteristic evenness of his temperament was maintained, and not only did he seem as cheerful as ever, interesting himself in the current topics of the day, but was careful to give as little concern and trouble as possible to his niece Mary Palmer who acted as his companion and secretary, writing his letters, reading to him, and accompanying him in his walks and drives. And not only was he cheered by her sympathetic companionship, but also by the endeavours of his friends to enliven and to bear him company; none of them being more assiduous in this way than Ozias Humphrey who had travelled to Rome with Romney, and who now made it a habit to call every morning on Sir Joshua that he might read him the news in the "Flying Post." It is possible that some fear of a

similar affliction occurring to himself may have roused his sympathy for Reynolds; for five years later Humphrey also suffered from having overtaxed his sight, and was obliged to give up the commission at which he was working for the Duke of Dorset.

The loss of the sight of one eye did not prevent Sir Joshua from visiting various friends in the country during the summer of 1789, and of tranquilly enjoying himself while the English nation was depressed by the madness of its Sovereign and the consequent dissensions of the government, and the French nation was passing through the horrors of a revolution. But the peace which national calamities failed to disturb, was ruffled by an event which closely touched his authority and position as President of the Royal Academy. Briefly stated the facts of the case were these.

When in February 1786, the Academy lost its Professor of Perspective by the death of Samuel Wale, and no candidate presented himself to fill the post, Sir Joshua asked two of those he thought best qualified, Paul Sandby and John Richards, to accept it and save the Academy from the appearance of not having any member capable of teaching perspective. As they declined, a council was held to deliberate on what was to be done, when Sir William Chambers proposed that, as according to the rules of the Institute the professor must be an Academician, they should

strive to find some outsider fitted for the position, and elect him an Academician expressly for the purpose of filling it, as was customary with the French Academy. This suggestion was adopted, and subsequently Sir Joshua proposed Giuseppe Bonomi, a clever architect, a Roman by birth but a resident in London for many years, as a candidate for the professorship; while Edward Edwards, a painter of landscape and historical pictures, was also put forward. It was then decided that both candidates should submit specimens of their work for the consideration of the Council, and the matter rested there for a time.

Edwards was already an Associate, which Bonomi was not, but when in November 1789, an opportunity to raise him to that honour occurred, a rival was produced by his opponents and Edwards's friends, in Sawrey Gilpin, an animal painter of fair repute. Before the balloting took place, the President addressing the Academicians reminded them that Signor Bonomi was a candidate; complained of the little attention that had been paid to his desire that the Professorship of Perspective should be filled; stated that nothing but a sense of duty could have made him persevere as he had for the past three years in continually recommending them to fill this place; and added that although it was as disagreeable to him to drop counsel in unwilling ears as it was irksome to them to hear it, yet he would continue to do so at every

election until they relieved him of the disagreeable task, and acted in a manner that would further the honour and interest of the Academy. Even this strong appeal had little effect on his hearers, for on the ballot being taken it was found that both candidates had an equal number of votes, and it was only when the President gave his casting vote, that Bonomi was elected an Associate. Although Sir Joshua explained that in giving his vote he did so in the hope of seeing Bonomi soon elected to the full honours of the Institute and appointed to fill the vacant professorship, yet his opponents, who now became his detractors, charged him behind his back with favouring Bonomi at the request of Lord Aylesford, who was a patron and an employer of the Italian.

Two months later in January 1790, a vacancy occurred in the ranks of the Academicians by the death of Jeremiah Meyer one of the original members. This the President desired to see filled by Giuseppe Bonomi; in which he was opposed by the friends of Edwards, who brought forward Henry Fuseli already an Associate as their candidate. As Fuseli had begun his career as an artist chiefly by the advice of Reynolds who had continued to encourage him and had suggested his joining the Academy, he now waited on him to bespeak his vote. The President received him with his usual courtesy, readily admitted the claims to recognition and reward which Fuseli

advanced, but frankly declined to promise him his vote. "If you were my own brother I could not serve you on this occasion," he said, "for I think it not only expedient but highly necessary for the good of the Academy that Bonomi should be elected. At another time you shall certainly have my vote." Fuseli thanked him and hoped that if he solicited his friends to vote for him, Sir Joshua would not take it as an offence, when he was told, "Certainly not."

Those opposed to Sir Joshua's candidate now became active in their determination to have him defeated; but their behaviour gave the President less pain than that of Sir William Chambers did in openly joining them. Formerly as eager as the President that the vacant professorship should be filled, he now gave it as his opinion that there was no necessity it should, and that perspective could be taught by an outsider duly qualified. Added to this he raised a cry against foreigners filling positions in the Academy; which was thought to come ill from one who had been born abroad, and who used a title given him by a foreign princelet. When on the 10th of February the day of election, the President entered the Council room of the Academy, he found a greater number of Academicians there than had ever assembled before on a like occasion, and felt that the greater part of them were hostile to him. "Instead of the members as usual straggling about

the room, they were already seated in perfect order, and with the most profound silence I went directly to the chair," says Sir Joshua in the few notes he has left of the scene.

Edwards knowing his own limitations had declined to send in any specimens of his work on the ground that he was "past being a boy," but Bonomi had. These had been thrust into the darkest corner at the furthest end of the Council room, but seeing them there the President asked the secretary to place them on the side tables where they could be examined. At first that official did not pretend to hear him, but when the request was repeated, he walked slowly to the other end of the apartment, passing the drawings on his way, and rang a bell for a servant, "which servant," writes Sir Joshua, "it is curious to remark (as it shows the rude spirit and gross manners of this cabal) was to mount a long flight of steps in order to move two drawings from one side of the room to the other." Having rung the bell the secretary advanced to the middle of the room and crossed his arms on his breast, when seeing his attitude of defiance the President left the chair, and assisted by the servant who had by that time arrived, placed the drawings where they could be seen, though with the exception of Paul Sandby, not one of the Academicians deigned to look at them.

Having returned to the chair, the President opened

the business of the meeting by saying they had met to choose an Academician, in the place of Jeremiah Meyer; and he trusted they would elect one who was qualified and willing to accept the Professorship of Perspective which had been vacant so many years to the disgrace of the Academy. By not sending any specimens of his work, Edward Edwards seemed to have declined the competition, and the President hoped for the honour of the Academy that their votes would be unanimous on this occasion. The question for them to consider was, "Is the author of those drawings on the table qualified or not for the office he solicits." He had scarcely finished when an Academician named Tyler, rose and peremptorily demanded who had ordered the drawings to be sent to the Academy, on which the President answered he had. At that Tyler moved that they should be sent out of the room and asked if anyone seconded his motion; whereon James Barry jumped up in great indignation and said, "Nobody can be found so lost to shame as to dare to second so infamous a motion"; but setting him aside, Thomas Banks an Associate, rose and seconded the motion, which on a show of hands was carried by a large majority.

The President then stated that the expelled drawings had a perfect right to be in the room together with those of Edwards, which had been ordered and expected by the Council; but he was interrupted by various

voices saying the transaction was over, no explanations were wanted, and that it was irregular to talk on business that was past. Having submitted to this, the President proceeded to the election, when Fuseli was made an Academician by a majority of twenty-eight votes against eight. On this being announced the business of the meeting ended, when Sir Joshua quitted the chair greatly dissatisfied at what had occurred.

Although his knowledge of human nature should have saved him from surprise at being treated with disrespect and hostility by members of an Institution which he had loyally striven to support and honour, but which now, grown old and semi-blind he could no longer be expected to benefit, yet he was disappointed and depressed by the evident desire to oppose his wishes and to treat him with indignity. To him there seemed but one course left, but it is characteristic of him, that patient and unwilling to yield to angry impulse, he delayed for near a fortnight before taking it. He then wrote a letter dated February 23rd 1790 to the secretary of the Academy in which he said :

" Sir, I beg you would inform the Council which I understand meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as an Academician. As I can no longer be of any use to the Academy as

President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation. I therefore take my leave of the Academy with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect to its members." In a postscript he added that Sir William Chambers had two letters of his, either or both of which he was at liberty to read to the Council. Sir Joshua's letter to the secretary having been read, one of those referred to as written to Sir William Chambers was called for. This related to a communication sent by the latter to Sir Joshua, telling him that he had had an interview with the King, when having spoken of recent events, his Majesty said he "would be happy in Sir Joshua's continuing in the President's chair." In answering this, Reynolds said he inferred that his conduct must have been satisfactory to his Sovereign from the gratifying manner in which the royal pleasure had been declared, but that "flattered by His Majesty's approval, there could be nothing dishonourable in his resignation."

It was then decided by the Council to call a general meeting of the Academicians to consider the subject, the date of which was fixed for the 3rd of March. Meantime letters passed between Reynolds and Chambers, in one of which the former in a perfectly courteous way conveyed his estimate of the latter. Sir William, who probably was ashamed of the treatment the President had received, and for which he was to blame in a great measure, begged that even if

Sir Joshua resigned his Presidency, he would retain his membership of the Academy. This he thought due to the King's condescension, and to Sir Joshua's own character, "as it would obviate aspersions which might prove disagreeable to him."

In reply Reynolds stated that his sole inducement to remain an Academician would be that in doing so, he might please His Majesty; but for all that he deemed himself bound in conscience and honour to keep to his resolution of leaving the Institution. As to the statement that his remaining a member would obviate aspersions, "I must," says Sir Joshua, "to satisfy you upon this point, beg leave to remind you of what you have said, that you have known me for forty years. In that time you may have known (or you ought not to have continued my acquaintance so long) that I am in a state of reputation to defy unfounded aspersions; and if I had no other reason for quitting than to prove to you and those who may join with you in this kind of threat, that I am not to be moved with fear of those aspersions, I would instantly resign if I had not before resolved on it." He added that the only conclusion rightly to be drawn from his resignation was, that he disapproved of electing members of the Academy to offices without fair competition; and "that I did not like the method of turning out with scorn and every mark of personal ill-will and ill-manners to myself, works

that are the titles of the candidate to the place he solicits, and which honour the Academy. If this conclusion be drawn, it is a conclusion to which I can have no objection. It is the only conclusion I would have drawn from my retreat. I do not wish to remain in the Academy to countenance a direct opposite conclusion, which is that my resignation of the Presidency was, as you are pleased to think this my present resignation, (of membership), from motives disrespectful to the Patron and revengeful to the members of the Academy, when in reality it was done on account of your departure from the most essential rules of the Academy, without the observance of which the choice to office in the Academy and to the rank of Academicians itself, must in future become a matter of party and cabal, and not of open and honourable competition."

It is probable that Sir William thought there was no necessity to read this letter to the Council of which he was chairman, held on the 3rd of March, as no entry of it may be found on its minutes; and the principal business of which was to pass a vote of thanks to Sir Joshua Reynolds for the able and attentive manner in which he had for so many years discharged his duty as President of the Society. A rider was added to the effect, "But as any endeavours on the part of the general body to soothe their late President appeared equally useless and im-

proper, more especially as he had resisted the wish of the Sovereign so graciously expressed, it was determined that a meeting should be shortly called to fill the vacancy which had thus unhappily occurred."

In reference to the first part of this transaction, Sir Joshua says in a memorandum which he probably intended for publication, "I had the honour of receiving the thanks of the Academy *for the able and attentive manner* in which I had discharged my duty. But as if some demon still preserved his influence in this society, that nothing should be rightly done, those thanks were not signed by the chairman according to regulation, but by the secretary alone, and sent to the President in the manner of a common note, closed with a wafer, and without even an envelope, and presented to the President by the hands of the common errand boy of the Academy, not as a resolution but 'the secretary was desired to inform.' Whether this was studied neglect or ignorance of propriety, I have no means of knowing; but so much at least may be discovered, that the persons who have now taken upon themselves the direction of the Royal Academy, are as little versed in the requisites of civil intercourse as they appear to be unknowing of the more substantial interest and true honour of that society of which they are members."

Though James Barry had before now roundly abused Sir Joshua, yet he no sooner saw the injustice

that was done him by those whose duty it was to have supported him, than he sided with his cause; and not only protested against Bonomi's drawings being expelled from the Council room, but at the meeting of the 3rd of March, had risen to ask a pertinent question regarding the President's resignation which was overruled. His being silenced only made him the more determined to express his opinion and that of those who agreed with him, on the treatment of Reynolds by the majority of the Academicians. He therefore, with Sandby, Opie, Northcote, Rigaud, Nollekens, and Zoffany, drew up and presented an address to Sir Joshua, in which it was stated they considered they were but paying the respect due to their own characters by protesting in the most public manner against the conduct of the majority of their colleagues; that they were of opinion it was disgraceful to the Academy that the Professorship of Perspective had been left vacant so many years; that the President was only doing his duty in persuading the Academicians to put aside all other candidates and elect one who was qualified to fill it; and that he would not have done his duty, if he had not (according to the implied order of the Council) desired Bonomi to send examples of his work for the inspection of the Academicians.

"We therefore," continued this address, "disapprove in the highest degree of ordering the

specimens of Mr. Bonomi (the then only candidate, Mr. Edwards having declined) to be sent out of the room. And we conceive that the irregularity of this proceeding was much aggravated by its having the appearance of offering an unprovoked and unmerited insult to the President, from whose performances the Arts have received so much honour, and from whose services the Academy has received so many important benefits."

Though this address was signed merely by seven members of the Academy, yet it must have given some gratification to Sir Joshua as showing that there were a few of his colleagues who were mindful of his past services, resentful of the affronts offered him, and willing to support his contention. It did more, for being published in the newspapers of the day, it fully roused public attention to the subject in which it was already interested, and deepened the indignation generally felt against the Academicians for their treatment of a man universally respected and esteemed for his blameless and honourable life, no less than for those high achievements as an artist that made him an honour to the nation. It was therefore probably the pressure of outside opinion that caused a sudden change in the minds of the Council of the Academy, for at their next meeting held on the 13th of March, they not only abandoned their already expressed intention to elect another President, but

declared themselves moved by an anxious desire to conciliate Sir Joshua as far as it was possible consistent with the respect due to themselves and the Institution, in accordance with which it was "resolved that upon inquiry it is the opinion of this meeting that the President acted in conformity with the intention of the Council in directing Mr. Bonomi to send in a drawing or drawings to the general meeting, to evince his being qualified for the office of Professor of Perspective; but that the general meeting not having been informed of this new regulation of the Council, nor having consented to it as the laws of the Academy direct, the generality of the assembly judged their introduction irregular, and consequently voted for their being withdrawn."

To this a second resolution was added which said "that Sir Joshua Reynolds's declared objection to his resuming the chair having been done away, a committee be appointed to wait on Sir Joshua Reynolds, requesting him that in obedience to the gracious desires of His Majesty, and in compliance with the wishes of the Academy, he would withdraw his letter of resignation." Benjamin West, Thomas Sandby, John Opie, John Singleton Copley, Richard Cosway, Joseph Farington, John Bacon, and Charles Catton were appointed to wait on Sir Joshua and communicate to him the resolutions of the Council. They were graciously received by one whose desire it always

had been to live in amity with the world, and who was now willing to forget the vexation caused him by his colleagues. Increasing age, he told them, prompted him to decline their desire that he should continue as President, but that was impossible after the concessions that had been made to him, and he would with pleasure resume his place among them. And to show that he appreciated their kindly action in waiting on him, he invited the committee to dine with him that day. No sooner had they left him than consultations and preparations were made for this feast which he desired should be worthy of the occasion, and brisk of foot, and elated, he went backwards and forwards from his studio to the dining-room, giving orders and seeing that all was made ready. "Indeed," writes his niece in speaking of this day, "he has reason to feel himself in spirits from the honour he gains by this affair, for all the kingdom have been interested about him, and that his resignation would be a public loss."

On the 16th of the month, (March 1790) he attended a Council meeting of the Academy and personally withdrew his resignation, but stated that he did not think himself at liberty to take the chair until he should have received His Majesty's permission. When this was requested by Lord Heathfield of the King, he immediately replied, "Tell Sir Joshua that it is my most earnest wish he should do so." He therefore resumed his place as President and

continued his duties as such for a little while longer. On the 10th of the following December, he delivered his fifteenth and last discourse before the Academy. These discourses, it may here be mentioned, had always been greatly valued by his contemporary artists, and are read and appreciated to the present day by students, because of the sound principles they embody, their knowledge of technic, their plea for the claims and dignity of art, their protest against insincerity and affectation, and their urgent request to appeal to the imagination only by dignified and beautiful effects.

If any opinion of these discourses was expressed by the English Sovereign no trace of it remains; but we know that appreciation of them which he greatly valued, came to him from a foreign Sovereign, Catherine the Great. In striving to civilize the barbarous peoples over whom she reigned, she had not only purchased various collections of pictures, that of Sir Robert Walpole among others, but had given several commissions to European artists of whom Sir Joshua was one. As the choice of a subject for her picture was left to the painter, he selected that of the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents; not that he intended it should have reference to the action which made the Empress a widow, but that it should symbolize the power of Russia to strangle her enemies. Reynolds laboured so hard at this before it reached

the standard of his ideal, that when finished he used to say of it, "there are ten under it, some better some worse." On its reaching St. Petersburg, the Empress —to whom the subject of strangulation in any shape might be supposed to recall unpleasant memories— professed to like the picture for which she sent him the stipulated price of fifteen hundred guineas. And as when forwarding it he had sent a copy of his discourses of which he begged her acceptance, she in return presented him with a massive gold box having on its lid a basso-relievo of herself and her cypher in diamonds, and containing an autograph inscription as follows, "Pour le Chevalier Reynolds en témoignage du contentement que j'ai ressenti à la lecture de ses excellents discours sur la peinture." This was forwarded to her Ambassador in London to whom she wrote, "I have read with the greatest avidity the discourses pronounced at the Royal Academy of London by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which that illustrious artist sent me with his large picture. In both productions one may trace a most elevated genius. I recommend you to give my thanks to Sir Joshua, and to remit him the box I send as a testimony of the great satisfaction the perusal of his discourses has given me, and which I look upon as perhaps the best work that ever was written upon the subject."

Sir Joshua's discourses had been attended from

the first not only by the Academicians and students, but by men and women of distinction in literature and art, by statesmen and orators, by courtiers and people of fashion. But it was probaby to mark the general gratification of his resuming the Presidency that at this his last lecture, the room was crowded to excess; so that just as he was about to begin, a crash was heard and the floor seemed to give way, on which many jumped to their feet and rushed to the door panic-stricken, until seeing Sir Joshua standing calm and self-possessed they concluded their fears had been falsely alarmed and they returned to their seats. As it happened, a beam which supported the floor had cracked, but fortunately had not given way. In speaking of the incident afterwards to Northcote, Reynolds said "if the floor had really fallen, most of the persons assembled must have been crushed to death, and the arts in this country would have been thrown two hundred years back."

Believing that some explanation regarding his recent resignation of the Presidential chair would be expected of him, Sir Joshua referred to it in the most generous manner. "Among men united in the same body," he said, "and engaged in the same pursuit, along with permanent friendship occasional differences will arise. In these disputes men are naturally too favourable to themselves, and think perhaps too hardly of their antagonists. But composed and con-

stituted as we are, those little contentions will be lost to others; and they ought certainly to be lost among ourselves, in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements; every contest ought to be, and I am persuaded will be sunk in our zeal for the perfection of our common art." He then went on to review the Academy as a school of art, and to dwell on the uses to which it should be made subservient. The Academicians might, he thought, congratulate themselves on the manner in which the professorships had been filled by men of ability and distinction, and he looked upon it as of great importance that none of the chairs should ever be left vacant.

Coming to a more personal tone he said that his age, and his infirmities still more than his age, made it probable that this would be the last time he should have the honour of addressing the Academicians from the presidential chair, and continuing said, "In parting with the Academy I shall remember with pride, affection, and gratitude, the support with which I have almost uniformly been honoured from the commencement of our intercourse. I shall leave you, gentlemen, with unaffected cordial wishes for your future concord; and with a well-founded hope that in that concord the auspicious and not obscure origin of our Academy may not be forgotten in the splendour of your succeeding prospects."

Finally in referring to his discourses he declared

he felt no small satisfaction in the assurance that they had never fostered newly hatched, unfledged opinions, or endeavoured to support paradoxes no matter how tempting their novelty, or how ingenious he might have thought them; and then followed an eulogium on Michael Angelo for whom from the first sight of his works he had felt a profound homage; the last sentence of which said—"I reflect not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo." Unnerved and tremulous from the exertion of his lecture, he bowed again and again to the hearty plaudits of those whose faces he could but dimly see, and then as with slow uncertain step he was about to quit the chair, Edmund Burke on the impulse of the moment hurried forward, and grasping his old friend's hand warmly in his own, repeated aloud the lines from Milton:

> The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

CHAPTER IX

Dr. Johnson's monument—Its admission into St. Paul's Cathedral—Sir Joshua's proposal to the Dean and Chapter—He asks a donation from the Academy for Johnson's statue—He offers his collection of old masters for sale—His failing sight—Remedies bring no relief—He fears total blindness—Receives a visit from Fanny Burney—He again wishes to resign his Presidency—He is requested to retain it—Doctors in error regarding his health—The end of his life—Universal regret—Public funeral—He is laid in St. Paul's—The terms of his will—James Barry is presented with the chair in which Reynolds posed his sitters—Its subsequent history—Barry's charges against the Academicians—He is expelled from the Academy—His life of struggle—His last days and his death.

IN the spring of the following year 1791, Sir Joshua warmly interested himself regarding the erection of a monument to his old friend Samuel Johnson. It had originally been intended that this, for which a sum of six hundred guineas had been subscribed by the philosopher's friends, should be placed in Westminster Abbey where his body lay; but before any decisive step in the matter had been taken, it became known that the then Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—having come to the conclusion that the introduction of statuary to their cathedral would neither encourage idolatry, nor favour popery,—on

receiving a request to admit a statue of Howard the philanthropist, had not actually refused though they had not acceded to it; for while willing to agree to the general wish to place Howard's statue in the cathedral, they had confessed to their "incompetence of judgment in regulating the size of the figures admitted, or in what part such monuments might be placed so as not to affect the beauty of the architecture."

To obviate the only objection now in the way to the introduction of sculpture to St. Paul's, Sir Joshua attended a meeting of the Council of the Academy on the 5th of May (1791) when he introduced a motion which was carried, "that the President and Council having been informed that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have the intention of permitting monuments to be erected in that cathedral, offer their services in regulating the disposition of these monuments, examining sculptors' models, determining the magnitude of the figures, and giving their advice and assistance in whatever affects the beauty and decoration of the building." This proposal was gladly accepted by the Dean and Chapter, and a committee was appointed by the Academicians to act on their behalf. As there was now no obstacle to having a statue of Johnson placed in St. Paul's, Sir Joshua called a meeting of those who had been nominated to carry out the erection of his monument, and suggested

to them that a statue in the national cathedral would do more honour to their late friend than a monument in Westminster Abbey; while the introduction of sculpture in the former would not only help to furnish its bareness, but would give English artists a fair field for their abilities which the Abbey could not, overcrowded as it was with statuary. It was added that twelve hundred guineas would be required for the statue it was proposed to erect.

The committee were not unanimous in agreeing with Sir Joshua; two members thinking it would be more fitting to Johnson's memory that he had a monument in the Abbey, resigned their seats on the majority deciding otherwise; while those who were in favour of having the statue in St. Paul's, declined to trouble themselves further in collecting the balance of the sum required. At that Sir Joshua said that if the necessary amount was not forthcoming, he would make it up out of his own pocket, rather than not have a fitting memorial erected to his old friend. Permission for the statue to be placed in St. Paul's being granted by the authorities, fresh subscriptions were asked, and it was proposed by Sir Joshua that the Academy should give a donation of a hundred pounds to this object. This was strongly opposed by Sir William Chambers, who stated that the Academy had no concern with the erection of a monument or statue to one who had no connexion with it, save

that it gave him an empty title; with which Sir Joshua disagreed, saying that as an honorary professor, Johnson had been one of them. Though later, Chambers sent a letter stating that the King strongly disapproved of the Academy giving a subscription from its funds, a hundred pounds was voted by it for the purpose. The commission for the statue to Johnson which now stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, representing a man wrapped in classic garments and in no way characteristic of the original as he lived and had his being, was given to John Bacon. Sir Joshua never had the satisfaction of seeing this tribute to his old friend, which owed its existence to him, placed in St. Paul's.

While occupied by the business of the Johnson memorial, Sir Joshua, with a view to preparing for the coming change, offered his large and valuable collection of old masters—including specimens of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Vandyck, Rubens, Tintoretto, and Titian, which he had acquired by purchases abroad and at home, to the Royal Academy for an inconsiderable sum, on condition that the building in the Strand known as the Lyceum should be purchased by the Academy, and converted into a gallery for the permanent public exhibition of these works, no National Gallery being then in existence. To the incalculable loss of the nation this offer was refused; when in the hope that when seen they might be bought by private

individuals, he exhibited them at a gallery in the Haymarket, the amount received for admission being handed to his old and faithful servant Ralph Kirkley.

In the last summer which he was to see, he visited several friends in the country, and seemingly appeared as tranquil and cheerful as of old, though meantime a dreadful shadow hung over him, for worse than death he feared blindness. A scrap of writing faint and indistinct, evidently penned but a short time before the end came, and found after he had gone, speaks as nothing else can of his feelings. "My other eye, the right," it says, "also for these last three years failing by degrees, some months before all sight was abolished, things which I look at seem to swim to the right and left; certain inveterate vapours seem to possess my forehead and temples, which after meat especially, quite to evening, generally urge and depress my eyes with sleepy heaviness. Whilst there was yet some remainder of sight, I no sooner lay down in my bed and turned on my side, but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes, and as my sight diminished, every day colours gradually more obscure flashed out with vehemence; but now that the lucid is wholly extinct, a direct blackness or else spotted, and as it were spotted with ash colour, is used to pour itself in, nearer to whitish than black, and the eye rolling itself a little, admits a little smallness of light as through a chink."

In September 1792 he experienced great pain from a swelling and inflammation above his left eye, for which he was repeatedly bled and blistered by Cruikshank the surgeon without bringing him the least relief. This pain led him to believe the glimmer of sight remaining in the other eye would soon be taken from him, and his spirits, maintained to this time, began to sink. In the following month Fanny Burney, just released from her attendance on the Queen, called to visit him and found him wearing a bandage above one eye while the other was protected from the light by a green shade. "He seemed serious even to sadness though extremely kind. 'I am very glad,' he said in a meek voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again, and I wish I could see you better, but I have but one eye now, and scarcely that.' I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly, not however inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express either my concern for his altered situation since our meeting, or my joy in again being with him, but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself and recommended Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose, probably no inclination."

Aware that he would no longer be able to act as President of the Academy, he wrote to Benjamin West on the 10th of December, asking him to take

the chair in his stead at the meeting to be held that evening, and saying that he would as soon as possible forward his formal resignation of the Presidency to the Council. On this letter being read amid general sympathy, a deputation was appointed to wait on Sir Joshua, and express to him the deep regret of the Academicians at his resolution to resign his office, and to beg that he would still retain it, and appoint if he pleased, a deputy to fill its more laborious duties. To this he agreed. It is worth mentioning that at the meeting at which his letter was read, four artists of whom more was to be heard, were elected Associates, these being Thomas Lawrence, Henry Tresham, Thomas Stothard, and Robert Smirke.

Sir Joshua was never again able to take his place as President of the Academy, for as the dark days of December passed he seemed to draw near and nearer to the end; medical aid being seemingly unable to relieve or restore him. Speaking on this point his friend Edmund Malone declared himself of opinion "that we should not have lost this most amiable man for some years, but for want of exertion combined with some want of skill in his physicians. . . . Sir George Baker and Dr. Warren assured him that his remaining eye was in no danger, and that with respect to another complaint, if he would exert himself, take exercise, and think himself well, he would be well.

Unfortunately they never paid any attention to his loss of appetite and depression of spirits; and even while he was gradually wasting, their whole language was, 'What can we do for a man who will do nothing for himself'; while at the same time they owned they could not form any notion whatsoever of his disorder, and while he was ready and willing to follow any prescription they should order. All this while, that is during the whole months of November, December, and January, they made not the least attempt to investigate the seat or origin of his disease, nor did they call for the aid of a surgeon to examine his body minutely and to discover the latent mischief. Dr. Blagdon (Secretary to the Royal Society who had studied physic, and practised some time in America) alone, uniformly declared that he was confident the complaints of Sir Joshua Reynolds were not imaginary but well founded, and that some of the principal viscera were affected. His conjecture was but too well founded."

It was only a fortnight before his death that the above named medical attendants on the dying man, condescended to call in two others of their profession for consultation; when though they had previously persisted in declaring that their patient suffered from no specific malady, they now implicitly agreed with the new-comers that his liver was seriously affected. Remedies were applied for this disease when too late.

Languid, somewhat weary of a world in which he had won unhoped for distinction and undreamt of wealth; uncomplaining of pain, grateful for the sympathy and tenderness shown him by his family and his friends, he congratulated himself on the happy conclusion of a happy life, as Edmund Burke assures us. Aged, almost sightless, in hope of perfect rest, he tranquilly awaited the end, seeing—dimly it may have been—the faces that he loved bent above him, unfailing in their affection, heavy with sorrow. Between the hours of eight and nine on the evening of the 23rd of February 1792, he passed quietly away, being then in his sixty-ninth year.

Sorrow for his death was universal. "If one's mind could admit of pride at such a time," writes Mary Palmer to her cousin, "sure those who loved him best must feel it, to see and hear the unaffected sorrow, praises, and lamentations of all who even knew him but slightly." His executors, Edmund Burke, Edmund Malone, and Philip Metcalfe, prepared to give him a funeral that should honour his memory. It was naturally believed that the Academy would enthusiastically aid them in carrying out their intentions, and that it would have done so is probable but for Sir William Chambers, who for some reason that cannot now be gauged though jealousy may be suspected, was as much opposed to honour the obsequies of the President, as he had been anxious to

From a mezzotint, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MARY PALMER, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF INCHIQUIN.

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thwart his wishes during the latter part of his life. It therefore happened that on the executors conveying their desire to the Council of the Academy, that Sir Joshua's body be placed in the Academy at Somerset House, and that the Academicians should take upon themselves to issue invitations to his funeral to those who had been in the habit of attending his discourses, such as the State officials, Ambassadors, and men of distinction, Sir William, as surveyor of Somerset House, declared it was not in the power of the Council to grant leave for the President's remains to be received or placed there; while the Council probably at his suggestion, returned a formal answer that as to issuing invitations to persons of distinction, the task was surrounded by so many difficulties, that such invitations as they issued must be confined to members of their own body. Though James Barry, flaming with indignation at this treatment of Sir Joshua, strove to gain exact information of what passed at the meetings of the Council at which such resolutions were passed, he was never able to do so.

On learning the opinion of Sir William Chambers regarding the limited powers of the Council, Benjamin West who had always been a friend of Sir Joshua, waited on the King and laid the matter before him, as a result of which he was able to report to the Academicians that it was His Majesty's express desire they should pay every possible respect to their late

President. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's having given permission to have him buried in the crypt of the cathedral as he had desired, and the date of the funeral having been fixed for Saturday the 3rd March (1792) his remains were removed on the previous Friday evening, from his house in Leicester Fields to Somerset House where they were placed in the model room, that was hung with black and lighted by wax candles in silver sconces. Thence the funeral started next day soon after twelve o'clock. Nothing was left undone to mark the solemnity of the occasion, the honour in which his friends held his memory, their affection and esteem for him, their sorrow at his loss. Among the pall-bearers were the Duke of Dorset, Lord High Steward of His Majesty's Household, the Dukes of Leeds and Portland, the Marquis of Abercorn and Marquis Townshend, the Earls of Carlisle, Inchiquin, and Upper Ossory, and Viscount Palmerston; while after the Academicians, Associates, and students, came the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, followed in turn by an enormous crowd—including the Dean of Norwich, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London,—of statesmen, peers, and persons of distinction, the first of whose carriages had reached St. Paul's before the last had left Somerset House.

The day was clear and crisp, and occasional gleams of sunshine fell upon the long stately procession as

it moved past the closed shops, coffee houses, and taverns of Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill to the great grey church whose bells tolled mournfully, and at whose entrance the body was met by the Dean and attending clergy, who to the wailing sounds of the organ, conducted it to the choir where it remained during the service that followed. On this being ended it was lowered into the crypt and placed near the last resting-place of Bishop Newton, and close to that of Christopher Wren. It was not until twenty-one years later that a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

By his will Sir Joshua left ten thousand pounds to his niece Mrs. Gwatkin; two thousand five hundred in the funds for life to his sister Frances, with the reversion to his niece Mary Palmer; two thousand pounds to Edmund Burke, whose bond for the same amount lent him, Sir Joshua generously cancelled; one thousand pounds to his old servant Ralph Kirkley; two hundred pounds each to his executors; and the remainder of his real and personal property to his niece Mary Palmer. This amounted in all to about one hundred thousand pounds, a portion that endowed her with such irresistible fascination in the eyes of Murrough O'Brien, fifth Earl of Inchiquin—a chivalrous, impecunious person then in his seventieth year, a bon-vivant, careless in his dress, rotund in figure, and with a purple nose as became a six bottle

man—that he made her his second wife. Fate rewarded her sacrifice to ambition, for in December 1800, he was created first Marquis of Thomond; though it was not until he had reached the age of eighty-five that he was removed from her side to another world. Among other belongings which the Countess of Inchiquin inherited from her uncle, was the plain mahogany armchair covered with leather, in which so many celebrated men and beautiful women had sat as he painted them; and that he had painted in his portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. This, Lady Inchiquin presented in January 1794 to James Barry, who in his lectures and his conversation had for some years before Sir Joshua's death continually lauded him as a great portrait painter, and who after his death paid many tributes to his genius. Barry received it as "an inestimable favour conferred on him," and in acknowledging it said that "it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate reverential conservator whilst God shall permit it to remain under my care." On Barry's death it passed into the possession of his friend and biographer Dr. Fryer, after whose demise it was, with his household furniture, advertised for sale by auction. On seeing the throne chair, as it was called, in the auctioneer's catalogue, J. T. Smith, Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, pointed it out to Sir Thomas Lawrence, then President of the Academy, who in

return warmly thanked him and declared his intention of securing this relic of Sir Joshua. On the day of the auction however neither he nor any representative of his was present, and the throne chair was on the point of being knocked down for ten-and-sixpence, when J. T. Smith entered the sale room, and after some slight contest bought the chair which he at once sent to Sir Thomas's residence in Russell Square.

From his possession this historic chair passed into that of Sir Michael Archer Shee, who succeeded Sir Thomas Lawrence as President of the Academy. On the sale of Sir Michael's effects after his death in March 1851, the throne chair was sold for five pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence, and became the property of Sir Charles Eastlake, then President of the Academy. It is now, together with a palette of Sir Joshua's, the property of the Academy and may be seen in the Diploma gallery

It may be added that seven years after the death of Sir Joshua, James Barry was deprived of his position as Professor of Painting to the Academy, from which he was also expelled. The general cause of this had been his unsolicited and unsparing comments on the manner in which the Institute was conducted, and on the incompetent work of its "trifling members"; but his particular offence was the issuing of a "Letter to the Dilettanti Society" in which he freely discussed the

actions of the Academicians, denounced their cliques and jealousies, declared they dissipated the funds entrusted to them in secret intrigues, and proposed that their votes when given on any occasion, should be taken on oath, that being the only way to obtain from them an honest and truthful expression of their opinion. This proving a trifle more than Academic human nature could stand, Joseph Wilton, Keeper of the Royal Academy, and father-in-law of Sir William Chambers, was instructed by the Council to draw up a list of charges against Barry for their consideration. In this the erring man was declared to have spoken contemptuously of the members of the Academy; to have charged them with voting pensions amounting to sixteen thousand pounds to themselves, instead of expending that sum for the benefit of the students; to have abused the works of the President, Benjamin West; and to have taught the students habits of insubordination and licentiousness.

Barry was not given a copy of these charges or an opportunity of explaining them; but he strongly protested against them in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Academy. In answer to this, eight days after it was written, he received an official notice dated April 24th 1799, saying that the journals of the Council of the Academy, and the report of the committee, together with the resolutions of the general assembly, having been laid before the King, His

Majesty was graciously pleased to strike his name from the roll of Academicians. For seven years after this date he carried on his life of struggle, contention, and privation; painting large canvases, writing letters in which he sought to set the world aright; and ever ready to expound his theories on art, philosophy, theology, and the contemptible ignorance of a public that accepted the work of certain artists as great, while overlooking his own genius. That it was neglected seemed evident from his manner of living, for unwashed, uncombed, ragged, and with soiled linen, he passed through the streets frequently attended by a crowd of ragamuffins who delighted in the explosions of his wrath, and the attempts at vengeance they provoked by their ridicule. Buying his own food he cooked it in his own house, No. 36 Castle Street, off Oxford Street, which with its sunken walls, broken windows, damp stains, decaying wood, and squalor was a picture of desolation and ruin. One of his patrons and friends who regarded him as a genius, the Earl of Buchan, one of the earliest members of the Society of Arts, after prolonged endeavours was successful in raising a subscription among his fellow members and others for Barry, that amounted to one thousand pounds, with which an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds was bought for him from Sir Robert Peel. It came however, like so many things long desired, too

late to comfort his harassed spirit or to relieve his exhausted body, for he did not live to receive its first payment. One grey day in February 1806, he entered a French restaurant in Wardour Street where he sometimes dined, when he was taken suddenly ill. As violent shivers shook him he was given brandy, put into a hackney coach, and driven to his wretched home. On reaching it the door could not be opened, boys having plugged up the keyhole with dirt and pebbles in expectation of fun. As entrance could not be gained for this ill-clad, weakly man, who continued to shiver in the raw evening air, he was driven to the house of Giuseppe Bonomi, close by in Tichfield Street, the Italian always having shown himself a generous friend to Barry. Bonomi and his wife received him with every sign of kindness and sympathy. The stricken man was at once put to bed and a doctor sent for, who declaring that Barry suffered from pleuritic fever, immediately bled him. As may be supposed, he sank rapidly and died on the 22nd of the month.

As in many other cases, his death had the effect of throwing light on his greatness, now first perceived by many, to the general recognition of which a public funeral was considered due. To have this conducted with becoming ceremony, Sir Robert Peel, who benefited by the purchase from him of the annuity, gave two hundred pounds. The committee of the

Society of Arts having consented to his remains being placed in the great room of their building which he had painted, they were laid in state there previous to being carried to St. Paul's Cathedral, in the crypt of which they were interred close to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Not a single artist attended the funeral. On the examination of his affairs, it was found to the surprise of all, that he had property to the amount of two thousand pounds.

About three years before the date of Barry's death —on the 15th of November 1802, an artist of infinitely greater merit — Sir Joshua's only rival, George Romney, had died in his sixty-eighth year a victim of affliction; for the nervous strain which had racked him for years and occasionally led to mental darkness, from which he returned to sanity like, as he says, "one escaped from an enchantment where some fiend presides," having finally settled on him, he passed down to the grave a mindless melancholy creature unable to find pleasure in the works he had created, incapable of recognizing the presence beside him of his patient, faithful wife who had loved him to the last.

THE END

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